JULY.

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EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C. B. FRY.

6d.

Vol. IX. No. 52. JULY, 1903.

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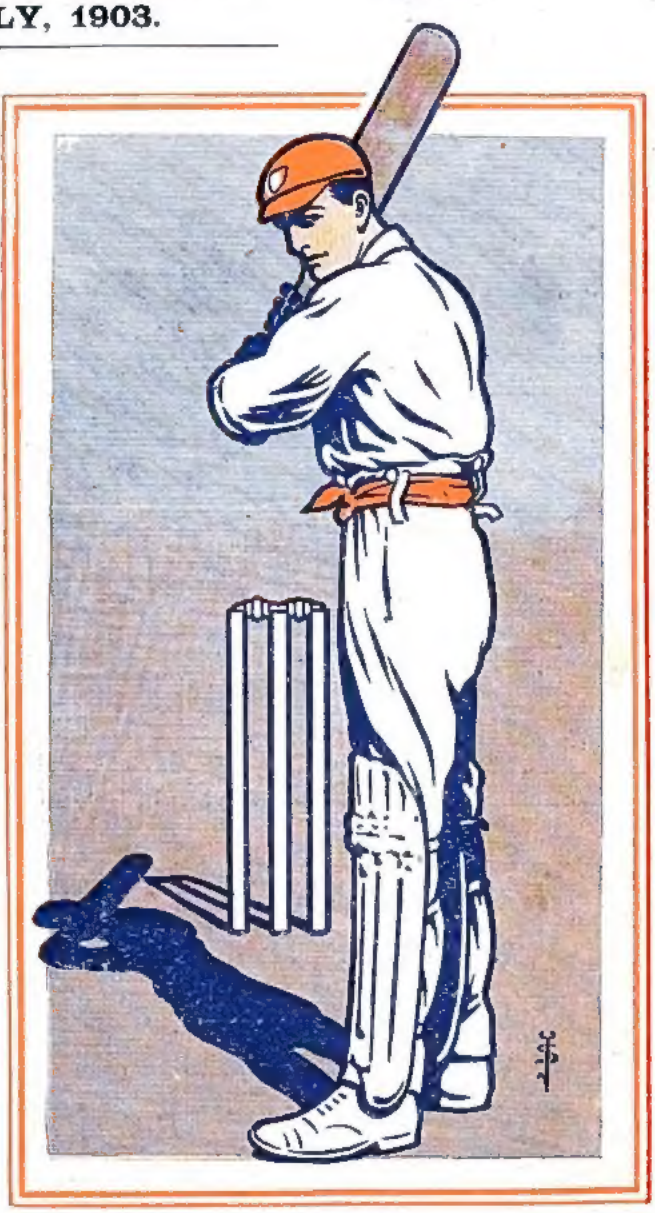

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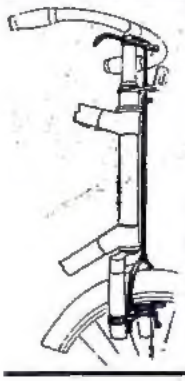

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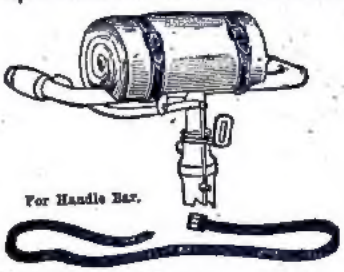

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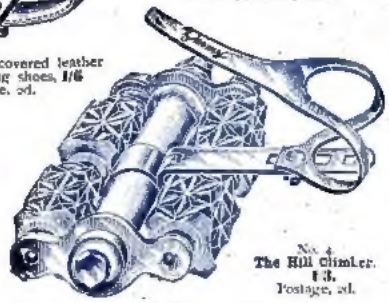

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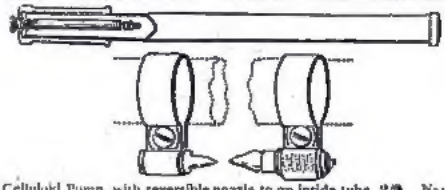

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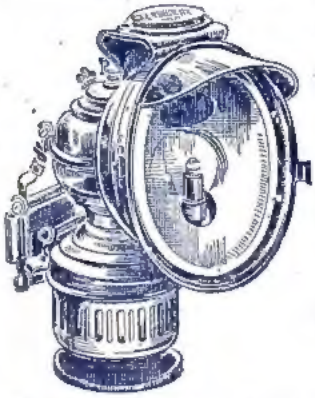

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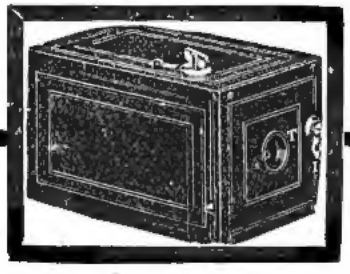

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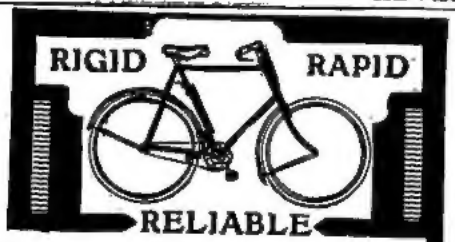

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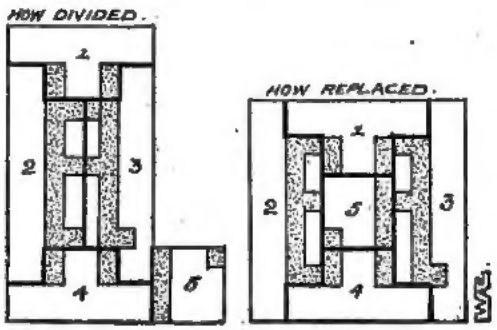

See Results of "Captain" Competitions on page 890.

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"HIDDEN BIRDS" COMPETITION.

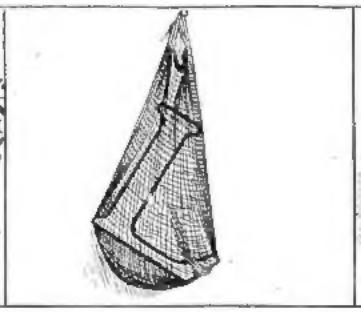
See "CAPTAIN" Competitions for JULY, on page 380.

1.—Jackdaw.

2.—..... .....

3.—..... .....

4.—..... .....



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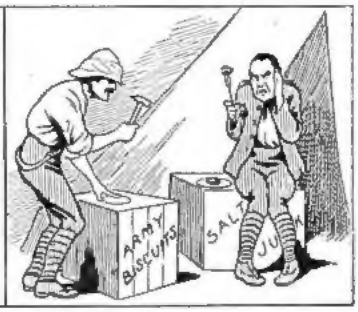

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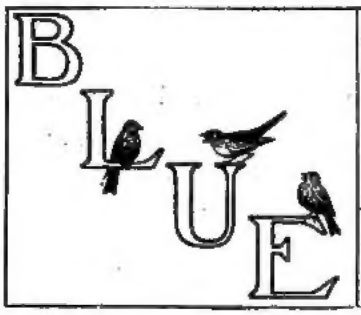

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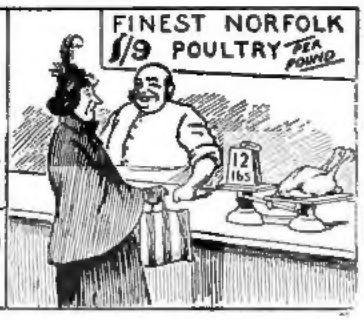

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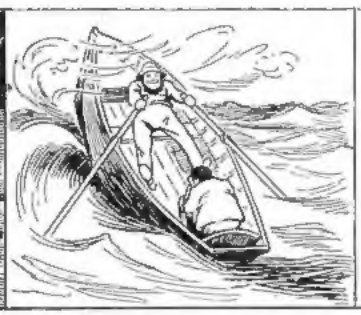

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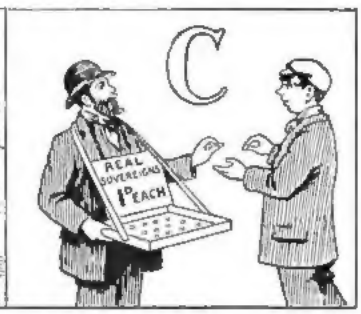

12.—.....

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Age..... Class.....

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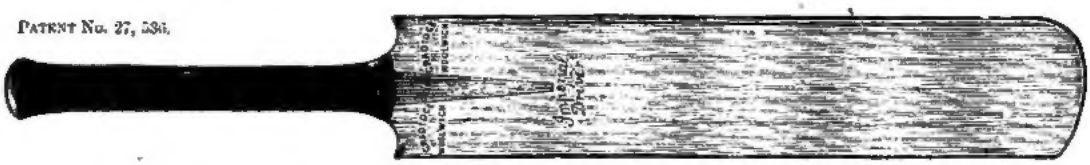

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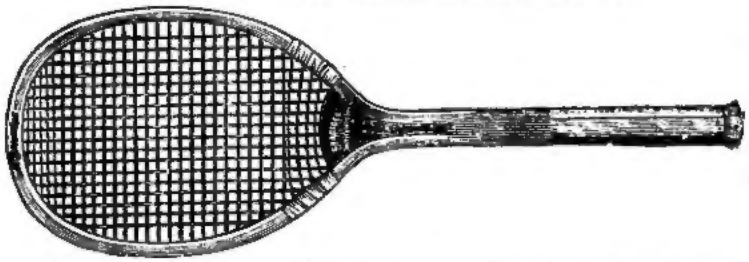

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(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

The Old Fag. *Editor.*

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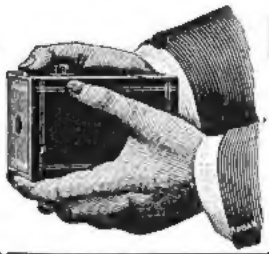

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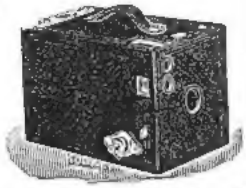

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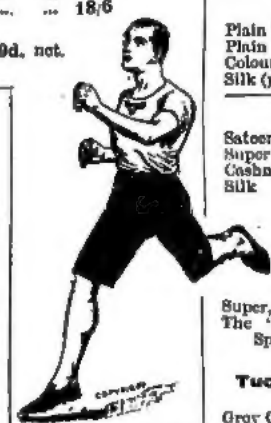

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WHAT HAPPENS ON THE 22nd.

By a "Captain" Reader.

THANKS!!!

ONE OF THE FITTING SHOPS IN THE GREAT ELSWICK ARSENAL AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

BIG GUNS.

By EDWARD TEBBUTT.

A 100-TON GUN READY TO BE SWUNG ABOARD SHIP.

Illustrated from photos by special permission of Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co.

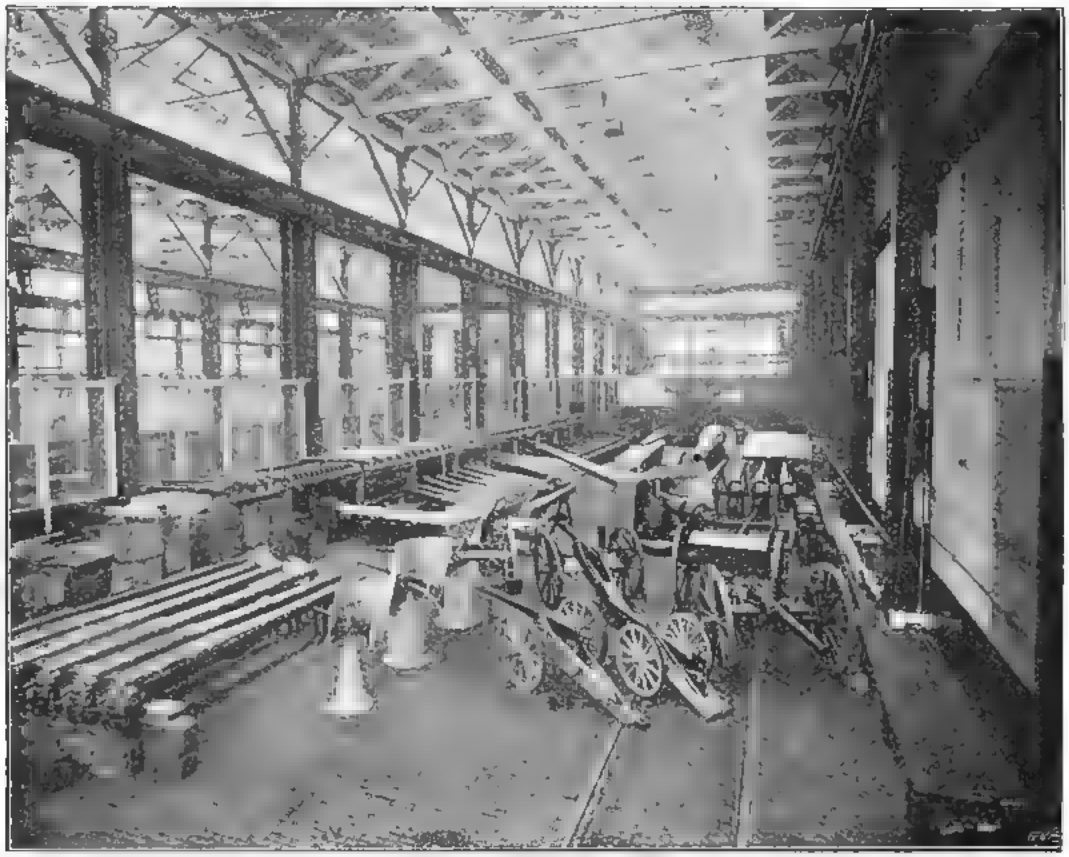
THIS article is not a technical paper instructing ingenious readers of THE CAPTAIN how to make 4.7 guns or booming twenty tonners out of a yard and a half of sheet zinc, and a box of German tintacks. Nor does it aspire to instil the primary tenets of ordnance engineering into the callow mind of youth.

It came to be written in this fashion. The Editor was under the impression that THE CAPTAIN readers would like to know something of the great Elswick Arsenal at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where Armstrong's build battleships for the King's fleet, and where field and naval artillery is manufactured upon a practically unequalled scale. So, on the understanding that I should not wax too learned on the subject, it was arranged that I should visit the place and discourse upon the impressions I gleaned. Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co. were good enough to place every facility in my way, and to provide me with the unique photographs which illustrate these pages.

First of all, then, what appearance does this colossal establishment present to the observer who sees it for the first time? Well, I myself viewed it from the deck of a Chilian cruiser, which lay in the centre of the coaly river, on whose banks the great works are piled. And this is what I saw.

A long irregular line of squat flat buildings extending a mile and a half in length, dotted here and there with black yards, and lying beneath half a hundred belching chimneys, which waved their grimy banner over the tremendous expanse of tarred roofs, and the towering skeleton cradles of the shipyard, wherein the shells of half-completed vessels were lying.

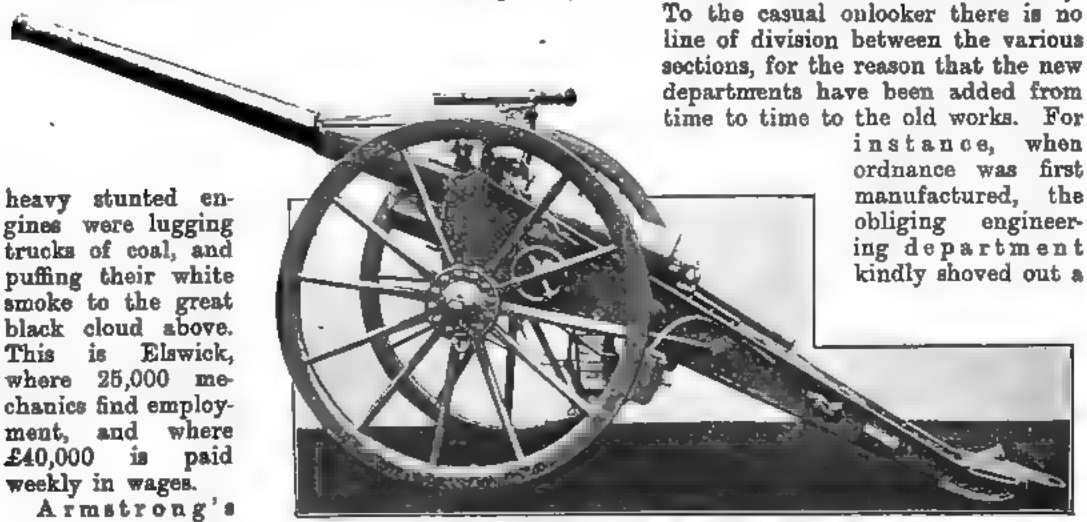
The air was filled with the noises of tremendous industry; with the clang, clang, clang of the platelayer's mallet; with the dull thud of gigantic steam hammers at work; with the whirr of thousands of marvellous machines and the sharp ping of spitting gas engines. On the building vessels in the river-front yards, I could see gangs of blue-coated



THE GUN FINISHING SHOP.

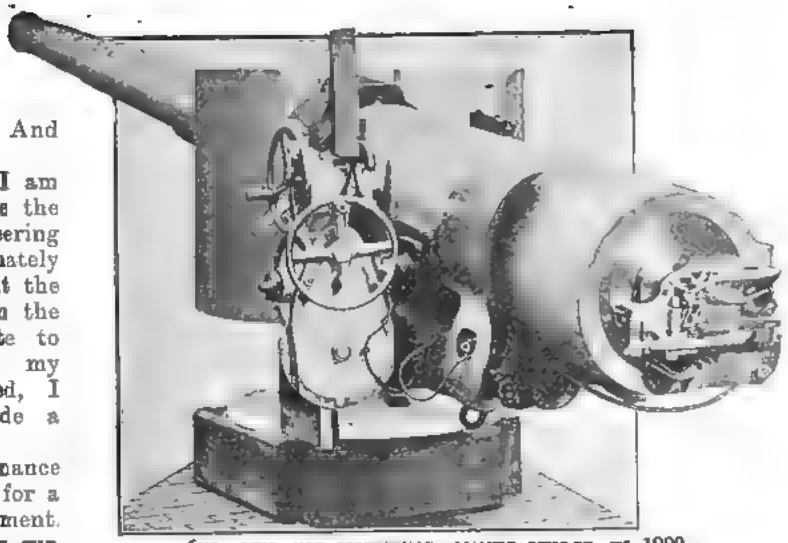
men swung on perilous scaffolds, driving home the bolts and rivets which secured the plates of rust-red iron. Between the countless shops heavy stunted engines were lugging trucks of coal, and puffing their white smoke to the great black cloud above. This is Elswick, where 25,000 mechanics find employment, and where £40,000 is paid weekly in wages.

Armstrong's works at Elswick are divided into five sections—the ordnance department, the engineering works, the shipyards, the steel mills, and the shell factory. To the casual onlooker there is no line of division between the various sections, for the reason that the new departments have been added from time to time to the old works. For instance, when ordnance was first manufactured, the obliging engineering department kindly shoved out a



12-POUNDER GUN AND MOUNTING, MANUFACTURED 1900.

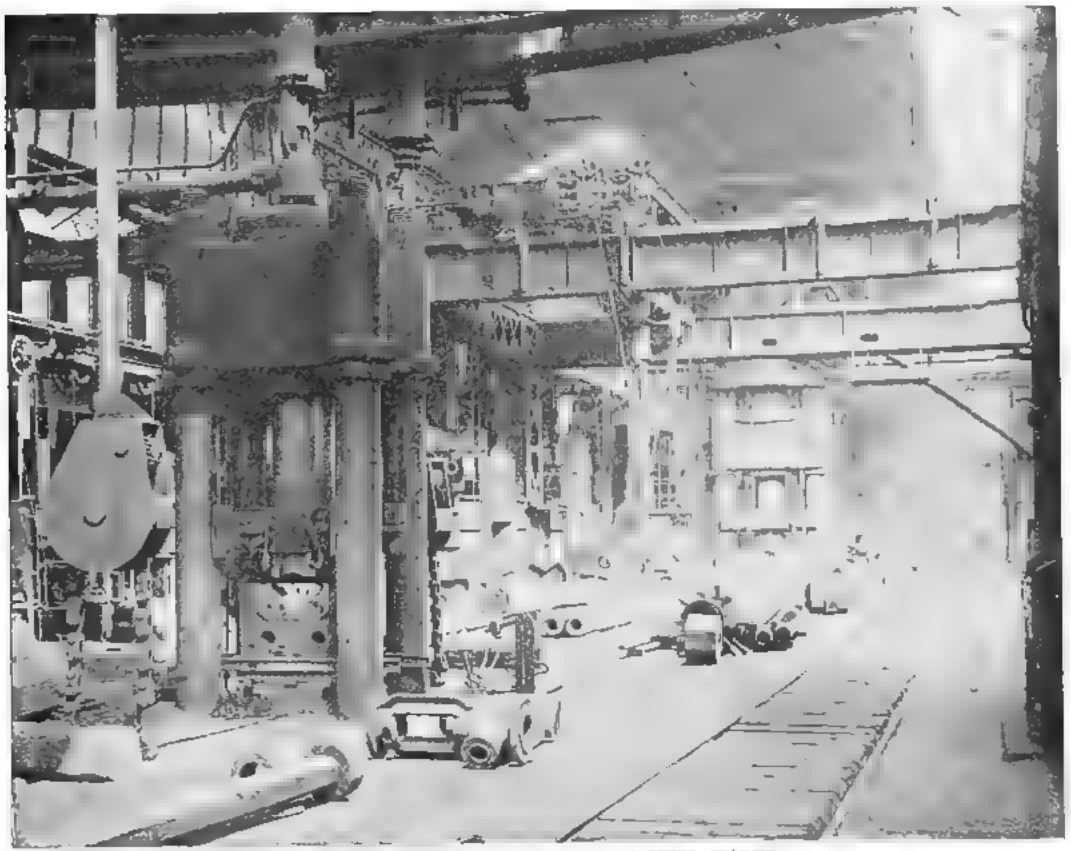
long arm by the river bank, and this in turn extended another arm to afford facilities for a preparation of steel. And so forth.



6IN. GUN AND MOUNTING, MANUFACTURED IN 1900.

Writing of big guns, I am fortunately able to leave the shipyards and the engineering section alone. I say fortunately because, although I spent the greater part of a day in the place, I didn't penetrate to these departments. As my guide feelingly remarked, I should really have made a week of it.

Get inside the ordnance shops, and you are in for a period of sheer amazement. You pass in bewildering surprise through about thirty departments, mostly of tremendous size, the floors literally stacked with flying machinery, and the galleries above seething with expert mechanics, all performing wonderful operations with tools almost as human as they themselves. Look at the photos and imagine the



VIEW OF HYDRAULIC PRESSES IN THE STEEL WORKS.

A 12IN. GUN, MANUFACTURED 1897.

machinery all stamping and revolving and biting, and attended to by men in blue jackets and peaked caps. Call to memory (if you have a smell memory) the hot scent of oil, and picture the colour effect of occasional furnaces, throwing a ruddy glow over the burnished steel work. Then you will have a vague and visionary idea as to what the shops are like in their live condition.

One of the most interesting features is the presence of big guns in all stages of completion. They lie about the place as thick as the leaves in autumn. Overhead, cranes swing them above the machine tops, and carry them like feathers to sturdy railway trucks outside. If you shut your eyes and walk along the floor, you are quite certain to fall over a naked twenty tonner or an embryo six-inch quick-firing gun. You get so used to the Goliaths of ordnance that you feel inclined to despise the little Maxim, and the ordinary type of field artillery.

The principle of Armstrong gun manufacture is to construct the barrel by boring a longitudinal chamber through a solid ingot of steel, and to build up the cannon by shrinking steel jackets over the central tube. Probably the most delicate operation is the rifling of the bore, a process which occupies any length of time, from a day in the case of small guns to nearly a fortnight for a twelve-inch gun.

The rifling machinery is mathematically true, for any deviation of the cutter from its course would result in the damage

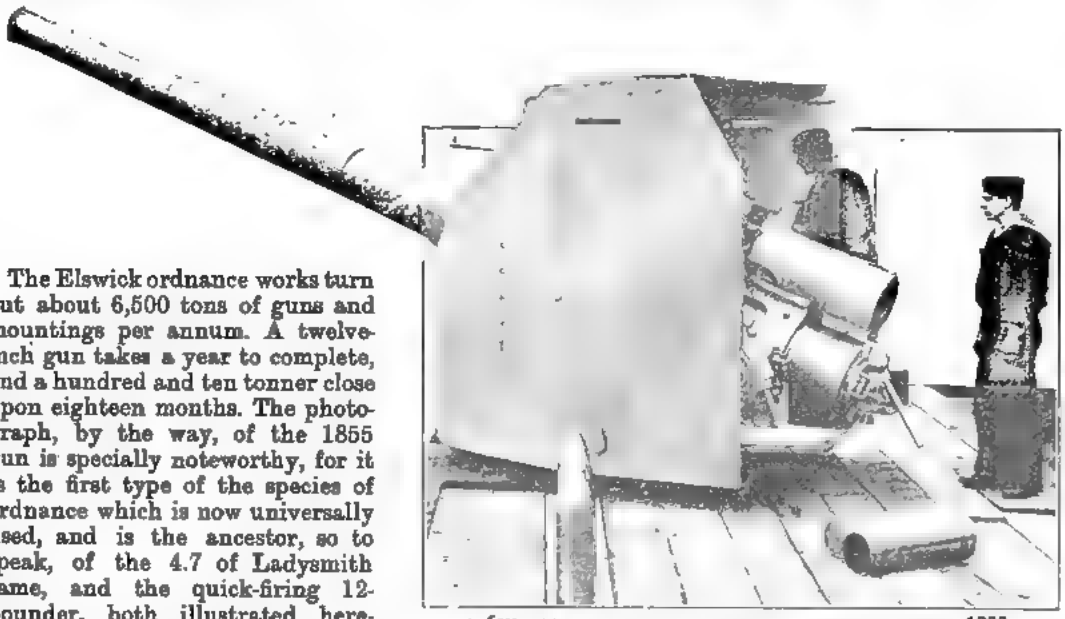
Goog

of thousands of pounds' worth of material, and the waste of skilled and highly paid labour. The object of rifling the gun barrel is to afford the necessary twist to a projectile.

In another shop, the breech is being constructed, while yet further on the mountings are in course of manufacture, and, in the case of naval ordnance, the turrets and hooded barbettes. Then, all the parts are brought together in the fitting shops, and the gun is built up to completion. So it is trained away to Armstrong's testing range in the heart of Northumberland county, and its first great roar echoes over the hills which, many a time before, have listened to the thunder of vast pieces of ordnance.

clouds above, it was planted in a field outside Newcastle, and was fired for the edification of a large crowd of onlookers. It behaved in splendid fashion, and the entertainment was vastly enjoyed.

Mr. Armstrong, however, stuck dauntlessly to his task of improving upon the then existing type of artillery, which was of the same obsolete design as that employed in the Peninsula War and at Waterloo. And he so far succeeded, that in 1855, following close upon the triumph of the Allied armies at Inkerman, he had constructed his first three-pounder gun, which differed from all its forerunners in the important fact that it was loaded at the breech instead of the muzzle.



A 6IN. NAVAL GUN AND MOUNTING, MANUFACTURED 1890.

The Elswick ordnance works turn out about 6,500 tons of guns and mountings per annum. A twelve-inch gun takes a year to complete, and a hundred and ten tonner close upon eighteen months. The photograph, by the way, of the 1855 gun is specially noteworthy, for it is the first type of the species of ordnance which is now universally used, and is the ancestor, so to speak, of the 4.7 of Ladysmith fame, and the quick-firing 12-pounder, both illustrated herewith. The ordnance department covers over 40 acres of ground, and employs 14,000 men working day and night shifts all the year round.

It was in 1854 that the late Lord Armstrong, then Mr. W. G. Armstrong, some time solicitor, turned his attention to ordnance manufacture.

The Crimean War was well in swing at the time, and the War Office invited the Elswick genius to submit a design for submarine mines, whose pleasant object it was to explode the Russian ships then lying in Sebastopol Harbour.

But an ignominious fate befell the infernal machine that Mr. Armstrong turned out. Far from meeting with the distinction of blowing Russian masts and splintered keels to the

The three-pounder was submitted to the notice of the War Office, but scarcely seemed to awaken that body to any great degree of enthusiasm. In 1858, however, a committee of inspection, appointed by General Peel to consider the question of rifled ordnance, reported so favourably upon Mr. Armstrong's gun that it was adopted for practically the entire use of the British Army. Works were laid down at Elswick for its manufacture, which since have grown to their present tremendous dimensions.

One of the most interesting departments in the ordnance works is the shell factory, a mysterious establishment rigidly closed against promiscuous visitors. I was permitted there-

in on account of a misunderstanding, which was cleared up when I was about half-way through, and resulted in my being requested to step outside again.

Persons who only merely come into contact with shells when they are performing the grim duties for which they are designed have no idea, probably, of the extremely ingenious nature of their construction. It is doubtful even whether they pause to consider such matters when they see one hurtling through the air.

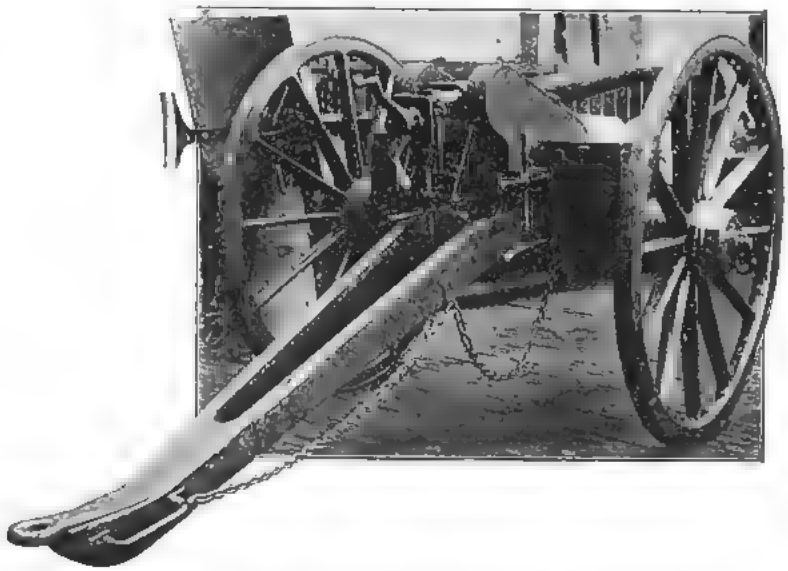
The fuse, a complicated piece of mechanism composed of over sixty tiny parts, some as delicate as the works of a watch, is made to a great extent by girls—almost the only instance in which women are employed at Elswick. The fuses are also filled by girls, who all have one allotted duty to perform, and who conduct their work in separate small rooms, shut off from the remainder of the factory.

When you enter the danger area, you enclose your boots in rubber goloshes, and slip overalls on your clothes. And the peculiar part is that you don't see a great deal when you have taken these elaborate precautions. The one object of the manager is to send you away again, a shade more ignorant than when you entered.

It was while I was making a strenuous effort to acquire information that my right to be present at all was severely questioned, and without giving me the benefit of the doubt the inspector insisted on seeing me clear of the premises. I retired with the gratifying knowledge, however, that even the Elswick directors have been treated in the same arbitrary fashion.

At Armstrong's works you find representatives of most of the nationalities of the world. Small, but highly intelligent, Japs come over to Newcastle as shipbuilding and ordnance apprentices in considerable numbers, and take back the knowledge they acquire to found similar industries in their own country. Chilians, Frenchmen, Germans, Yankees and Italians are often seen working side by side in the same shop, with, perhaps, sons of British generals and admirals, and scions of our aristocracy.

Elswick is regarded as the most ideal training ground for the young mechanic and naval architect. The boast of having served an apprenticeship at Armstrong's is one of the best qualifications that an ambitious engineer can possess.

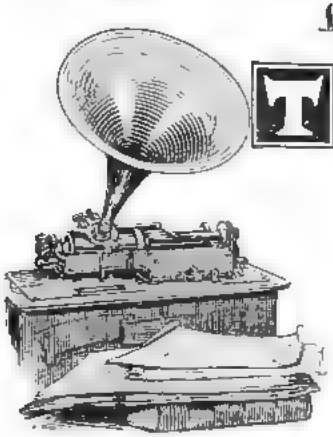


THE FIRST ARMSTRONG GUN, MANUFACTURED IN 1855.

FORGERY BY PHONOGRAPH

AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER STORY

By Harold Bolce.



TOM WATSON, the Wall Street Editor of the *Globe*, sat in the private office of President Matthews of the United States Railway Corporation, waiting for the head of the greatest railway system in the world to return from the directors' meeting in a near-by room. Watson was chagrined and desperate. But a short time before he had asked President Matthews for the detailed statement of the plans of the big corporation—plans that changed the whole railway map of the United States and meant the swallowing up of a score of smaller railroads. To secure that in advance of the other dailies of the metropolis meant the biggest beat of years, and Watson had instructions from his chief to get that beat. President Matthews had refused Watson. The newspaper man had tried everything in his power to coax the statement from his friend, but President Matthews was unmoved. "No, Watson," he said, "I can't do it—not even for you, friendly as I am toward you personally and to the paper which you represent."

As Watson, crestfallen, left the magnate's office, that captain of industry pressed a button which summoned one of his managers.

"Van Remsen," said he, "you know young Watson of the *Globe*, the son of the old friend of my boyhood days?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm interested in him; I've been studying him lately and I've concluded that he's A No. I. He's a resourceful chap, too. Do you know his history?"

"Can't say that I do," was the reply.

"He wanted to be an actor," resumed the railway president. "He is, his father used to tell me, a phenomenal mimic—can reproduce anything he hears. Imitates a man's voice so that the owner himself is amazed. At college, I understand, he frequently startled fellow students engaged in some contraband delight by suddenly uttering admonitions in the well-known tones of the grave and somewhat dreaded Dean of the Faculty."

"Why isn't he on the stage, then, drawing crowded houses instead of rooting as a lone reporter for a living?" asked the hard-headed, practical manager.

"That's just the story," the railway magnate went on to explain; "the young fellow's ambition was along that line. Knew he was cut out for it, but he comes from unyielding Puritan stock, and his parents, although convinced that fame awaited him behind the footlights, violently opposed such a career for him."

"He hardly escaped theatrical life when he went into yellow journalism," was the manager's comment.

The railway president smiled. "I can't say that I am altogether opposed to strenuous newspaper methods," he continued. "The young fellow was mightily discouraged at first, but instead of sulking, he took up reporting, and is making a go of it. I like his spirit. His energy, determination, and ingenuity would make him a valuable man in our business, and I have about decided to appoint him my confidential secretary."

"Are you certain you can trust him?" asked the manager.

"Several times he has had valuable inside tips on our affairs and has been honourable about holding the matter until I gave him permission to print it," replied President Matthews. "I guess we can train him into our high standard of probity and give him a chance to use to substantial advantage the energy he is expending in newspaper work."

The manager bowed and smiled, and the head of the greatest railway corporation in

the world made a memorandum intended to transfer an obscure reporter from the street to the coveted and confidential circles of millionaires. It was a billet that meant $5,000 a year with a certainty of promotion to financial independence and possible leadership.

Meanwhile Watson was on his way to his chief to report failure to secure the much-coveted statement. Dennis Markham, editor of the *Globe* in those days, turned to Watson. "Get that report," he blurted, "and don't come back till you do."

Mechanically Watson walked from Park Row down Nassau Street to Wall, pondering all the while what he should do to secure the railroad beat and the commendation of Markham. Almost before he knew it he was again in the outer office of President Matthews, and with a nod to the clerks at the gateway leading into Mr. Matthews' private room, he passed in unchallenged. Watson, they knew, held the friendship of President Matthews. They knew, too, that Tom's father had been one of Mr. Matthews' dearest boyhood friends, and thus his second visit caused no surprise.

The President's private room was temporarily deserted. Watson dropped into a chair and began to piece together a plausible excuse for his second call on the same mission, but none that he quickly framed seemed to justify his remaining, for he was certain President Matthews would repeat his refusal.

Set against that polite but ultimate refusal to disclose the asked-for information, was the City Editor's laconic and mandatory order to stay out until he got it. Watson had been singularly successful in landing elusive sensations, and although he had gone into journalism as a makeshift, in deference to implacable parental objections to the stage, he had, when once fairly plunged into the Park Row maelstrom, struck out valiantly. In fact, he had forced his way with such determination and thoroughness that it had become a saying at the *Globe* office that if Watson couldn't get a thing, the thing sought didn't exist.

As he sat ruminating in the railway president's office and conjuring schemes for obtaining some clue to the great projects at hand, he looked around at the luxurious furnishings and realised what a far cry it was from capering about after items of news to manipulating the huge agencies of trans-continental railway systems. It was better, he reflected, to have an office of one's own and be the man interviewed than to be a driven and fugitive interviewer with no name and hardly a habitation. To be a Wall Street reporter was something, it was true, he thought, and to be the Wall Street reporter of the *Globe* was a position that excited the envy of lowlier representatives of the press.

"Yet if I had gone on the stage and employed my native gifts of imitation," he mused, "I might now be drawing big money out of Wall Street instead of working it for a mere boy's salary. Perhaps I would have had my private car by this time instead of rushing about the streets like a vendor. And instead of camping in sufferance in the office of a magnate, that dignitary and others like him might be buying boxes to hear the 'justly celebrated.'"

Watson laughed and rose to look out of the window at the East River panorama of passing tugs and ferry craft. As he did so, he saw beside him—at his very elbow—a commercial phonograph. In that glimpse, Watson's quick mind read success. Opportunity to use his powers of imitation—powers that had been denied legitimate expression along remunerative lines—now opened dazzlingly before him. In newspaper work the genius of mimicry, which throughout his life had been the marvel of his family and intimates, had not been called upon, but now this ability seemed to make instant and insistent demand to display itself. He felt, he thought, as a poet might in the first flush of an imagination that was to give being to an epic.

If conscience made fleeting protest, its restraint was swept away by the promises of rich reward in the unique opportunity, and Watson almost instantly determined upon an act of daring that he believed would bring success quickly and make for him a name on Newspaper Row.

Often had he heard President Matthews dictate into that phonograph letters of great importance and of a confidential nature. Almost as often had he seen the letters typewritten from the phonograph, signed by the railroad president without a glance at the text, so implicit was his faith in his confidential stenographer's accuracy and fidelity. Watson knew equally well that the stenographer never questioned his chief and accepted the message that he received from the phonographic cylinder as final. Of these things he scarcely stopped to think. President Matthews' voice he could simulate to perfection, and oblivious to right or wrong—oblivious to everything save the beat, he pressed an electric button, and, turning to the phonograph, began in the cold, even

tones which belonged to President Matthews:—

Thomas Watson, Esq., "Daily Globe," City.

My Dear Mr. Watson,—Since your visit this afternoon, I have reconsidered the matter and have decided for several reasons to give you the official statement regarding the future plans of the United States Railway Corporation. You, of course, recognise the absolute necessity of protecting me in the matter under all circumstances, and I am sending this letter and the enclosed report to you by my trusted messenger to be given to you personally at your office. I am trusting you implicitly, but feel sure that you will respect my confidence to the utmost. In the belief that the exclusive possession of the report will assist you in your journalistic career, I remain,

Very sincerely,

(*Enclosure*)

Pausing a moment, he added this message to the stenographer: "Hobson, as you go home to-night I wish you would deliver this letter personally. You understand about the enclosure and the confidential nature of the matter."

Watson, flushed with assured success, turned to the electric current and the cylinder stopped. He picked up his hat, and, nodding to Hobson in the outer office, went out into the street and strode off toward the office. He did not seek Markham, but stopped at the reception room door long enough to give the boy on guard a handsome tip as he said: "If a gentleman calls here for me about five o'clock, show him right to my room; don't forget now."

Watson had at least an hour and a half to wait. Reaching his room he threw off his coat, and, lighting a cigarette, settled down before a map of the United States Railway Corporation system. Carefully he studied the route, making occasional notes and now and then consulting the latest official railroad guide. For an hour he was completely absorbed in his task and then, quickly noting the reference books he needed, in addition to those already on his shelves, he started for the library. When he returned, his arms were filled with railroad manuals, directories of directors, annual reports, and other standard railroad literature. He had scarcely placed the dusty volumes on his table when the door opened and the subsidised "Buttons" of the reception room ushered in the expected visitor and fled. Watson, apparently greatly surprised, greeted Hobson cordially but inquiringly. Before he had time to put a needless question, Hobson pulled from his pocket a fat envelope and handing it to Watson said: "Mr. Matthews asked me to hand you this personally. The letter explains itself." Without waiting for

HE PRESSED THE ELECTRIC BUTTON AND BEGAN IN THE COLD, EVEN TONES WHICH BELONGED TO PRESIDENT MATTHEWS.

an answer, Mr. Matthews' messenger left the office, and hurrying out of the building, went on up town to his home in Harlem.

Cool up to this point, Watson became suddenly nervous, and his fingers trembled as he tore open the envelope and drew out its contents. There was the letter he had dictated to the phonograph, and enclosed in it was the statement—the official plans of the greatest railroad corporation in the world—the publication of which would give Wall Street a spasm and convulse all railroad securities. Realising fully as he scanned the pages of the statement the tremendous significance of it all, Watson lost his nervousness and, intoxicated with the thrill of great news, he went triumphantly before his superior.

"Mr. Markham, I've got it exclusive, and I want two pages and a half page map." Watson almost shouted in his eagerness to impress gruff Markham with the tremendous value of his story.

"Um," snapped Markham, "that's enough space to tell of the assassination of the President. What are the features of your yarn, young man?"

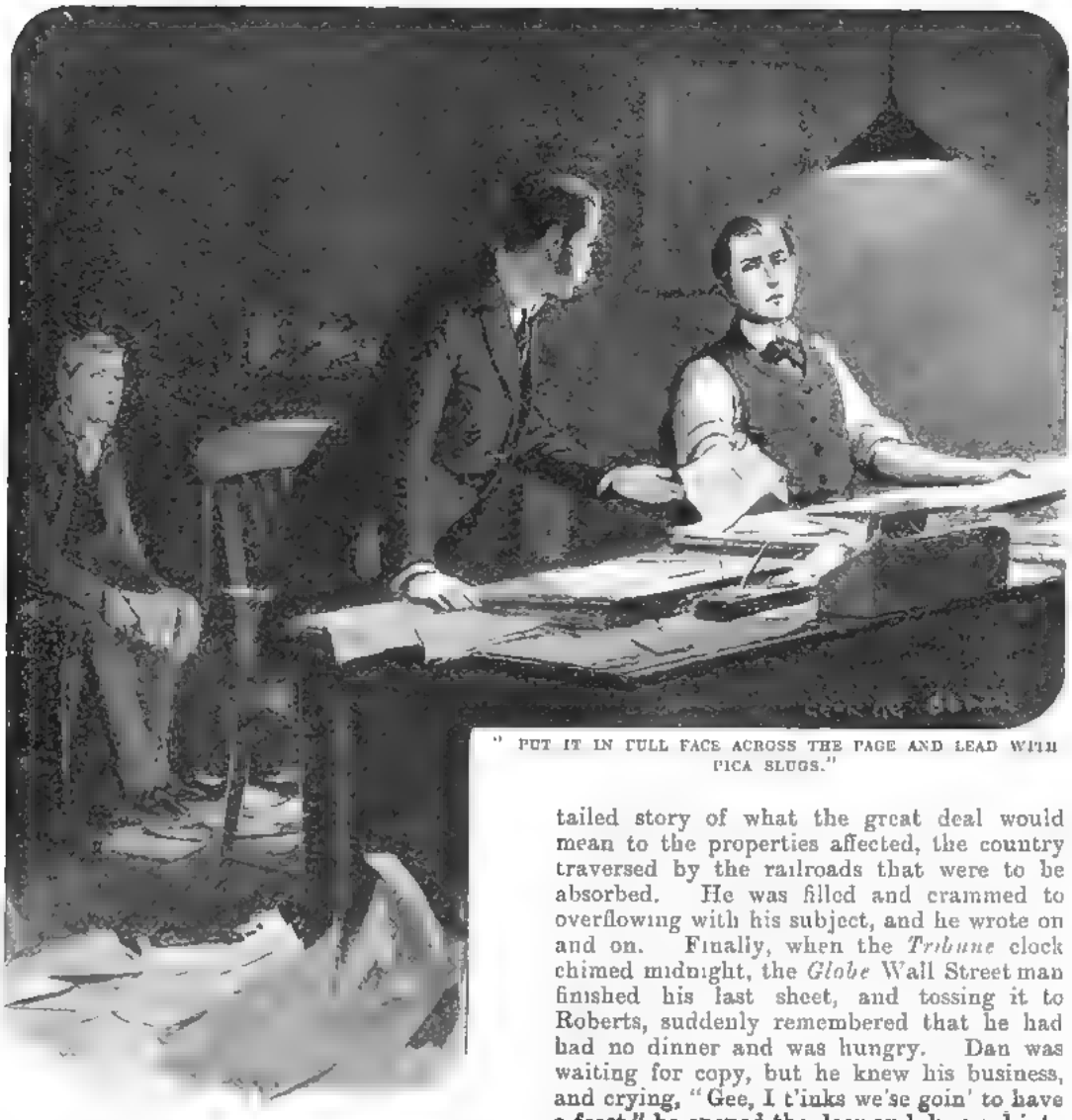
Rapidly Watson ran over the salient points of his great story, tersely outlining the beat and boldly fighting for space. "This story will cause a bigger riot in the street than any beat printed in a New York paper in twenty-five years. I want the front page for the map and the lead of the story, the second page and a break-over on the third." That was Watson's final plea for space and position. He waited an instant only for his answer.

"You can swear this is official and exclusive? All right, you can have the space, but I will hold you personally responsible for the prevention of leaks. That story must not get out of this office and must not appear in anything but the third and last edition of the paper. You will take Mr. Roberts of the copy desk into your room and the copy will be sent from there in sealed envelopes to the composing room. One set of proofs will be pulled and that will come to you. After you have approved them I want to see them. You will take my office boy and keep the door locked. I will see that lunch is sent in to you. I do not want the story sent out to the composing room till midnight and, of course, you will not need Mr. Roberts till very late." Thus, with scarcely a pause, Markham jerked out his instructions. Watson, delighted, turned to leave, but suddenly remembering the map, said: "Oh, about the artists?"

"I'll attend to that," snorted Markham; "Mr. Bacon will report to you within half an hour. Tell him what you want done and he will see that the work is done secretly. I guess that everybody connected with the story in any way will have to stay here till the third is on the street. It is the only safe way. I will hold the printers till four o'clock. Understand, young man, there must be no leaks to-night, not if you have to strangle some one."

Watson rushed to his room and feverishly began for a night of terrific work under great pressure. First he took the map and, dashing it with ink spots, indicated the twenty or more new lines to be absorbed by the already great United States Railway. Bacon, the artist, came in before he had finished, and, turning to him, Watson indicated what he wanted. "Draw this map of the United States," he said; "put the present United States line in very heavy black, and the lines I have marked in black one-half as wide. Make it all black and strong, however, and be sure the cut prints black." Bacon tucked the map under his arm and walked out. The door closed with a bang and the lock snapped into place, but Watson was already delving into his railroad reports and manuals for information of the organisation, mileage, equipment, and financial condition, earning power, and physical state of the various railroads that were to be taken. He hunted out the list of directors, the officers of the board, the operating and traffic officials' names, and figured out the combinations, and the number of men who would probably be forced out by the consolidation. He speculated upon the changes in traffic arrangements that the great deal would necessitate, the effect of the merging of the roads upon rates, and the consequent benefit or blight upon the tributary country. This took hours, and he had scarcely gotten under way on his introduction, when there was a rapping at the door and he opened it to find Roberts, his copy reader, and Markham's copy boy, ready for duty.

Small Dan had a fist full of big envelopes addressed, "Foreman, Composing Room, Personal," and in his other hand he gripped an extra key to the door of Watson's room. "De ole man said for youse to keep de door locked and for me to keep mum and carry de key, see." Dan tumbled into a chair and waited for copy. Roberts got ready for business, and the *Globe* Wall Street man dashed at his introduction. Page after page he tossed over to the waiting Roberts with



" PUT IT IN FULL FACE ACROSS THE PAGE AND LEAD WITH PICA SLUGS."

the brief, pointed remark, "set in long primer, triple-leaded across the page." On and on went the untiring pencil till Watson got to the place where he wanted to use the official statement. He stopped his introduction with a colon, and, throwing the official statement to Roberts just as it came from President Matthews, he yelled in a strained voice, "put it in full face across the page and lead with pica slugs."

Small Dan by this time was making regular trips to the composing-room, and while Roberts was getting the official statement into shape, Watson began on the detailed story of what the great deal would mean to the properties affected, the country traversed by the railroads that were to be absorbed. He was filled and crammed to overflowing with his subject, and he wrote on and on. Finally, when the *Tribune* clock chimed midnight, the *Globe* Wall Street man finished his last sheet, and tossing it to Roberts, suddenly remembered that he had had no dinner and was hungry. Dan was waiting for copy, but he knew his business, and crying, "Gee, I t'inks we'se goin' to have a feast," he opened the door and dragged into the room two baskets of lunch and a steaming pot of coffee. Watson made a dive for edibles and Roberts, thrusting the last envelope into Dan's fist, went to his assistance. Dan uttered a protest about being handicapped and raced off for the composing-room, eager to get back in time to participate in the refreshments.

Watson was drawn and tired. The food revived him, and when the proofs came down a little after one o'clock, he read the story from end to end with infinite care. Roberts was writing great "scare" heads for each of the three pages on which the story was to

appear. Finally, the heads were in type and proofs of them taken also. These were all approved by Watson and sent in a sealed envelope to Markham by Dan.

Now that the pressure was off, a reaction came over Watson. The minutes he waited for an answer from Markham seemed like hours to him, and, after waiting, this was all he got: "Great! I'll make it up myself: map, introduction, and full face statement on front page, story following on second and third."

Two hours followed, and they seemed interminable to Watson. Roberts demurred at having to stay cooped up in the room till four o'clock, but finally went to sleep after a desultory conversation with Watson about the story. Dan, surfeited with sandwiches, pie, and coffee, was fast asleep in a big chair. Watson, wide-eyed and staring, the tension all gone, now began to meditate upon the ethics which surrounded his act. He argued that he had done no wrong; that he had simply done, himself, something that President Matthews should have done. It was legitimate; it was business, he told himself, and the answer to all his contention was the prick of conscience and the still small voice whispering, "But it was a gross deception."

The whirr of many presses, the rattle of racing news wagons in Park Row, the shrill cries of the newsvendors and the arabs of the street, brought to an end his unhappy soliloquy. Rousing the boy and Roberts, he put on his coat and the trio left the littered editorial rooms uninhabited save for the man on the "dog" or early morning watch. Eagerly Watson caught up his paper damp from the press, and scanned the great story, his pride rising as he saw the make-up, the map, and the story all as he had planned them. Much more eagerly, though, he bought the last editions of the other morning papers and raced through their pages with a searching eye underneath a sputtering arc lamp. Not a suggestion, not a hint of the story was to be found in any one of the half dozen. "It is a beat," he shouted hysterically, and cramming the papers into a bundle, he strode up Park Row to the bridge and across the footpath to his Brooklyn home, absent-mindedly bidding Roberts and sleepy Dan goodnight. He walked on air, built air castles, dreamed day dreams, mechanically let himself into his home, disrobed, and went to bed. Sleep came not, and he counted backwards and forwards till slumber overcame him, and then he dreamed of beats and phonographs.

While Watson dreamed, Wall Street had convulsions and railroad securities became hysterical. The market went wild. The *Globe* story was so circumstantial, so absolute, so detailed, that none could doubt it. It was accepted as official. No denials could stave off its widespread effect. The stock of the United States Railway jumped with kangaroo leaps when the Stock Exchange opened. So did the shares of the roads absorbed. But ruin overtook the men who controlled competing lines in the territory affected. Nothing could stop the slump in values. Their securities sank as the stocks of the other roads soared. Fortunes were made and lost that day and for days after. The railroad map was unmade and made again; Watson's beat caused a revolution in Wall Street and an earthquake in the office of the United States Railway Corporation.

President Matthews was aghast when he saw the *Globe's* story. Breakfast was a superfluity that morning. He rushed to the home of one of the most powerful directors. He, too, had the *Globe's* story and was silent and mottled with anger. Together they went down town and, as they neared Rector Street, President Matthews' ire was almost beyond control. Everywhere they looked, the story of their plans stared at them from the pages of the *Globe*. All their secrets now belonged to the public. What they had planned to do gradually was now all done at once, and they knew what to expect in the seething mart of stocks that day. Every director in town was at the office of the United States Railway system a half hour before the opening of the market. All were unanimous that there must be a rigid investigation. The leak must be found at any cost, they agreed, and they delegated President Matthews to conduct the inquisition.

Hobson was sent for, and his great chief demanded if he, Hobson, his trusted clerk, could suggest a way to find how the *Globe* got the official report of the plans of the Company. Mr. Matthews' confidential man was not used to jests from his superior. He looked at him sharply for some explanation of the quixotic question and then, seeing that the president was in deadly earnest, said, in a frightened voice: "Why, you ordered it, Mr. Matthews. You told me to take care of it personally as it was confidential."

"Me! Me! Me order that report delivered to the *Globe*!" Matthews screamed till the clerks in the outermost office could hear. He rose, and walking to Hobson, added —"Why, Hobson, this thing has crazed you.

I refused that report personally to Mr. Watson once yesterday."

"I know that, sir," answered the now thoroughly frightened Hobson.

"How in thunder did you know? I never told you."

"Beg pardon, Mr. Matthews, but you did in the letter."

"What do you mean, Hobson? What letter? Why don't you explain?"

"Why, it's right here, Mr. Matthews, in the phonograph. You can't doubt your own voice. I'll start it, and you listen and so will I."

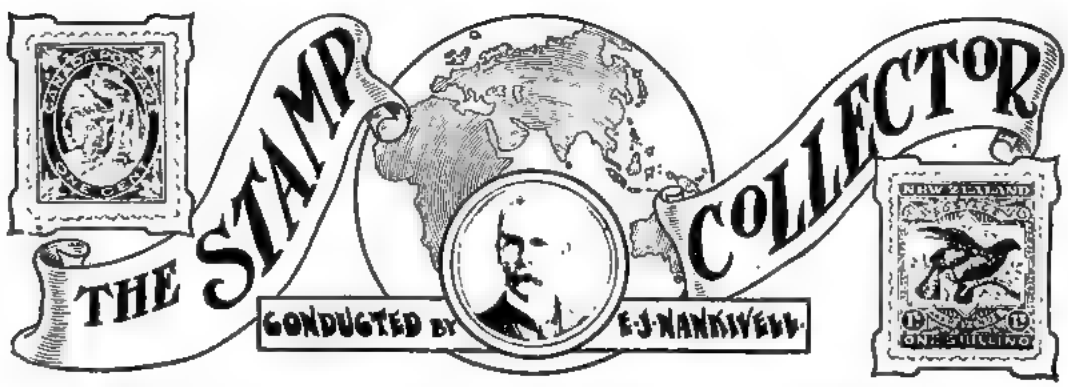
Hobson started the phonograph. The cylinder revolving repeated the dictation for a letter to a confidential agent, another to a government official of high rank, and another to a foreign agency, all of which Mr. Matthews acknowledged with a silent but impressive nod of the head.

"It's the next one," said Hobson, and then the phonograph began to repeat the words told to it the day before by Tom Watson. President Matthews could not conceal his surprise. It was his voice; his very intonation. He was thinking hard, and listening. He listened on to the end and to the instructions to Hobson about delivering the note to Watson personally. Then he stopped the instrument and said quietly: "Very well, Hobson, I had forgotten." Then turning to his desk, he tore into bits and threw into the waste basket a letter awaiting his signature, which read as follows:—

Thomas Watson, Esq., "Daily Globe," City.

My Dear Mr. Watson,—I have concluded to offer you the post of confidential secretary in my office at a salary of $5,000 a year. If you are free to accept it, kindly let me know at once when you can begin.

Very truly yours,



Notable New Issues.

THERE is very little to say about forthcoming new issues this month beyond what we have already said with what we chronicle this month. The Australian issues continue to increase the number of varieties dear to the specialist, but outside the needs of the general collector. The King's heads come out regularly every month, the colonies being supplied one after another, till the list of those waiting to change is being considerably narrowed. We have heard nothing further of the picture series promised by certain West Indian Colonies. France, however, has started its "Sower" type, and we may expect fresh values in regular succession as the current stocks are exhausted, till the series is complete. It is expected that the "Sower" type will run through all the values, but we have seen no definite statement to that effect.

Cape of Good Hope.—The 5s. King's head has now to be added to the new series. The list therefore now stands:—

Wmk. Anchor. Perf. 14.

½d. green.
1d. carmine.
6d. olive green.
6d mauve.
1s. bistre.
5s. orange.

Cyprus.—The 12 piastres is the first to arrive of the King's head series for this island. As will be seen, the design of the Queen's head stamps is retained, the King's head being substituted for that of the late Queen.

Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

12 piastres, orange brown, name and value in black.

Eritrea.—The current values of Italian stamps have been overprinted "Colonia Eritrea."

Fiji.—A full set of stamps with the King's head has been received from this colony. The

design is of the ordinary colonial type. The values and colours are :—

Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

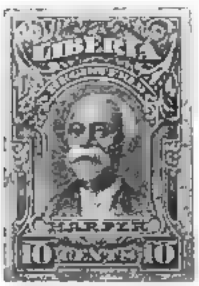
½d. green.
1d. purple, name and value black, red paper.
2½d. purple, name and value blue, blue paper.
3d purple, name and value mauve.
4d. purple, name and value black.
5d. purple, name and value green.
6d. purple, name and value red.
1s. green, name and value red.
5s. green, name and value black.

France.—The first of the promised new series of what is termed the "Sower" design has been issued. It bears the effigy of the female sower scattering seeds, the design of Roty, so familiar on the current coins of France. Whether our critical friends across the Channel will be satisfied with the design remains to be seen. It certainly does not look so pleasing on the stamp as on the coin.

Perf. 14.

15 centimes, sage green.

Liberia.—A set of a very beautiful design by Messrs. Perkins, Bacon and Co., the designers and printers of the first English penny stamp, has been issued for registration purposes in the towns of this negro republic. Under the portrait in each of five stamps is the name of the town for the use of which the stamp is intended. This method of providing each



town with a registration stamp of its own is a novel departure, and the sale of sets of five stamps to collectors will yield more to the revenue of the State than a single stamp.

Perf. 14.

10c. green and black, *Harper*.
10c. lilac and black, *Robertsport*.
10c. violet and black, *Monrovia*.
10c. red and black, *Grenville*.
10c. blue and black, *Buchanan*.

Malta.—The 3d. and 1s. values have been issued in the new King's head series, making the set up to date as follows :—

Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

½d. green.
1d. grey, head magenta.
3d. magenta, head grey.
1s. dark violet, head grey.

Paraguay.—A new set of new design and larger size has been issued. The central portion of the design is made up of the familiar lion and cap of liberty, and the series is dated 1903. The initials at the top, "U. P. U.", stand for Union Postal Universal. The following are the values and colours already issued :—

Series of 1903. Perf. 11½.

1 centavo, grey.
2 centavos, dark green.
5 centavos, light blue.
10 centavos, brown.
20 centavos, carmine.
30 centavos, dark blue.
60 centavos, violet.

San Marino is the tiniest of tiny republics, but, all the same, it imagines it needs a long series of stamps all to itself; a few more would almost run to one per head of the population. It is a very ancient republic, dating away back to the middle ages, and it must get a revenue from stamp collectors or somebody to keep up its

32 square miles of territory, all told. So we have to chronicle a full set of a dozen different values just as if they were intended for a full-sized European power. We illustrate the 2c.

and the 5c. The remaining values are all of the design of the 5c.

Perf. 14.

2c. lilac.
5c. green.
10c. rose.
20c. orange.
25c. blue.
30c. rose lake.
40c. salmon pink.
45c. yellow.
65c. dark brown.
1l. olive green.
2l. mauve
5l. dark blue.

Southern Nigeria has been in no particular hurry to issue the stamps of the King's head series, which were sent out some time ago. Northern Nigeria made a bonfire of its old stock of Queen's heads, but Southern Nigeria has waited patiently until its old stock was exhausted, and now we have its King's heads. They are very pretty, just the same general design as before, with the King's head in place of the Queen's, and the crown neatly worked into the upper part of the oval. To the former list of values, a £1 stamp has been added.

Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

½d. green, head black.
1d. carmine, head black.
2d red brown, head black.
4d. sage green, head black.
6d. mauve, head black.
1s. black, head green.
2s. 6d brown, head black.
5s. yellow, head black.
10s. purple on yellow, head black.
£1 violet on yellow, head green.

United States.—The issue of the 6 cents completes the low values up to 13 cents, the list now being as follows :—

Perf. 12.

1 cent, green, *Franklin.*
2 cents, carmine, *Washington.*
3 cents, violet, *Jackson.*
4 cents, brown, *Grant.*
5 cents, dark blue, *Lincoln.*
6 cents, red brown, *Garfield.*
8 cents, black, *Martha Washington.*
10 cents, brown, *Webster.*
13 cents, sepia, *Harrison.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ignorant.—I don't know any better or cheaper album for your purpose than the Stanley Gibbons Imperial. That, however, will cost more than you mention, Vol. I., Foreign Countries, being 15s., and Vol. II, British Empire, 10s. But why not get a Whitfield King Catalogue, at 1s. 3d., and go in for movable leaf albums, as recommended in THE CAPTAIN, Vol. 5, page 138. The covers and leaves can be had from Bright and Son, 164 Strand, London, for a few pence. The advantage of such simple albums is that you can arrange the space for those stamps you have, whereas in a printed album, with a small collection, your blank pages without a solitary stamp will be most discouraging. You will have little or no difficulty in recognising stamps with the aid of King's catalogue, for the illustrations will be a guide to identification. Whitfield King's mounts are as good as you can get. Wet about the 1-16th of an inch and affix the hinge to the left side of the stamp—not to the top. When hinged at the side the stamp closes down the same way as the leaves of your album, and reduces the risk of any accident.

J. M. (Stirling). Cannot say anything about prospect of change in English at present. The current set of Japan catalogue up to between 8s. and 9s. unused.

J. H. Y. (Dorking).—The position of the surcharge, V.R.I., on Transvaals, a little up or down, is not regarded as constituting a variety.

O. F. S. (London).—The ordinary V.R.I. Orange River Colony are worth very little over face value.

M. A. H. (Leicester).—Cannot recognise Cape stamp from your description, but I presume it is the issue of 1864-77, which is catalogued at 12s. 6d.

Jack L. (Dundee).—The value we put on stamps is the catalogue quotation. You must not expect dealers to buy stamps of you for the price they sell them at. They have, some of them, families to keep. I really cannot give advice in speculation. Best course is to collect straightforwardly, and take your chances of your stamps improving in value.

R. A. R. T. (Abingdon).—Used English ½d. and 1d. are not worth anything to sell.

Regular Reader (New Malden).—The 4d. Cape of 1855-6 is catalogued at 2s., used.

R. E. W. (Lancaster).—Great Barrier stamps are not regarded as other than local carrier stamps

C. B. (Putney).—The English 1d. black, unused, is catalogued at 25s. to 40s., according to condition.

R. W. J. (Llandudno).—The Orange River Colony V.R.I. 5s. raised dots, is catalogued at 6s. 6d. The ordinary English 2d., unsurcharged, used in Mafeking, is of no value other than as a souvenir. The recognised special Mafeking issues are all overprinted with the word "Mafeking."

S. L. (Valparaiso). I assume you want the catalogue prices of the 1881-6, Chili. They are as follows :—

1c. green	0.3	0.1
2c. carmine	0.3	0.1
5c. rose	1.6	0.1
5c. ultram.	0.4	0.1
10c. orange	0.4	0.1
20c. slate grey	0.3	0.1

and of 1892-1900 :—

15c. deep green	0.5	0.3
25c. red brown	0.7	0.3
30c. carmine	2.0	0.6
1peso. black and brown	2.0	1.0

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for specimens of new series :—

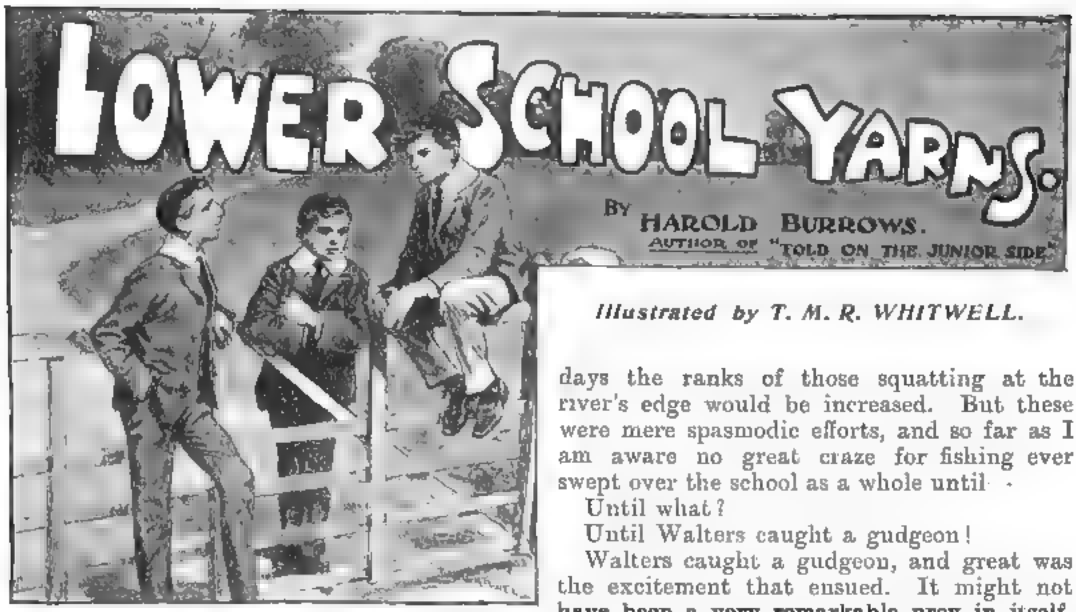
Bright and Son.—Cyprus, France, United States.

Ewen.—Southern Nigeria.

Peckitt.—San Marino.

Stanley Gibbons, Ltd.—Cape of Good Hope.

Whitfield King and Co.—Cyprus, Fiji, Malta, France, United States.



Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

No. IV.—"FISHERMEN ALL."

I.

SCHOOLS, in common with most other communities, are subject from time to time to momentary whims or caprices of fashion which sweep over the whole body like some fast-spreading epidemic, and whether of an innocent or a mischievous character, involve all but the most strong-minded in the craze. And well do I recollect one summer term when the fishing fever seized the school with such virulence as to leave scarcely a single individual unscathed. Of course, there had always been some who took a delight in the contemplative art, but as a rule these were regarded somewhat contemptuously by the devotees of more vigorous exercise as a soft and spooney lot. It used to be a constant source of marvel to me how any sane fellow could spend all his leisure time sitting solemnly by the bank, or astride the parapet of the bridge, dangling rod and line by the hour together without any appreciable result. How we more athletic youngsters used to chaff them as we plugged by in some cumbrous old tub and indulged in ironical inquiries as to their luck or simulated much alarm lest we should spoil their sport! Occasionally, but very occasionally, one of the band would capture something, and then the excitement was great, even if the spoil was only a tiny customer three inches long. It was speedily magnified into as many feet, and for a few days the ranks of those squatting at the river's edge would be increased. But these were mere spasmodic efforts, and so far as I am aware no great craze for fishing ever swept over the school as a whole until

Until what?

Until Walters caught a gudgeon!

Walters caught a gudgeon, and great was the excitement that ensued. It might not have been a very remarkable prey in itself, but to the best of my recollection it was the only genuine capture which could really be called a fish that the patient devotees of the craft ever landed during my sojourn at the school. The triumph of the successful angler was immense. It was in vain that Bannister tried to depreciate the result by declaring that a gudgeon was just the very thing a fellow like Walters would catch. His scoffing criticism was attributed, and rightly, to mere jealousy, and soon the critic himself was to be swept away by the rising tide. For the tide rose with a vengeance.

It was soon clear that the school was badly smitten. Morning, noon, and night they talked of nothing else but fishing, fishing, fishing, and it was useless to attempt to avoid the plague. We four took a boat and plugged away up river, only very narrowly to escape running down the great Burton himself, who, seated in a punt, was too busily engaged in deploying his lines to pay regard to our approach. When he became aware of our presence the captain acknowledged our respectful salutations rather shamefacedly, and did not seem particularly anxious that we should stay to observe his prowess. But the fact remained that Burton himself was now enrolled in the ranks of the fishermen, and should we hesitate any longer to follow the example of our captain? There could only be one answer to such a question. Our pocket-money was reduced almost to vanishing point by our lavish expenditure on what we deemed the necessary tackle, and the fol-

lowing Saturday afternoon found us seated side by side on the parapet of the bridge determined to outvie the success of the cock-a-hoop Walters or perish in the attempt.

I am constrained to confess that I found that afternoon abominably slow. A wider experience of the ways of anglers has since led me to surmise that cigars and whiskey form alike the chief allurements and also the main consolations of the sport. But both flask and case are forbidden to small boys, and deprived of these indispensable adjuncts the proceedings grew unquestionably monotonous. At last Bannister, who had been whipping the stream with angry impatience whilst the rest of us drowsed and dozed, gave vent to a sudden exclamation, and almost precipitated himself into the river in his excitement.

"Here!" he cried—"Quick, you fellows, quick! I've got a bite at last, and I can tell it's a regular whopper by the weight."

We less lucky anglers hastened to his assistance, and by the weight at the end of the line it seemed that Bannister had hooked a prize indeed.

"Play him gently," cried Carter, excitedly, "play him gently, or you will lose him, after all."

"Play him gently, indeed!" retorted Bannister angrily. "Why, the beastly thing won't budge an inch."

Regardless of consequences I added my assistance to the straining energies of the speaker, and by a sudden jerk we succeeded in landing our capture in the centre of the bridge.

It was an old, dilapidated, sodden, and disreputable hob-nail boot!

We stood looking at each other in a dismay that was increased by the sound of a scoffing laugh behind us. Could it be Walters? No! To our comparative relief it was only Joey. But Joey was in a derisive mood.

"Ho! ho!" he chuckled grimly. "Pretty nice fishermen, you be! And what sort of a catch do you call that? The school will like to hear of this, I'm thinking."

"Don't you believe it, Joey," cried Carter, flushing hotly. "If you say a single word about this to the fellows I will never give you a tip again."

"I shall tell them we saw you coming and fished it up for you," said the more adroit Bannister. "It will be known all over the school as Joey's boot."

Joey wavered beneath this double assault, and I put my spoke in.

"Now, Joey, be a good fellow, and give us a little help. Tell us where we can go and make sure of finding some fish."

Joey looked up the river, and then down the river, and lastly at us.

"Find some fish?" said he. "Why, I know a place as where you can almost dip your hands in and ladle 'em out. You catches 'em faster than you can take 'em."

"Tell us, Joey," we cried.

Joey pursed up his lips shrewdly. "Young gents may be sent to school to get information," he observed oracularly, "but them as gives 'em information gets paid for so a doin' of, don't they?"

We looked at each other rather doubtfully. Our pocket-money was reduced to a very low ebb, and we were not anxious to deplete it further. But fish so close together that they could be ladled out! What a triumph it would be for us! What a score over that ass Walters! Reluctantly we mustered a threepenny-piece, six pennies, and as many halfpence. The coins disappeared into the butler's capacious pocket, and Joey waxed confidential.

"Now, if you go straight in at the gates into the squire's park, and turn to the right and go along the shaded walk, and keeps straight past the first and second dell, you will come to as pretty a little lake as I ever claps eyes on. And they do tell me it is simply crammed with fish."

"Why, Joey!" cried Carter, in dismay. "We cannot go there. We have no permit. I thought you meant the river."

"I never said nothing about no river," responded the treacherous butler, "nor did I say nothing about your going there neither. You might have a permit so far as I knows. Likewise you might not. It ain't nothing to do with me. You axes me where there is fish, and I tells you where there is fish. It's a bit of information, and I makes no suggestions. There ain't no harm in giving a bit of information, I 'ope?"

And thereat the butler, still moralising, proceeded on his way.

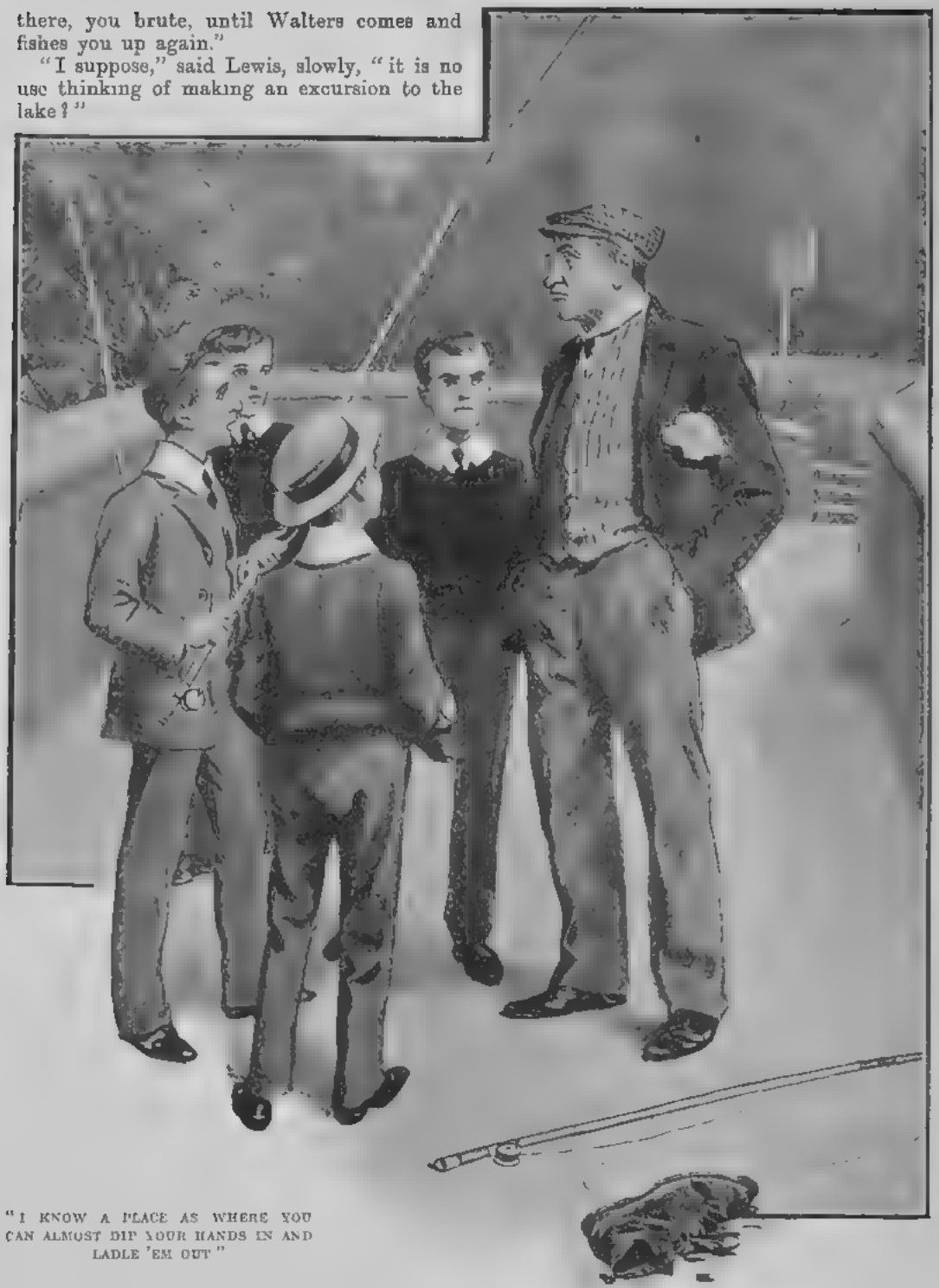
II.

He went, and left us standing there a prey to very lively feelings of wrath and indignation. That we should have concluded our wasted afternoon by falling into such an easy trap and flinging away our remaining pocket-money was a circumstance not easily to be borne. Bannister picked up the offending boot and hurled it with a mighty splash into the middle of the river.

"There," said he viciously, "you just stop

there, you brute, until Walters comes and fishes you up again."

"I suppose," said Lewis, slowly, "it is no use thinking of making an excursion to the lake?"



"I KNOW A PLACE AS WHERE YOU CAN ALMOST DIP YOUR HANDS IN AND LADLE 'EM OUT"

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"No, no," said Carter, hastily, "that wouldn't do at all. I'm game for most things, but I draw the line there. It's a jolly sight too risky."

And there for the moment we left it, and it might have been wiser if we had left it there altogether. But the exultation of Walters when we had to confess our lack of success was insupportable, and by degrees the story of our capture began to leak out in the school. Innocent inquiries as to the state of our shoe-gear drove us wild with fury. It was bad enough to be tricked into parting with our last shilling without the addition of this crowning piece of treachery. Angrily did we comment amongst ourselves on the butler's conduct, until at last we began to coquette with the idea of getting our money's worth after all, and putting to proof, for one occasion only, the information Joey had given us. If only one mighty haul were ours we should feel we had got even with the butler, and would triumph for ever over Walters' solitary catch.

Events move quickly in school life—or rather, time seems to move more slowly than in after days—and so, despite the fact that an epoch appeared to us to have intervened, by the following Saturday afternoon we were slinking down the high road intent on finding a convenient gap through which to creep into the squire's park. Go in at the lodge gates had been the butler's directions; but we rather thought not. There would have been no particular objection to our doing so, inasmuch as when the gates were open the way straight across the park was frequently used as the nearest communication between two main roads. But our way on this occasion did not lie straight across the park, and though it might have been easy to debouch when once inside the gates, yet conscience makes cowards of us all, and we were afraid of encountering some suspicious keeper whilst loaded with our hidden tackle. And so we went warily down the road until we came to a gap in the hedge just sufficiently large to allow young Lewis to crawl through, but, otherwise, scarcely noticeable to the casual observer. Young Lewis, as the smallest of the party, went first, and the rest of us followed in due order of size. By the time Carter, who was the biggest of the quartette, had passed through, he must, indeed, have been a very casual observer who did not notice that gap. Now we were within the country of the enemy, and if we walked warily before, it behoved us now to exercise double care as we crept along the shaded walk and, skirting the first and second dell, at last arrived in full view of the lake.

And then, like hounds who sight their quarry, we forgot aught else, and, flinging caution to the winds, gave vent to a series of vehement whoops and rushed at full speed to the goal. There by the side of the lake we seated ourselves, and whilst Lewis, as the youngest member, took the first turn at keeping *cave*, the remaining trio prepared the tackle and commenced to ply rod and line as coolly and unconcernedly as if they not only held a permit but were also the squire's especially invited and honoured guests.

III.

Now the Senior Classic, as the intelligent reader has doubtless already discovered, was not the stamp of master who took an active part in the school games. When not shut up in his study he was wont to pass most of his spare time in long, solitary walks by road and field, frequently taking with him, by way of a companion, some well-thumbed edition of one of those authors of antiquity whose writings he loved so well. On these occasions, whether striding along with his gaze fixed on space and his mind in the long-buried past, or whether pursuing a slow and zigzag route, as he perused his selected tome, he was generally oblivious to his surroundings. Many were the stories told by boys who passed when out of bounds within an inch of his nose, and yet escaped recognition. It was even reported that some greatly daring spirits had on one occasion saluted the master in such circumstances, and received in return a mechanical and absent-minded word of greeting. But the unexpected ever happens, and at times old Slowcoach would prove, to our undoing, to be unexpectedly wideawake. And so it happened on the Saturday afternoon which we had selected for our excursion. The Senior Classic was wending his way along the road that ran through the park, and had just halted to take an elaborately edited Antigone from his pocket, when a wild whoop to his right fell upon his startled ears. The master paused, thinking his senses might have deceived him, but when we sighted the lake not one yell, but three or four in succession had been necessary to express our exultation. Following fast on one another they were far too piercing to admit of any doubt as to their

actuality. The master paused irresolute for the moment. But there was nothing to suggest that the yells came from boys for whom he was responsible. The village lads were constantly in trouble with the keepers, and, moreover, the squire might be entertaining some juvenile guests. The Senior Classic was about half-way across the park, and equidistant from either lodge. He decided to pursue his way, and to mention the matter as he went out of the further gate.

The lodge-keeper received the master's report with virtuous indignation, and dispelled any idea of the shouts having emanated from visitors to the squire.

"No, sir; it's trespassers as you 'eard, and no error. Boys, as likely as not, the young varmints! I'll just call my mate and go in search of 'em; and it's lucky they'll be if they escape with the hiding we'll give 'em."

"Stay," said the Senior Classic, as an uneasy suspicion crossed his mind as to the identity of the trespassers. "It may be, it is just possible, it is, no doubt, an extravagant hypothesis, and yet, perchance, conceivable, that some misguided boys from the school may have ventured to penetrate into the more private portions of the park. In that eventuality it may be well that I should accompany you in lieu of your colleague to the scene of action."

"Lor', sir," said the man, "you can come with me if you like. But you had much better leave it to us. I reckon we will save you the trouble of walloping them, and frighten 'em so with the Squire having the law on 'em, that they won't give you no more trouble for a long spell, nor me neither."

But the concern of the master for the dignity of the school was aroused.

"No," said the Senior Classic. "If, indeed, they should prove to be lads under my jurisdiction, they must be left to me to deal with. I will undertake that the Squire will be satisfied with your conduct in acting according to my suggestions."

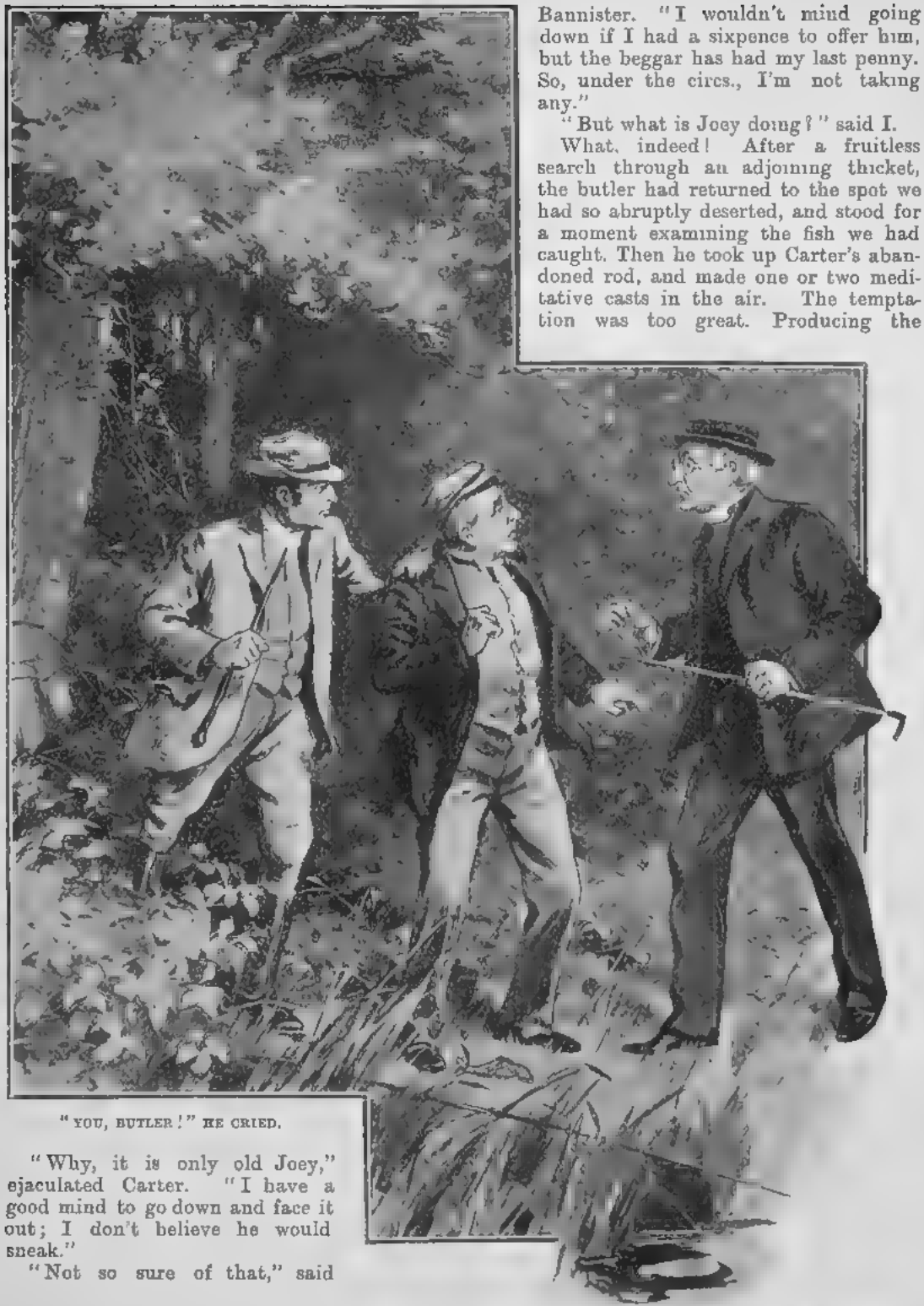
The keeper gave a grunt of surly acquiescence, and mentally reserved the right to give one of the young varmints a drubbing if he got the chance. Then the twain set off in the direction of the lake.

IV.

Joey, who had been taking a quiet constitutional that afternoon, came sauntering along the high road and paused in some astonishment to observe the gap through which we had passed, and the destruction which had been wrought in the hedge by reason of our efforts. The hole was now big enough to enable the butler to wriggle through without much difficulty, and, ever of a curious and inquiring disposition, Joey essayed the feat, and soon found himself on the other side of the hedge. It did not need the eye of a backwoodsman to discover the track our hurrying feet had made, and ere he had followed it for a few yards Joey's foot kicked against something which the inquisitive butler paused to examine. It proved to be a packet of artificial flies, the loss of which Carter was even now lamenting, and the discovery caused Joey's face to light up suddenly with a gleam of joyful intelligence. He now felt no doubt as to whose track he was following. That bait disclosed to him that we had swallowed the bait he had so skilfully dangled before us on the previous Saturday afternoon. Now was the hour of long-deferred revenge. He would follow the track to the lake so as to make doubly sure of our identity and to locate our whereabouts; and then, having spied out our ways, would be off to the keepers to inform them of our depredations. The butler slapped his thigh in exultation as he thought how nicely we had fallen into his trap. There would be no master to rescue us this time. And if Joey could do anything to stir up the keepers' wrath it would be a dire penalty we should pay for our trespass.

Full of these thoughts, and already tasting in anticipation the sweets of full revenge, the butler crept cautiously to the spot. But Lewis bore an uncommon resemblance to a weasel in his skill in avoiding capture, and pricked up his ears at the snapping of a twig before ever the butler came in sight. For a moment or two the youngster stood listening intently, but any doubt he might have felt in the matter was speedily dissolved. The foe could not be seen, but those stealthy footsteps assuredly did not denote the accidental approach of some mere passer-by.

"Cave!" cried Lewis; and we others leapt to our feet and followed him in instant flight. So precipitate was our action that we left behind us the basket which contained the spoils that we had taken, whilst Carter also abandoned his rod. Joey came crashing out of cover and made for the spot we had just vacated, but the water was surrounded by trees and bushes, and we had swarmed out of sight up a friendly neighbouring oak. Peering down through the luxuriant foliage, we noted with mixed feelings the identity of the intruder, and were almost minded to descend again.



"YOU, BUTLER!" HE CRIED.

"Why, it is only old Joey," ejaculated Carter. "I have a good mind to go down and face it out; I don't believe he would sneak."

"Not so sure of that," said Bannister. "I wouldn't mind going down if I had a sixpence to offer him, but the beggar has had my last penny. So, under the circs., I'm not taking any."

"But what is Joey doing?" said I.

What, indeed! After a fruitless search through an adjoining thicket, the butler had returned to the spot we had so abruptly deserted, and stood for a moment examining the fish we had caught. Then he took up Carter's abandoned rod, and made one or two meditative casts in the air. The temptation was too great. Producing the

packet of artificial flies from his pocket, the butler carefully selected one, and next proceeded to fling the line with all the expert enjoyment of an old hand.

"Here!" said Carter, as he prepared to descend. "I'm not going to stand this. I don't see how he can say anything to us now."

"Just wait a bit," exclaimed Bannister, excitedly, with all his sporting instincts aroused. "I believe he's got a bite."

Joey *had* got a bite; and in a few moments the fruit of his prowess was duly landed at his feet. With a glow of self-satisfaction the successful angler stooped down to grasp his prize. At that very moment the Senior Classic and the lodge-keeper, both breathless with their hurried journey to the spot, rushed from the thicket, and, approaching the butler from either side, grasped him by the shoulders.

"You poaching scoundrel," cried the keeper, in virtuous indignation. "I arrest you in the name of the law!"

V.

The astonished butler looked first to his right hand at the lodge-keeper, and then to his left at the Senior Classic.

"Lor!" gasped he.

The Senior Classic relinquished his hold in amazement.

"You, butler!" he cried.

The lodge-keeper tightened his grip in indignation. "I should never have a-expected it of you, Mr. Wilkins, never," he cried. "Just you come along o' me."

"Why," gasped Joey, in mingled astonishment and alarm, "you don't mean to say as you supposes I've been fishin'?"

"Supposes!" echoed the lodge-keeper. "And what do you call this 'ere as you've got in your 'and? And what's them in that there basket? Supposes, indeed!"

"I am, indeed, grieved and astonished, butler——" commenced the Senior Classic.

"But, look here, sir," expostulated Joey, excitedly, "it wasn't me, it wasn't really. It is them there boys as be at the bottom of it."

"Boys!" snorted the keeper, scornfully. But the Senior Classic called to mind the shrill treble note in the voices he had heard, and stirred uneasily.

"Explain yourself, butler."

But, fortunately for us, Joey was far too flustered and overcome at the unexpected turn events had taken to be able to offer any very coherent explanation.

"It's them boys, I says," he reiterated; "I comes on 'em on a sudden like, and they scampers off like knife—the young varmints."

"And I suppose," said the keeper, sardonically, "it was the boys as landed that 'ere fish at your feet? Why, I saw you take it out of the water with my very own eyes."

"It was only that one," protested Joey.

The lodge-keeper looked significantly at the basketful of fish, and snorted again. Then he suddenly loosened his grip on the butler's shoulder and, with the expedition of one well accustomed to deal with poachers and wrongdoers, ran his hand quickly over Joey's clothes.

"And what do you call this 'ere?" he cried in mingled scorn and triumph, as he deftly extracted the packet of artificial flies. "The boys put these little trifles in your pocket, I suppose?"

"I—I—I—I picked them up," stammered Joey.

The keeper shook his head and gave vent to a guffaw of ironical laughter. Even the Senior Classic was by this time convinced of the butler's guilt, and indulged in a thin, austere smile.

"I think you are only making matters worse, butler," he observed in tones of reproof and severity. "Hand over all your unlawful possessions to the keeper, and quit the park immediately."

"Quit the park!" cried the keeper in feigned indignation. "He didn't ought to get off so easily. Look at the mischief he's done, and the example he's set. Not to mention a-bringing me out of my comfortable chair right across the park on a 'ot afternoon like this."

The Senior Classic, not unwilling to punish Joey for his supposed flagitious conduct, assumed his best judicial air.

"At what do you estimate the amount of damage done, my man?"

"Well, sir, I should think as 'ow five shillin' ——"

"Butler," interrupted the master peremptorily, "have you half-a-crown?"

Joey, who had been gazing at first one and then the other of his captors in a state of stupefaction pitiable to witness, made a desperate effort to speak, but only succeeded in gasping as inarticulately as if he were himself a victim of the finny tribe. At a stern gesture from the master he fumbled in his pocket, and, producing at last the coin demanded, handed it over to the expectant keeper.

"And now," said the Senior Classic, "this painful scene may terminate. You can go."

With a broad grin of satisfaction the keeper picked up the fish and the rod and prepared to depart.

"Seven pretty little innocent things with their life cut short in this manner," he moralised. "And they a-swimmin' about so nice and 'appy, too. Oh, Mr. Wilkins, I wonder as 'ow you liked to do it! I suppose me and my missus will have to eat 'em for supper now. But I would never have believed it of you, Mr. Wilkins, I wouldn't really."

The keeper walked off with his booty in one direction. The master, waving aside the stupefied butler, departed in another. Joey stood for a moment gazing after first one and then the other, and mopping the sweat from his face the while with his bright blue handkerchief.

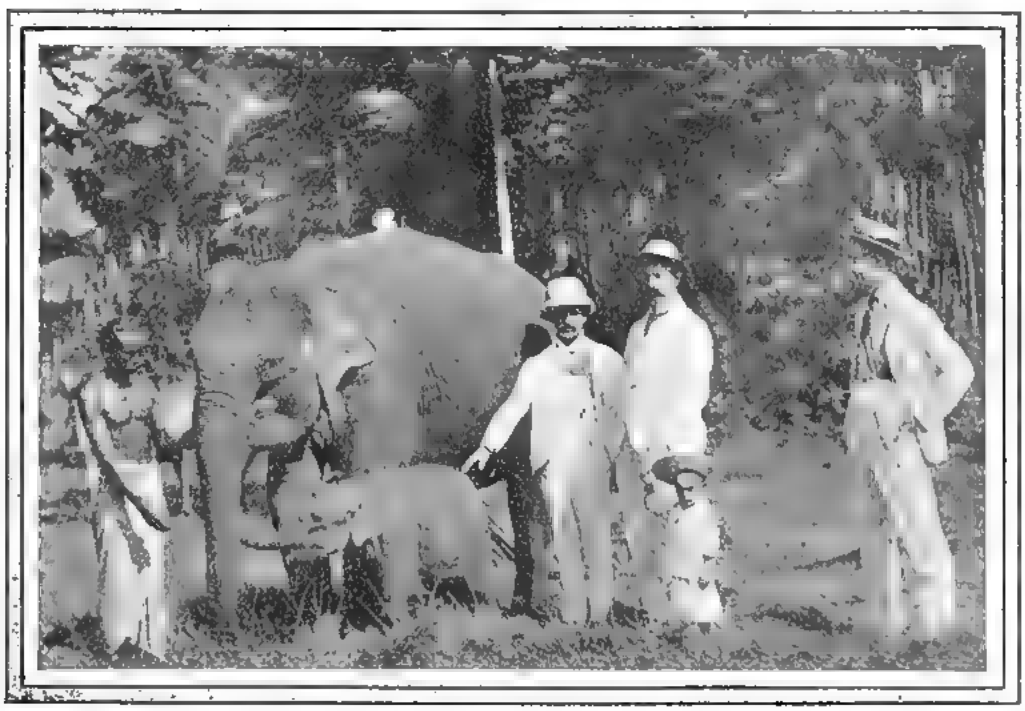
Then, with a heavy groan of mingled wrath and despair, he turned and went his way, a hopelessly crushed and dejected mortal—a sorry spectacle indeed!

And when we were quite sure the coast was clear, we four slid neatly to the ground and stood for a moment gazing at one another in silence.

"The beggar has walked off with all our fish," said Lewis, at last, in plaintive accents. "Don't you think we might try for a few more?"

"I *think* not," said Bannister, drily. "I fancy we had better slope."

We sloped.



Scene at a Ceylon Elephant Depôt. These two animals, mother and child, were recently caught in one of the big "Keddahs" and sold to a popular menagerie for £180.
From a Photograph.

PUBLIC SCHOOLBOYS AT BISLEY.

SHOOTING FOR THE ASHBURTON.

A GLANCE at the accompanying diagram, where the discs are drawn in size in proportion to the number of times each of the eleven schools there mentioned has won the blue ribbon of scholastic rifle shooting—the Ashburton Shield—will show that Harrow and Charterhouse are easily first with nine victories, Eton second with six, Winchester third with four, Clifton and Cheltenham fourth with three, Rugby, Dulwich, and Bradfield bracketed fifth with two, and Marlborough and Rossall sixth with one victory apiece. The approximate situations of these schools can be gathered from the positions of the circles.

Photo by A. H. Fry, Brighton.

THE ASHBURTON SHIELD.

Instituted by the third Baron Ashburton in 1861 and valued at £140, the Ashburton Shield is the most keenly competed for trophy of Public Schooldom. In this competition seven shots are fired at 200 and 500 yards respectively by teams each comprising eight boys, panoplied in their respective uniforms. To the eight securing the highest aggregate the custody of the shield for the ensuing year is given, whilst to each member of the successful team a silver medal is presented by the N.R.A. It should be mentioned that only those schools boasting a volunteer corps are eligible to compete (on payment of an entrance fee of £2 10s.) in this event.

That the shooting is anything but amateurish can be gathered from the fact that when Eton won the year before last, her representatives scored 81 per cent. of the highest possible score, while when Dulwich won in 1900, her eight scored 82 per cent. of the highest possible. That these scores, high as they were, were not the results of Fortune's favours, was proved by the fact that Rossall won in 1899 with the highest percentage yet recorded (84), and that Charterhouse in 1898 and Bradfield in 1897 achieved their victories with 83 per cent. of the h.p.s. respectively, an example followed by Cheltenham's representatives last year, who achieved an aggregate representing 83.7 per cent of the h.p.s. The British schoolboy not only possesses an eye but an understanding how to use it.

When, in 1901, Eton won by eleven points from Charterhouse and Uppingham, their respective figures being 456 and 445, her chances did not at the finish of the first stage appear particularly rosy, for out of the maximum of 280 she only put together 223, whereas Marlborough, who ended up sixth, headed the list with 236, with Glenalmond (eventually fifth) second with 235,

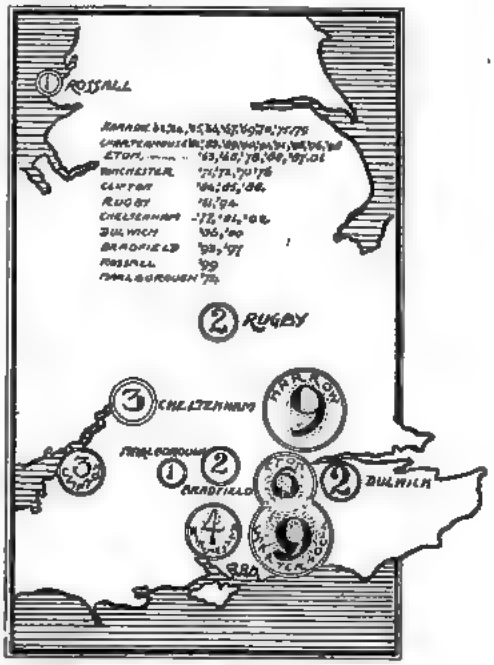
and Uppingham third—(she was bracketed second at the close of the competition)—with 233. At the 500 yards range, however, the Etonians actually scored more points (233) than they did at the 200, and won as aforementioned by eleven points from Charterhouse and Uppingham, one of whose representatives in the second stage had the misfortune to place a bull's-eye on the wrong target (for which he was fined five shillings), a misfortune that placed the school on an equality with Charterhouse instead of above her Last year Cheltenham, at the close of the first round, had a clear lead of nine points ahead of Charterhouse, 12 points ahead of Wellington, 14 ahead of Eton, 16 ahead of Harrow, and 19 ahead of Marlborough and Clifton. This lead had the effect of rendering the appearance of the Cheltonians' chances of success decidedly rosy when the second stage was entered upon, but as it so happened Harrow and Marlborough made a bold bid for victory, and it was only through the magnificent shooting of Sapper

A COMPETITOR FOR THE SHIELD.

F. E. Fryer, who scored all bull's-eyes, saving one inner, that Cheltenham retained her lead, but with the reduced margin of three points in the case of the Harrow total and four in that of Marlborough. So far as individual prowess is concerned, to Lance-Corporal Oxley, of Glenalmond, and Lance-Corporal Dewhurst, of Marlborough, both of whom scored nothing but bull's-eyes, the honours of the respective ranges should be ascribed, for both feats were in accord with the highest traditions of schoolboy marksmanship. One of the Cheltenham eight, it must be mentioned, had already been under fire several times, when at the age of 11½ he served as a cadet member of the Port Elizabeth Town Guard.

So far as the shooting of the last nine years is concerned, the most remarkable feature has been the wonderful success attained by Charterhouse, who has, by the way, held the shield nine times during the past twenty years. Fourth last year and second the year before, the Carthusians held the latter position in 1900 also; they were third in 1899, first in 1898, third in 1897, first in 1896, first in 1895, and eleventh in 1894, a record, in view of the fact that there are generally twenty-five competitors, or thereabouts—last year there were thirty-five—that is simply phenomenal.

Last year saw Bradfield filling the twenty-first place in the final order, but, notwithstanding this temporary falling-off, her record for the past nine years, however, is second to that of Charterhouse alone. In



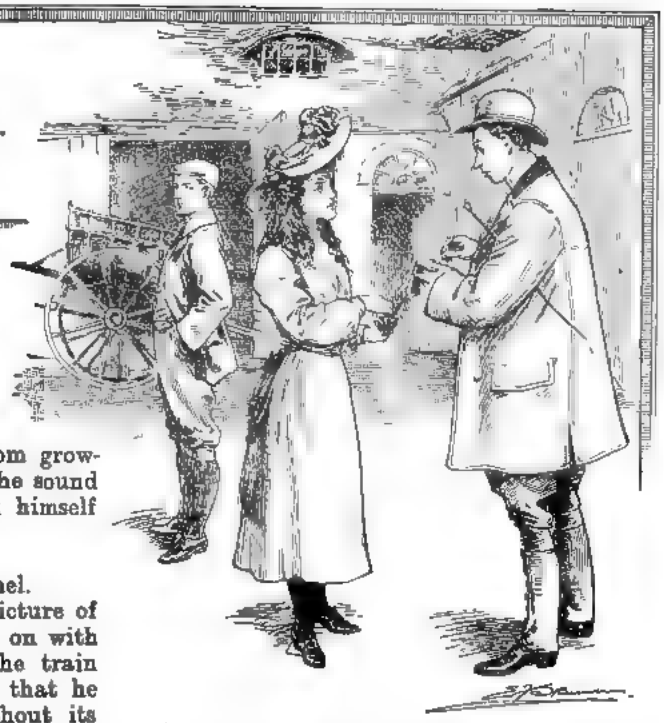
THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE NUMBER OF TIMES THE ABOVE-MENTIONED SCHOOLS HAVE WON THE ASHBURTON SHIELD.

1901, for instance, Bradfield was twelfth, in 1900 eighth, in 1899 fourth, third in 1898, first in 1897, third in 1896, tenth in 1895, and second in 1894. Apart from Charterhouse and Bradfield, who are in a class apart, Glenalmond, Uppingham, Bedford, Marlborough, Clifton, Eton, Blair Lodge, Rossall, Rugby, Dulwich, Cheltenham, and Harrow have all shot with as great consistency and coolness as ever did that master of self-possession, Major-General Baden Powell, who was a member of the Charterhouse eight in this very event in 1874.

PAT AND THE GAMBLER.

By MAY CROSS.

Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.



"I'M GIVING YOU A TIP I WOULDN'T GIVE EVERYBODY —RATHER NOT!"

"PAT," said the Colonel.

Pat was hanging far out of the window in an impracticable attempt to reach a magnolia blossom growing on the house wall below. At the sound of his stepfather's voice he righted himself and said,

"Yes, father?"

"Don't make bets," said the Colonel.

"Oh, father!"—Pat looked the picture of dismay—"and I've such a jolly bet on with Parsons minor. We made it in the train coming down. I bet him sixpence that he couldn't eat a jelly slab, raw, without its swelling inside him, and he says he can and he was going to try directly we got back."

The Colonel laughed.

"My only objection to that bet is in the interests of Parsons minor. Come here and read this."

Pat perched himself on the arm of the Colonel's chair and perused the newspaper paragraph indicated. It was a story of embezzlement, detection, and suicide, brought about through gambling. Pat was immensely disgusted.

"Oh, father! As if I should ever be like that Johnny!"

"I admit the improbability," said the Colonel in his dry way, "but I don't suppose the 'Johnny' thought he'd be like it himself when he began. Have small wagers for fun, if you like, Pat, but don't back horses or play cards for money."

"Oh, all right, father," said Pat, easily, and he went back whistling to his magnolia blossom.

At this moment Mrs. Murray entered the room. At the sight of her son's legs describing an obtuse angle with the window-sill, she gave an exclamation of horror.

"Good gracious, Pat, you'll be falling out! Come in directly."

"It's all right, mother," said Pat, without moving.

"Come in, Pat," said the Colonel.

Pat obeyed immediately, and going up to his stepfather, put an arm round his neck.

"Oh, father! I'd nearly got it, and I've been trying for that magnolia such a jolly time!"

"Sorry, old chap," said the Colonel.

Mrs. Murray raised her eyebrows. Pat's relations with the Colonel were a perpetual enigma to her; his prompt, soldierlike obedience was combined with such an absolutely inconsistent fearlessness of speech and demeanour.

"You'll spoil that boy," she allowed herself to say as Pat quitted the room in search of fresh occupation. "I don't know what James will say when he comes. He will be horrified at your allowing him to go badger-hunting at night, and shooting rabbits—with a *gun*, and bathing in the front pond. And as to the way Pat talks to you!"

"Excuse me, my dear," said the Colonel, smiling, "but according to the letters you had from James before we left India, he

didn't seem to be managing Pat with huge success when he had charge of him. Why, the boy ran away from his uncle's every holidays!"

"James is such a disciplinarian," said Mrs. Murray.

"Would you like Pat to run away from me every holidays?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Tom, just when I want to talk to you. Here's a letter from James, saying the Rectory is already in the hands of the painters, and fixing next Monday for Hilda and himself to come. That's just like James, so inconsiderate. Here are we engaged for the Reynolds' house-party——"

"Cancel the engagement," suggested the Colonel.

"Impossible, Tom. They would never forgive us if we didn't go to dear Muriel's wedding."

"Put James off?"

"Of course we can't after promising to have them here while the Rectory was being done up. No, it can't be helped. Pat must be left to entertain them for a few days, while we go North. I only *hope* he'll behave himself."

"Pat," said the Colonel, in private, just before he started with his wife on their journey, "we are leaving you to play the *host*, remember. You know a host's duties, Pat? Politeness, consideration——" He laid a hand on the boy's shoulder and regarded him significantly.

"I wish you weren't going, father," said Pat, rubbing his cheek affectionately against the Colonel's coat-sleeve. "I always get into rows with Uncle James. He puts my back up. But I'll try to stick it."

The Colonel accepted this dubious guarantee for conduct befitting a host. Truth to tell, Uncle James had a similar dorsal effect upon himself. Uncle James was a man of strong convictions: these convictions were on all sorts of subjects, from the correct government of the country to the way a lady should manage a teapot. The worst of it was, his convictions were so strong that he couldn't credit you with any intelligence if you didn't happen to think as he did, and being conscientious, he was, moreover, bound to put you right. One of his firmest beliefs was that boys, as a class, were idiots and entirely lacking in the moral sense.

After the Colonel's firm but liberal rule, Pat found this old assumption of his uncle's sufficiently galling, but he set his teeth and endured in silence sundry scathing criticisms on his mind and manners.

"Here's a boy," said Uncle James, on the occasion when Pat, surprised by visitors after bathing in the pond, had been seen to fly incontinently across the lawn attired in a bath towel, "here's a boy, belonging to a respectable family and respectably brought up, yet lacking any sense of common decency. I—I cannot understand it."

This was always Uncle James's climax of stupefaction at Pat's enormities.

"Father lets me bathe there," said Pat, turning red.

"Your *step*father," amended Uncle James, "seems to allow you a most reprehensible amount of liberty. He is not used to governing boys, but men, who don't behave like idiots, and who possess some little moral capacity. Kindly understand, Patrick, that so long as I remain under this roof, we are not to have any more shocking exhibitions of that kind."

Uncle James always called Pat, Patrick. It was one of his convictions that the clipping of names was the practice of fools.

Pat, having nearly choked himself in his efforts to "stick it" this time, vented his feelings by confiding to his cousin Hilda that it was jolly rotten playing host to a man who did nothing but jaw at you—"especially when he has such a raspy voice," added Pat, aggrievedly.

Hilda, a slight, pale girl of fifteen, looked round apprehensively.

"Oh, hush, Pat; papa might hear you."

"I shouldn't care if he did," said the reckless Pat, "except that the governor might not like it. You see, he's left me to play the host, and if you are a man's host you can't very well tell him he's a voice like a file, can you?"

Pat was fond of his cousin Hilda, chiefly because she was a helpless, clinging little thing, who leant upon his bolder, stronger nature. She was a highly-strung, imaginative, nervous child. She lived in chronic, mortal terror of her father, a terror that often drove her into deceit. Her admiration for Pat, who had never told his uncle a lie in his life, was unbounded.

For two days Pat fulfilled his duties as host with exemplary perseverance. His personal attentions to his uncle were, indeed, so marked and unusual that that gentleman waxed sarcastic.

"Here's a boy," said he, as Pat resigned the easy chair at his entrance, "here's a boy

who generally has the manners of a bear actually conceiving a civility, let alone carrying it out. I—I cannot understand it."

Indeed, Pat might have acquitted himself very creditably as a host if—*cherchez la femme*—it hadn't been for Hilda.

Hilda got into difficulties with her accounts, which she had to submit every month to her father. He was very particular about them. When Hilda found that they wouldn't balance by seven-and-sixpence, and that the day for presenting them was approaching, she was in despair. Having, on previous occasions, made most fatally unsuccessful attempts at "cooking" and learning from Pat that he couldn't help her, for he was stony-broke, Hilda yielded to a temptation presented by a youthful neighbour. This was to put a few shillings on a horse running the next day.

"You'll get your five shillings back and three times as much," said the young man, persuasively. "I'm giving you a tip I wouldn't give everybody—*rather* not!—and I'll manage it for you with a bookie."

He voted Pat a "soft" for not following Hilda's example, and departed, leaving, unconsciously, some betting slips behind him. These Hilda popped into a book as she saw her father approaching. The book was a volume of Henty's, which the Colonel had given Pat a few days before.

Hilda's horse failed her, and she came to Pat in great distress.

"Oh, Pat, it's worse than it was before. What *shall* I do?"

Pat became plunged in thought.

"Look here, Hilda," he said at last, "we'll pawn something. The governor always gives me a good tip before I go back to school, so when I have my money I can get the thing out again."

"Oh, Pat!" cried Hilda, and she went red and white by turns.

"What can we pawn?" said Pat, who was never one to let the grass grow under his feet when once he had decided upon his course of action. "My bicycle" (reflecting upon his most valuable asset) "is too big—it would be missed—and I'm afraid they wouldn't give much on my watch, which is a bit cranky; I think I've raced it too often against the other fellows' watches—it gains more quickly than any of them. I know—your ring."

"Oh, Pat!" said Hilda again.

"Hand it over," cried the practical Pat. "I'll run into Dorchester on my bike in no time. Nobody knows me there."

"Suppose papa misses it!" said the hesitating Hilda, slowly drawing a handsome emerald ring from her finger. "But I could say I'd put it away in a safe place, couldn't I? I suppose a pawnbroker's is a safe place, Pat? And do you know how to pawn!"

"Not a bit," said Pat, cheerfully.

Dorchester, the nearest town of any size, was some fifteen miles from the Colonel's house. Pat had gone a quarter of the distance when his tyre punctured, and he trudged several miles over the lonely downs before he met a cyclist with a mending outfit. He arrived in Dorchester some two hours later than he had intended, and at once looked about for the sign of the golden balls. Having found it, he entered the shop beneath with as assured an air as he could command. A man came forward to serve him; he produced his ring, and requested a loan on it.

"What do you want on it?" asked the man, peering at him curiously from beneath shaggy eyebrows.

"As much as you'll give me," said Pat, who hadn't an idea what sum he was expected to state.

"I must go and ask the boss its value," said the man, and disappeared.

Pat waited, and presently the man came back, accompanied by a policeman.

"You're coming with me to the police station, young gentleman," said the latter, laying a heavy hand on Pat's shoulder.

* * * * *

It was upon the second morning after Pat's arrest that the Colonel received the following letter from his brother-in-law:—

"My dear Thomas,—I am sorry to interfere with your present enjoyment, but I feel it my duty to inform you that Patrick was arrested yesterday at a pawnbroker's in Dorchester, in possession of a ring not belonging to him. He was removed to the police station, whence I bailed him out—not, unfortunately, without his having been seen in the custody of the policeman by Lady MacDougal and General Butt. He refuses any explanation, and I have locked him in his bedroom, and am only giving him bread and water in small quantities till his obstinacy is broken. As I find some betting slips in the book you gave him lately, I fear he has got into pecuniary difficulties through gambling. The ring belonged to my daughter, Hilda, who is much upset by the affair. (She inherits her

mother's hysterical temperament.) She denies having requested Pat to pawn the ring. I asked her as a mere form. I missed it from her finger early in the afternoon, and on my insisting on its production it could be found nowhere. I sent telegrams to the police authorities, leaving the local constables to search the house (the cook and footman desire to give notice). Then I set out to Dorchester, where I forestalled the police in warning the pawnbrokers. They were consequently on the look-out for the ring when Patrick appeared with it.

"Awaiting your opinion as to what must be done under these deplorable circumstances,

"I remain,

"Your affectionate

"brother-in-law,

"JAMES PARTRIDGE.

"P.S.—Patrick has been grossly impertinent."

The Colonel read this letter through twice very deliberately. Then he put it in his breast pocket and finished his breakfast. The meal over, he looked out the next train south, made his excuses to his host, and prepared for the journey. Then he apprised his wife of his immediate departure.

"Going home, Tom! When it's the Fancy Dress Ball to-night, and you've gone to such an expense over your costume as Bassanio. What in the world have you got to go home for?"

"Pat has got into a mess," said the Colonel, "and he and James between them seem to be making the gossip for the neighbourhood."

"That tiresome boy! Why ever he wasn't born a girl I never can imagine. What's he been doing now?"

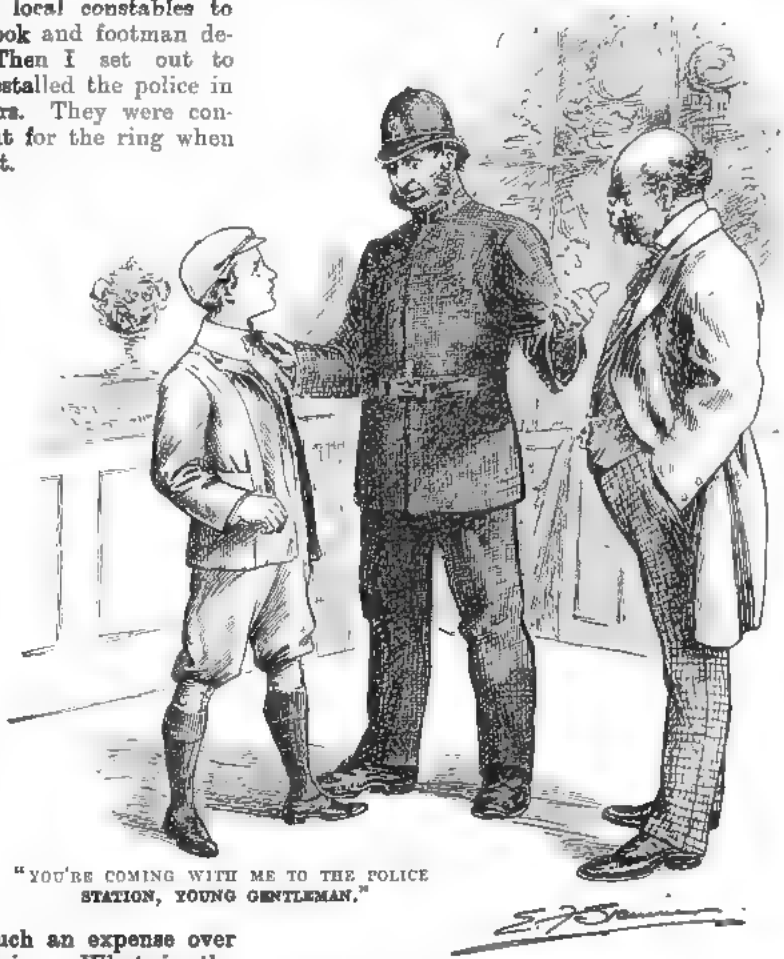
"I don't know," said the Colonel, incisively, "that's what I'm going to find out."

The Colonel arrived at his home in the summer dusk. He was expected, for he had sent a wire from the northern terminus.

"Dinner is ready, sir," said the butler, as he took his master's coat.

"I am going up to speak to Master Pat first," said the Colonel.

"Master Pat, sir? He's run away and Mr. James has gone after him."



"YOU'RE COMING WITH ME TO THE POLICE STATION, YOUNG GENTLEMAN."

The Colonel's heart sank. He had been picturing the moment when a pair of frank hazel eyes raised to his would dispel every shadow of doubt.

"Did he leave me no message, Hodson?"

"There's a letter for you from Mr. James in the library, sir."

"I meant Master Pat," said the Colonel.

"Not that I know of, sir. He was locked up in his bedroom, you know, sir, and got away out of the window."

"Tell Miss Hilda I will be down directly."

"Miss Hilda is in her room with a bad headache, sir."

"Send up dinner then, Hodson."

The Colonel went upstairs and along the corridor to Pat's room. The window stood wide open, the curtains fluttering in the evening breeze. On a little table a plate, sprinkled with a few bread-crumbs, and an empty glass, testified to the scantiness of Pat's recent repasts. The bookshelf had been stripped of its usual volumes, the little bee-clock had stopped, and the china Corydons, either side of it, stared into space, mute and insensate. The room had a dreary, deserted air that struck coldly on the Colonel's heart. Pat had left no note, no message. The Colonel walked slowly downstairs to his solitary meal, and the perusal of James's letter. It appeared that James had gone to the London Docks, as upon previous occasions Pat had been found there, trying to embark. He had been missing since midday, shortly after the receipt of the Colonel's telegram. James apologised for his absence, but dispatch was necessary. Pat had once succeeded in getting away (in abominable company) on a coaling barge. He would wire tidings.

"There is nothing to be done to-night," reflected the Colonel, looking at his watch. "I couldn't catch the 10.14 from Dorchester now, and there is no late train at any place nearer."

"Tell Sykes to have the dogcart ready to catch the 10.5 from Bridport to-morrow morning, Hodson, and bring the coffee to the library," he said aloud, as he rose from the table.

"What has the boy done that he can't face me?" he asked himself again and again, as he sat absently stirring and sipping his coffee.

A low knock came at the door.

"Come in," called the Colonel.

The door opened noiselessly, and in slid Pat.

"I hope you're not in a great wax with me, father," said Pat, "but you know you can't go on playing the host to a man who locks——"

"Come here, Pat," said the Colonel, sternly.

He seized the boy by the shoulders, and turned him towards the light. The hazel eyes met his gaze unflinchingly.

"What is the explanation of your being at that pawnbroker's?"

"I shan't tell you, father."

"You mean 'can't,' perhaps?"

"Of course I do, father. I beg your pardon for saying 'shan't.'"

"Did you steal your cousin's ring?"

"No, father."

"Or borrow it?"

"No, father."

"Were those betting slips yours?"

"No, father."

"Have you been betting?"

"No, father."

"Thanks, Pat."

The Colonel released him, and stood thinking, his hands thrust deep in his trousers pockets. Then he said:

"You have not behaved fairly to your uncle. You had no right to refuse him the denials you've given me."

"He never asked for them, father. When I couldn't explain he made up his mind I was a thief, and that put my back up. *I* wasn't going to tell him anything different. Besides, I didn't *want* him to think anything different," added Pat.

"You know what I think about sneaking, Pat, but there are occasions when to speak is one's duty—and to conceal a crime is to participate——"

"But there isn't any crime, father. Uncle James gets such a lot of silly ideas——"

"We won't discuss your uncle, Pat. Whose were those betting slips?"

"Young Rorke's, father. He left them here the other day."

"Did he ask you to bet?"

"Yes, father."

"And your cousin, too?—I beg your pardon, that is not a fair question. Why did you run away?"

"I couldn't stick it any longer, father. He took all my books, and I'd nothing to read and nothing to do, and I was awfully hungry. He only let me have bread and water, which he brought himself. I tried pretending he was a jailer, but he jawed too much for a jailer, so I turned him into a pirate chief; but he didn't talk a bit like a pirate chief, you had to imagine such a jolly lot; so I thought I'd camp out in the stable loft and be a cavalier in hiding till you came back. I didn't think you'd come for days yet, father, or I'd have 'stuck it.' Sykes got me some grub, and it was he who told me you'd come home—and I hope you're not in a great wax with me, father? I did *try* to play the host at first."

The Colonel knew that the anxiety in the hazel eyes was not due to fear of punishment (Pat was always ready to stand the racket), but to fear of his displeasure. He was unprepared with an answer.

"We will talk about that, Pat. Go up-

stairs now and fetch my tobacco pouch—it's on the dressing-table."

"It's not much of a brick wall to see through," added the Colonel, when Pat had departed. "Hilda is the gambler——"

As if in answer to his thoughts, a low tap came at the door, and Hilda appeared. The Colonel rose to receive her.

"Oh, Uncle Murray, don't think Pat's a thief; it's all my fault," said Hilda, lifting a pale, woe-begone face to the Colonel's.

"That's just like a girl," said a disgusted voice from the doorway, "to want you to keep mum and then go and give the show away herself!"

"Oh, Pat!" said Hilda, "they told me you'd run away because the Colonel thought you were a thief."

"What rot!" said Pat.

"*Papa* thinks you a thief," said Hilda, dejectedly; "but oh, Uncle Murray, I did try to tell him. I lay awake all that first night struggling to make up my mind, and I did at last; but in the morning when I saw papa, I kept saying I can't—I *can't*—and I went up and told Pat, through the keyhole, that I couldn't, and Pat said it was jolly good fun playing at prisons. I suppose *you'll* tell him now?" She addressed the Colonel, lifting large, frightened eyes.

"I shan't tell," said the Colonel. "I consider you've confided in me as a friend, not as one of the authorities. It's Pat's affair."

"Of course I shan't tell," said Pat.

"But there's the account book," said Hilda, "it doesn't balance yet."

"The account book?" queried the Colonel.

"THAT'S JUST LIKE A GIRL," SAID A DISGUSTED VOICE FROM THE DOORWAY.

Hilda related her troubles.

"It's always better to face a difficulty," said the Colonel. "Attacked, the path clears, while easy ways prove hard in the end."

"Yes, but women can't stand things like us men," said Pat. "Will you lend me the balance, father, and dock it out of my next term's money, and then I can help Hilda as I meant to?"

"It's your affair, Pat. Yes, I will."

"Thanks, awfully, father."

Hilda received the few shillings passively, and sat looking at them in silence.

"James will think Pat a rascal and me a fool," thought the Colonel. "But I suppose I can put up with it if the boy can."

"It's *too* mean," said Hilda, "I can't do it."

"Don't be silly, Hilda," remonstrated Pat. "To let you be thought a thief—and take your money——"

"I *like* doing it for you, Hilda, and I don't care what Uncle James thinks."

But Hilda went to the Colonel's desk and wrote:—

"DEAR PAPA,—I didn't *ask* Pat to pawn my ring, but he offered to because I wanted some money to balance my accounts. I hadn't the courage to tell you before, but I can't go on letting you think things about Pat, when he's been so good to me.

"Your unhappy

"HILDA."

She brought this note to the Colonel and asked him to present it.

"And you will plead for me?" said poor little Hilda.

The Colonel promised, saying many kind and encouraging things (with mental reservations as to how he should tackle James).

When he had opened the door for Hilda and seen her out, he came back to Pat.

"I will not blame you much for your desertion of your post, Pat; it *had* become rather untenable; but I understand you were grossly impertinent to your uncle. What did you say to him?"

"I said he had a lot of maggots in his head, father."

"That *was* grossly impertinent," said the Colonel, without moving a muscle. "You will apologise to your uncle upon his return."

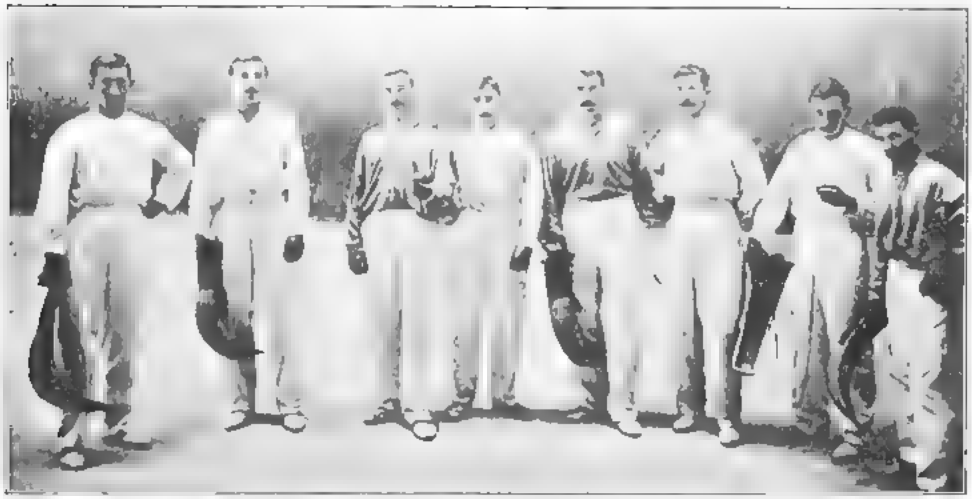
Pat made a grimace worthy of a facial contortionist, but, meeting the Colonel's eye, pulled his features straight again.

"Very well, father," he said resignedly.

"And, Pat——"

"Yes, father?"

"I'm not in a great wax with you. Goodnight."



A GROUP OF PELOTA PLAYERS. PELOTA IS THE NATIONAL GAME OF SPAIN. IT MAY BE SAID TO RESEMBLE IN SOME RESPECTS LAWN TENNIS. IT IS PLAYED IN A LONG COURT, THE BALL BEING STRUCK BY A WICKER-WORK BASKET HANDLE, 3FT 6IN. IN LENGTH, WHICH IS STRAPPED TO THE RIGHT HAND.

ON MAKING CATCHES.

Photos by permission of "The Book of Cricket."

THERE has recently been what may be called a crusade in favour of catching. A lot of people, including Ranjitsinhji, are quite sure that if only the art of catching was studied with the same attention, and brought to the same pitch of excellence as batting, there would be no further trouble about the number of drawn games in first-class cricket, and no necessity for adventurous legislation in favour of the bowler. "Catch your catches," says the Sussex captain, "and there is no need of wider wickets." What Ranjitsinhji means is that a greater number of catches, especially of the easier kind, ought to be held; he does not mean, as many people suppose him to mean, that every dropped catch is an avoidable accident which redounds terribly to the discredit of the erring fieldsman. Perfect fielding is really almost as difficult as perfect batting and bowling; and fieldsmen will drop catches just as batsmen will make bad strokes and bowlers will bowl bad balls as long as cricket is played. It is all very well to say that were every fieldsman a Jessop, all county matches would be finished; for with equal reason one might answer, that were all batsmen Trumpers, no side would ever be got out in three days.

There is no doubt, however, that throughout the game, from County cricket down or up to the Saturday afternoon match, fielding is not thought as much of by the average player, nor given the same amount of study and practice, as batting and bowling. It is quite certain that the standard of catching in cricket might be considerably raised, because the American base-ball players, simply by dint of painstaking practice, have proved that every man in a team can be made at least a safe and trustworthy catcher.

Practice, of course, is the secret of good catching. It is a peculiar fact that, whereas no cricketer imagines he can bat or bowl well in a match without practice, many cricketers take the field without having had any practice at all in catching, and are surprised when they make mistakes. Catching in a way needs more practice than either batting or bowling, because, while a batsman or a bowler is bound to get plenty of practice in the actual match-play, it is quite possible for a fieldsman to play game after

A. O. JONES—A CATCH AT SLIP.

game without ever having the ball hit to him in the air.

I do not think it is possible to give any precise directions about how the hands should be held in catching; nearly every one has

G. HIRST—NO ESCAPE.

his own particular way of setting his hands for a two-handed catch.

For instance, in taking a high catch in the country, no one is safer than Denton of Yorkshire, but he holds his hands quite differently from Clem Hill, the Australian, who is almost equally safe. Braund and Tunnicliffe, two first-rate slips, shape quite differently at the ball. S. M. J. Woods and Hirst at mid-off make remarkable catches off hard drives straight at them, but each puts his hands to the ball in a way that the other does not. Some men seem to catch the ball almost entirely with their fingers, and catch it well. Those that receive the ball plumb on the palms of their hands are generally unsafe; the ball bounces out sometimes. The best way is to take the ball partly with the fingers and partly with the palms, but more with the fingers than the palms.

In any case, it is most important that neither the hands nor the arms nor the body should be stiff and rigid; hands, arms and body should all yield sympathetically with the direction in which the ball is flying. The reason why more catches are missed in cold than in warm weather is that cold makes the muscles stiff and the hands board-like. But there are some fielders whose hands are like boards on the sultriest August afternoon; they seem to hit the ball with their palms instead of receiving it with yielding retentive fingers. As a rule, this stiffness is not so much in the hands as in the arms, and comes from a habit of contracting the muscles of the arms in response to the effort of catching. The only way to cure it is to practise assiduously with special care that the arms, however quickly they are moved to reach the ball, may be always loose and free.

Another important point is to let the ball come into the hands and not to snap at it. If you watch a bad and a good wicket-keeper you will notice that the former seems to make a jerky sideways shot at the ball at the last moment as though he were snatching at a fly, whereas the latter seems simply to arrange his hands in the way of the ball in good time, and the ball comes naturally into the nest prepared for it. Similarly, in catching any sort of hit, high or low, fast

G. AYRES—A CERTAINTY.

or slow, the hands should be well behind the line of the ball in good time, and not jerked out suddenly in a snatchy manner. Snapping at the ball is commonest in one-handed catches in the slips or at point, but it is possible to snap even at a steeple-high slow-dropping catch in the country. Whenever you feel you have made a grab at the ball, you may be sure you have been guilty of

snatchiness. When you catch correctly, you feel that the ball has buried itself in your hands of its own accord, and has itself closed your fingers by its own momentum.

It is as well to note here that in a match, when a catch is coming to you, and you have time to think, the last thing you should think about is your hands. You should glue your attention on the ball, and let your hands take care of themselves. The time to correct any fault in your method of catching is when you are practising. In a match your whole mind should be concentrated on the ball. Watch it with all your might from the very bat till it is safe and solid in your hands.

A catch in the long-field is never quite easy, if only for the reason that you have so much time while the ball is in the air to wonder whether you are going to miss it. If you are at all lacking in confidence, it is ten to one on the ball. Hence it is very important for fielders who have to scout on the boundary to fortify their nerves by regular practice. A man who has caught half-a-dozen long hits consecutively in practice, naturally expects to hold the seventh; and if that seventh is in a match, it is still the seventh. A fielder who has not seen a high catch coming his way for a fortnight is very liable to miss it from sheer nervousness. This is quite apart from the matter of mere skill and ability to judge the flight of the ball, both of which are also results of practice.

It is quite simple to get practice in long catches. You have only to persuade a friend to hit the ball up. For some reason or other, a ball hit from a bat comes quite differently from one thrown; therefore, it pays to have some one to hit to you instead of the usual inter-change of jerks or throws.

Half the art of catching "in the country" consists in judging the flight of the ball so as to be able to make the catch as easy as possible. The best catchers, as a rule, try to take the ball with the arms bent, and the hands about the height of the lower ribs, and rather close to the body. Often, of course, when you have to make ground to reach the ball you find you have to take it as best you can. But unless driven to do so, you should avoid taking the ball with the hands held at all high. If you poke your hands up to meet a high catch, you are likely to take the ball awkwardly and also too rigidly.

W. Gunn, when he used to field in the country, was the best catcher there I have seen. Provided he got to the ball with his long strides, he made the catch look absurdly simple. At the present time no deep-fielder catches better than Denton. Tyldesley, too, is very safe.

Near the wicket the great secret of good catching is to watch the batsmen very closely, and to be expecting a catch every ball. More catches are missed from half-hearted attention than from any other cause. If a catch startles a fielder, it is rarely held.

Mid-off, extra cover, and mid-on have some very easy catches sent them; usually from batsmen who have played forward too soon at the ball. But they also get some very nasty ones. The difficulty of "boxing" a ball driven at you straight and hard is often much greater than it appears; because often

W. ATTEWELL—BOXED.

it is very awkward to get your hands correctly to the ball. This is particularly noticeable at mid-off. If, for instance, the ball comes straight at your chin, rising all the way, you will find you cannot arrange your hands comfortably to receive it. The way to negotiate these difficult catches is to move a foot to one side or turn the body a little so that you can use your hands better. In fact, to field well at mid-off, extra-cover or mid-on, you must be very quick on your feet and not rooted at all. George Hirst is particularly clever at hard catches at mid-off and extra-cover; he is so very nippy in jumping into the easiest position in which to take the ball.

Cover-point is a very difficult place for

catches. Nearly every ball that goes there is "sliced," and has a lot of spin on it. It is a fact that in the case of slow miss-hits to cover, the ball sometimes has so much spin on that it spins off your hand before you have time to shut your fingers round it. A skied miss-hit to cover, however simple it appears to the pavilion-critic, is one of the most difficult of all catches. The ball spins like a top and often veers and swerves in the air as it is dropping. Such catches should be taken a little above the height of the waist. If you lift your hands chinwards or higher, the odds are the ball will spin out. One often sees quite good fielders twisted into knots over these "skiers to cover," with their hands behind their necks or their wrists crossed.

G. R. HARDSWELL—GOT HIM.

Many of the hits to cover can be secured only with one hand. S. E. Gregory, the Australian, is a nailer at these one-handers, and, so is G. L. Jessop. Both of them watch the batsman very keenly and seem able to anticipate the direction of his stroke.

The catches which go to third-man are often very nasty, and resemble those which go to cover in being often terrible spinners. It is very difficult to obtain practice for these catches, because the hits from which they come are, in various degrees, miss-hits. But you may, perhaps, find a friend who is an adept at hitting with a "slice" of the bat, similar to the "cut" used in tennis.

In the slips, catching is notoriously difficult, especially off very fast bowlers. You never know where the ball will come, nor at what angle, and it comes very quick. And often the wicket-keeper will baulk you by shooting out his hand or jumping across.

At slip, you must stand leaning well forward, with your hands hanging loose in front of you, and you must be on the "qui-vive" all the time. And you must stand light and ready on your feet. A great number of low catches at slip are missed owing to the fieldsman standing bolt upright, and being, therefore, unable to get his hands down in time. And many low catches are missed because the fielder, having dived down for the ball, tries to bob up again before the ball is thoroughly held. More still of all sorts are missed through momentary inattention.

But skilful slip-fielding demands not only great natural quickness and a certain quality of hand, but also infinite practice. The only really good practice comes in actual games. The best artificial device for manufacturing slip-catches is as follows:—Turn an ordinary wooden bench on its side and get some one to throw hard in such a way that the ball pitches about a foot from the bench and glances off the face of the wood. The catcher must stand some yards away at one end and the thrower some yards away at the other. It is marvellous how the ball will "flick up" from the bench with a tremendous spin, just as it does from the edge of the bat when the batsman has "miss-cut" or "edged."

Some first-rate slips watch the ball every time right from the bowler's hand; others glue their eyes to the bat and look nowhere else. But all of them agree that nothing short of extreme watchfulness enables them to follow the ball after it is hit. It is impossible for a slip to anticipate the direction of a stroke; if he moves before he sees the line of the ball, ten to one he moves away from it. Some slips consider it a good thing to advance a step when they see the batsman is playing forward. But, on the whole, it seems better to stand quite still and rely on your quickness in getting to the ball after you see how it is coming.

It will take the tyro much patient practice before he can emulate the neat, quick, adhesive precision of such slips as Tunnicliffe, Braund or Hayes. But it is worth the trouble, for a good slip is worth his place in almost any team for the sake of his fielding. Many matches are lost by bad catching at slip.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. B.—You can only improve your bowling by assiduous and patient practice. Most young bowlers fall into the error of trying to put on an enormous amount of break before they have learnt to bowl accurately. It is not a bad plan to put down some mark, such as an envelope, at the spot where the ball ought to pitch. But you ought to be looking at the wicket rather than at the mark when you deliver the ball. If you find you are inclined to bowl short you should bowl a little slower and give the ball more height in the air. When you have got a certain amount of command over the ball, you should practise changing your pace without altering your action or run up. But as good bowling depends principally upon good length, you must learn to be accurate before you attempt any finer points. You should get Ranjitsinhji's book on *Cricket*, and read the chapter on "Bowling."

R. H. P. and H. W. P.—You say you are beginners and wish to know how to bowl. Well, read the answer above. Find out, to begin with, the length of run up to the wicket that suits you best and then stick to that length of run; do not keep chopping and changing. Deliver the ball with your hand as high above your shoulder as possible, and with a loose, easy swing. Do not keep trying to alter your action. Do not try to bowl too fast. Do not bowl full pitches nor half volleys nor long hops. Pitch the ball about five feet from the batsman's block. I do not know whether Leicestershire will be higher in the Championship this year than last; but the team is certainly stronger.

Tortoise.—It would be a wonderful thing if a fellow who is over six feet at the age of eighteen, and has grown five inches in two years, were anything but slow. The chances are your lack of pace will pass off in the next year or two. The best training for pace is to run short dashes of about forty yards. You need not take the sprinting exercise more than three times a week. For general condition there is nothing to beat regular walking exercise. With that and cycling and tennis you should keep in splendid trim. It is a great mistake to train rigorously for football all the summer; if you do, you are very liable to get stale. Smoking, except in the strictest moderation, is certainly bad for the wind.

Daghol.—It might be good for you to walk five miles to your office every day, or it might not. It all depends on how strong you are. At any rate, you had better try half the distance to begin with, and gradually increase it till you get into training. You see, seven hours' work in an office with study at home in the evening takes it out of you a bit. It will be good for you to take regular exercise; but you must be careful to avoid systematically tiring yourself out. There is no reason why you should not do dumb-bells for a quarter of an hour morning and evening. Three meals a day is enough for anybody. You will probably go on growing for three years to come.

Mastiff.—Inability to vault and jump is usually due to want of natural spring. Some people simply have no spring, and there is an end of it. But some people cannot jump merely from want of confidence. Jumping is, to a certain extent, an effort of will. Perhaps your gymnast does not sufficiently make up her mind to get over the obstacle at all costs. Of course, she should begin at quite a low height and gradually increase it. There should be a minute or two's rest between each attempt, so as to allow the muscles to recover their elasticity. I am afraid I am not much of an authority on the weight of ladies, but I should think 10½ stone would be about right.

Anglo-Francais.—You can obtain the detailed results of the 'Varsity Sports, I think, by writing to Mr. G. Beasley, Hertford College, Oxford. I do not know where you can obtain the results of the Championships except in newspaper files. But perhaps the Secretary of the A.A.A. would tell you. With reference to an enquiry by "Bass Bridge" in a back number, this correspondent writes that it is unlikely that Ewry used weights in making his standing jump at Paris, because there is no mention of weights in the official account of the sports, and because this jumper exceeded the distance made at Paris, at Buffalo in 1901, without using weights.

J. BRIGGS—A CLEVER COVER.

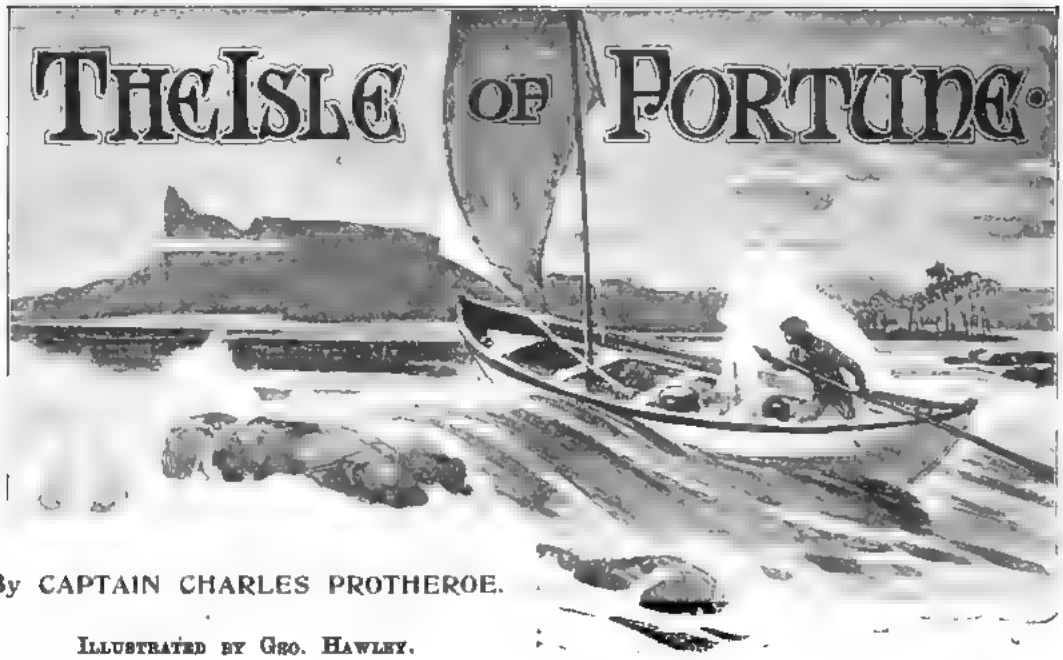
N. B. (Lyon).—If you are thoroughly out of condition you should begin by taking regular walking exercise every day, increasing the amount as you get fitter. After about three weeks you should do some running. If you use an exerciser you should follow the system laid down in the book given with it. It is no good starting on an exerciser with frantic energy and then knocking off at the end of a fortnight. You should work at it regularly for about a quarter of an hour every day, and keep it up. When you are once in fairly decent condition the best training for a game like hockey is to play easy practice matches.

Swimmer.—There is a good little book on swimming in the "All England Series." Then there is "Swimming," by Montague Holbein.

(Answers to "C. H." and others will be found in the "Editorial" department.)

C. B. Fry

THE ISLE OF FORTUNE.



By CAPTAIN CHARLES PROTHEROE.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEO. HAWLEY.

JIM HARVEY ships as mate of the *Aurora*, of which the notorious "Bully" Harker is skipper. A word and a blow is Jim's character. He is no respecter of persons, as "Bully" Harker learns to his great discomfiture soon after setting sail. Thenceforth Harker watches him with a malignant eye. One of the crew, Tom Nichols, relates the story of the strange disappearance in the Solomons of Jim's predecessor, who was given out by Harker as kidnapped by natives. Rather than fall a victim to Harker's hate, Jim leaves the ship one night in an open boat, and drifts in the direction of New Guinea. He reaches an island, and establishes himself in great authority with the natives, because he drove off some of their belligerent neighbours with the aid of his rifle. The island chief makes friends with him, but he incurs the jealousy of Gawana, a native, who is in love with the old chief's daughter. Visiting a neighbouring island with the old chief and his daughter, Jim makes a great find of pearls. By keeping his discovery secret, he sees his way to amassing a big fortune out of these pearls. The chief and his daughter help him. When Jim has got together a good number of pearls, he goes upon an expedition, which causes him to be absent from his camping ground for a night. On returning, he can see nothing of the chief and Oobona, nor, when he arrives in sight of the huts, is there any response to his cries.

CHAPTER X.

A STRANGE SAIL.

DUMBFOUNDED, I started at a run for the spot, to find that the huts had shared the same, although a later fate than the others, having been burned to the ground, one or two blackened uprights being all that remained of them. The other houses, as you know, had been burned some years before, but these only the previous night, and as I put my hand on the posts left standing, I found they were still quite hot. What it meant I didn't quite know, and where were Oobona and her father? I called, and searched everywhere; but no trace of them could I find.

What had become of them? Had their carelessness with fire, a weakness most natives are addicted to, been the cause of the calamity, and had they perished also? A little thought caused me to scout this idea, for if that were the case it was improbable that both houses, which were some distance apart, would have suffered, and so I came to the conclusion that some one had done it with intention. My thoughts went back to the story, still fresh in my mind, of how the Fergusson people had raided the place years before, and I wondered if they were responsible for this visit during my absence.

There was no evidence to be seen that any numerous body of men had been on the spot, and the more I thought of it, the more difficult it seemed to me to straighten out the ends of a rather peculiar tangle. As I was trying to puzzle it all out, my eye lighted on a spot where the ground seemed to have been disturbed. It was behind the spot where the houses had once stood, and I walked over to have a look at it. That a struggle had taken place on this spot I wasn't long in deciding. The freshly broken wood, the crushed vegetation, the ploughed-up ground, everything pointed to it, and what was this dark stain lying here and there on the dead timber scattered about? I picked up a piece, wetted my finger, and rubbed it. It was blood. The plot thickened with a vengeance.

I penetrated cautiously into the scrub where it was trampled down a bit, but I can assure you I was all eyes, and every sense was alert.

Almost at the entrance I came upon the old chief lying prone. With some little difficulty I

dragged him out of the thick scrub to the more open space beyond, and set about a hasty examination of his injuries. He had a spear thrust in the side, which had fortunately glanced off a rib, and but for the blood it had caused him to lose, was nothing to be afraid of He also had a nasty contusion on the head, caused by some blunt instrument, possibly a native club.

As I hastily dressed his wounds, I came to the conclusion that there was still plenty of life in the old man, due to the fact that being a native of a tropical

ALMOST AT THE ENTRANCE I CAME UPON THE OLD CHIEF LYING PRONE.

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country, Nature had supplied him with a remarkably thick skull.

"We've had company, for sure," thought I, as I stood looking down at him, waiting for some sign of returning life, "but where on earth can the girl be?"

A thought struck me. I hurried down and sought the beach again, for that would be the most likely place to find evidence of visitors. As I searched I found two indications. The first was where a canoe had been partly drawn upon the beach. The second was a single pair of foot-prints. They were not Oobona's, for these were much too large, and evidently belonged to a man.

My position struck me as being very similar to that of a well-known character whom I had read about with avidity as a boy, but whereas he was mystified at finding the imprint of feet, it had quite the reverse effect upon myself, and soon made everything as clear as daylight.

I paced down the shore parallel with the foot-marks, and then examined both minutely. It appeared to me that the person who had left them behind was either an exceedingly heavy man, or what was more likely, he carried a burden, a simple and easy solution which I arrived at by the deep impression of the feet. I rose from my knees, the mystery solved. Of course, the foot-prints could belong to nobody but Gawana, and the burden he carried was Oobona.

He had visited the island probably with another peace-offering for myself. It was a strange coincidence that he should have paid his visit the one and only night I was forced to be absent. At first, I was inclined to think that fortune had favoured him, but consideration told me that the luck was all on my side, for, in all probability, at the time of his landing, had I remained on the island I should have been fast asleep, and he might have found the object of his visit, as far as it concerned myself, all too easy of accomplishment. Finding me gone, he had secured the girl, for, of course, that was his chief object, and then, in a fit of spleen that I should have again escaped him, had fired the houses before carrying her off. That's how I figured it all out, and don't take much credit to myself for doing so either, for a blind man, knowing the circumstances, might have guessed that much. Being interrupted by the old man, he had assaulted him and left him for dead, and then carried out the remainder of his plans.

I found that all my surmises were correct. The old man had come to himself during my brief absence, and his face brightened at my approach. By-and-by I got from him the particulars of his plight. He had awakened some time through the night, and hearing a slight noise, thought at once that I had returned. He came out to greet me, but instead found himself confronted by Gawana. Without a word, the latter launched a spear at him, and the old man, knowing, perhaps from experience, that no quarter was to be expected in such a case, charged his assailant.

Gawana was young and strong, and not knowing my whereabouts, or what moment I might appear on the scene, had dragged the old man away from the houses, and, after a struggle, overpowered him. Although, of course, I was angry, I could not help but admire him for his pluck. He must have been terribly in earnest, for it requires a great inducement to make a native stir from his home at night-time.

The most proper and recognised thing to have done in the circumstances, would have been to go at once in search of the girl, punish her abductor, and leave other things to look after themselves.

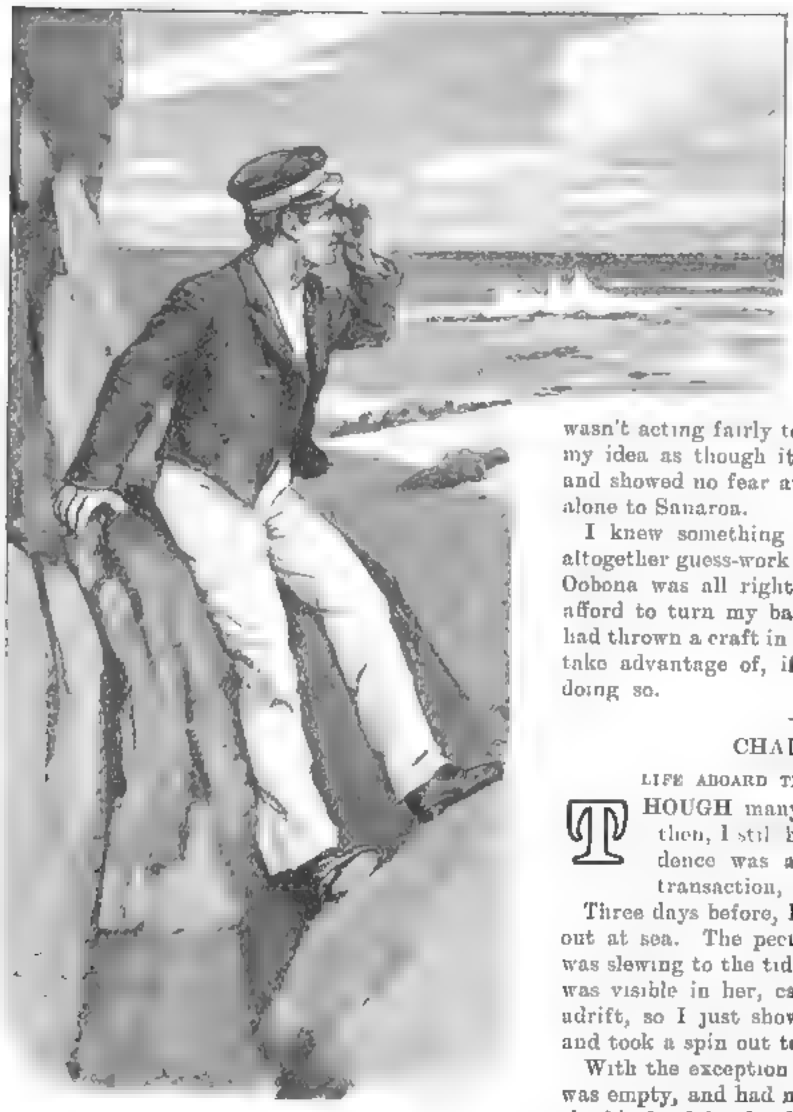
I confess thoughts like these were the first in my mind, for Gawana had stretched my patience a bit too far by attempting to murder a harmless old man. Such conduct merited punishment, and I determined to interview that young gentleman with this end in view. However, man proposes and Providence disposes. I didn't go scrummaging round the islands in search of a lost maiden, neither did the meeting I had promised myself come about, at least, not for a long time, and when it did occur I could afford to forget and forgive, and for this reason.

First of all I had the old chief on my hands, and although he mended rapidly, as I have said before, on account of the thickness of his cranium, a full week had passed ere he was in a fit state to travel. By that time he had quite recovered, and with the exception of a few ugly marks, which even time would be unable to efface, was himself again.

We were all ready for a start, and I had gone to the highest point of the island with the intention of having a good look round. Not that I expected to see anything new, for I had done the same thing almost every day since residing there, and I suppose it had become a natural habit.

On this occasion I didn't at first see much to reward me as I scanned the ocean to the south-'ard in the direction of Sanaroa.

Apparently nothing was in sight, save a flock of sea-birds as they turned and twisted here and there to follow a school of flying-fish, their eager and plaintive little cries, carried down on the wind, reaching me where I stood. As my eyes wandered along the horizon to the east, my heart gave a great jump, for there, unless my eyes deceived me, sure enough was a vessel of



MY HEART GAVE A GREAT JUMP

some description. She was bearing about east-south-east from my position, and by the hang of her head sails, which I could just make out, I knew she was steering to the north'ard. The craving for the hum of civilisation and the sound of an English voice, awoke within me with renewed force, and I determined to throw all other considerations to the wind, and try to reach her.

I felt that Oobona was safe enough, for Gawana was too much in love to do her any harm, and even her father was under no apprehension regarding her safety. The difficult part of the business was the old man. What was I going to do with him?

I hadn't much time to decide the matter; in the present instance every moment was precious, and if I delayed too long the vessel in the distance might disappear altogether. I shouted to the old man, and as soon as he arrived pointed the craft out to him, and made known my wish to intercept her. Much to my relief, for I admit I felt a bit mean, and it struck me I wasn't acting fairly towards him, he fell in with my idea as though it were a matter of course, and showed no fear at the prospect of returning alone to Sanaroa.

I knew something of natives, and it wasn't altogether guess-work when I assured myself that Oobona was all right, and being so, I couldn't afford to turn my back on the Providence that had thrown a craft in my way. It was a thing to take advantage of, if there was any chance of doing so.

CHAPTER XI.

LIFE ABOARD THE "GOWRIE LASS."

THOUGH many years have passed since then, I still hold the opinion that Providence was at the back of that little transaction, and I'll tell you why.

Three days before, I had sighted a canoe miles out at sea. The peculiar manner in which she was slewing to the tide, and the fact that no one was visible in her, caused me to think she was adrift, so I just shoved the boat off the beach and took a spin out to her.

With the exception of a couple of paddles, she was empty, and had no doubt drifted away from the big land in the distance. I hitched a line on to her, and, towing her back to the island, hauled her up the beach, where she lay at the present moment.

That's why I think Providence was behind the matter, for not only the craft I could see on the horizon, but a canoe also was thrown in my way, both of which were necessary to carry out the scheme I had in view.

I couldn't have left the old man on the island with no means of leaving it. The canoe I had picked up, and which now lay idly on the shore, was worth anything to me at that period as representing the key of a very awkward problem.

I would make the old man a present of it, and he could paddle his own canoe back to Sanaroa,

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whilst I went in chase of the vessel I had seen.

He accepted the gift gleefully, for to him it represented real estate, and I soon had him almost as anxious as myself to be on his way home again.

Ten minutes later I had bundled all my traps into the boat and rolled the parcel of pearls in my old blanket, for I knew where to put my hand upon them. They hadn't been burnt with the houses. Oh! dear no! I had always taken precautions against the highly inflammable material of which these structures were built. Accidents happen, and I wasn't going to risk any in that direction, and be sorry afterwards. I had, therefore, buried them close at hand.

As I sailed through the opening on the reef, and put the boat's stern for the island, I waved my hand to it, and shouted, "So long!" as though I were talking to some living thing that could hear and understand me. I didn't say "Good-bye," because I had made up my mind that if effort on my part had anything to do with it, this was not by any means to be the end of our acquaintance.

The craft I had seen in the distance was invisible from the lower attitude of the boat, but I knew exactly how to steer, having taken her bearing, and shaped a course to fetch a matter of eight or ten miles ahead of her. The wind was light, and I was slipping through the water much quicker than she was, so by steering in this manner I had the best chance of cutting her off. My only fear was, that if the wind freshened, as it mostly does through the afternoon in those latitudes, she might outpace the boat and square away without catching sight of it, and thus leave me in the lurch. Luckily, however, the wind remained scant all day, and before long I had the satisfaction of raising her upper sails above the horizon. Slowly, one by one, they came into view, until I could count every sail she had set. By-and-by, as I drew nearer, I made her out to be a natty, white-painted brigantine, lying almost becalmed.

Before I arrived within hailing distance of her the sun was sinking low in the west. I could see the crew gathered in the waist looking curiously in my direction, and knew they were hazarding all sorts of opinions as to what I was doing here, and where I came from, for it was not an every-day occurrence, in those waters, to see a whale boat come shearing alongside from nowhere in particular.

I caught the rope thrown to me, making it fast to the for'ard thwart, and scrambled up her low side on to the deck. The crew gathered round, firing questions one after another at me, but I elbowed them to one side and made my way aft to where an elderly man with a cabbage tree hat on his head was standing and gazing at me with enquiring eyes.

"Has anything happened to the *Aurora*?" said he, as I approached him, for her name was written on the bow of the whale boat.

"Not that I know of, captain," I answered, and then I told him the whole story—or rather as much as was necessary.

"Made the ship too hot to hold you, eh?" said he; "well, I'm not surprised, for by all accounts he's red-hot himself, and I never met a man who had a good word to throw at him. I suppose, now, you want me to give you a trip round, and land you at Sydney."

"That's about it," I answered.

"Well," said he, "I suppose you come under the heading of a shipwrecked mariner, and I am quite willing, but if we drop across the *Aurora* anywhere round the islands you'll have to lie low. I don't want Mr. Harker making a scene aboard my ship. There will be time enough for him to meet you when you get to Sydney, and then I expect he will make you sit up. Anyhow, the least he'll do will be to prosecute you for running away with his boat."

"I'll have to take my chance of that," I replied; but it lay easy on my conscience, and I smiled, for I knew that wrapped up in my old blanket I had the means of paying for a hundred such boats.

"Now just pass that dunnage aboard," said the skipper, "and we'll hoist that boat of yours, or rather 'Bully' Harker's, on deck;" and so the conversation ended.

I found the *Gowrie Lass* quite a different sort of craft from the *Aurora*. There was no "hazing" here. She was well found, and the crew treated in a decent manner. The skipper was the direct antithesis of "Bully" Harker, for where one did the best he could to make his crew contented, the other did his utmost to make his craft uncomfortable. On board the *Gowrie Lass* I had only one regret. We were steering the wrong way for my liking, and I should have to make the round trip in her. I tried to content myself with the reflection that, after all, a handful of months were neither here nor there to a young fellow like myself. The fortune lying round the islands was not likely to take wings unto itself and fly away, but would wait until the time came for me to handle it.

The skipper of the *Gowrie Lass* behaved so decently to me that I should dearly have liked to astonish him by offering for his acceptance a handful of the stones I had stowed away. I couldn't afford to do that, and my philanthropy

never stretched so far, for it would have given the whole thing away. I made a note, however, that if ever I gathered them, as I hoped to do, he should profit by it. He had reason to know before he died that I didn't forget it either.

We had many a talk regarding the position I stood in, and thinking I needed it, he was ready and willing to give me any assistance in his power.

How would "Bully" Harker move in the matter?

"Make it as hot as he can," said I, but I might have told him I didn't care twopence how he moved, that I had acquired a little information concerning him which, properly applied, might be trusted to close his mouth effectually. "Well," he answered, "I hope we shan't have the pleasure of meeting him, but if we do you'll save me a lot of bother by keeping out of the way, for if he catches sight of you there'll be a big picnic aboard this hooker, and I don't feel in the humour for entertaining."

"All right, skipper," said I, reluctantly, for it went against the grain to think I might be forced to hide from any man. "At the same time, I don't think we need worry about it—the *Aurora* ought to be close up Sydney by this time. But how about that boat on your main-hatch? isn't he likely to recognise her, if by any chance we dropped across him, and he came on board?"

"Oh! no!" he replied, "there's no trouble about that. Those double-ended surf boats are like Chinamen, one's so much like another there's no identifying them or telling the other from which. Make your mind easy on that matter. I'll get one of the hands to run a brush of paint through the name in case of accident."

Some three weeks after I had managed to intercept the *Gowrie Lass* we found ourselves in sight of St. Christoval. We had been working the "Solomons," going into every dog-hole and corner picking up a bit of cargo here and there. This was the spot that had witnessed the consummation of "Bully" Harker's diabolical plot on his mate (as told by old Tom Nichol), and I had no doubt in my mind he had planned for me the same fate. I shook hands with myself, as it were, that I had placed sufficient belief in the story to trust myself to the deep sea sooner than run the risk of being the principal person in another such tragedy. The sight of the land aroused thoughts of my predecessor, and I wondered what had been his end. I had no doubt he was dead, for I knew these savage islanders had no pity in their nature, and for any one in their power, no mercy.

However, any thought I may have had of trying to find out something about him, a most doubtful job at the best, came to naught. When about eight or ten miles from the spot, it began to blow a snorter dead off the land. Expecting to pick up little or nothing in the way of cargo, the skipper decided it was a waste of time to beat against the wind and try to reach there. He, therefore, shaped a course for the New Hebrides, and a month later I landed once more in Sydney.

CHAPTER XII.

BACK TO THE PEARLS.

I DIDN'T start on my usual occupation of painting the town red, and knocking down what money I possessed in the least possible time, for I had something else to occupy my mind. I had business to do, for I was on the look-out for a decent little vessel, and a reliable sort of man to go in with me.

Almost the first person I met who was known to me was old Tom Nichol. I spotted him as I came up Pitt-street, dodging about the Exchange corner. His eyes opened with astonishment when he caught sight of me, and I was soon in possession of all he had to tell.

Naturally I wanted to know about the *Aurora*, and found she had sailed only three days since for another island cruise.

"What did 'Bully' Harker do when he found I was gone?" said I.

"What didn't he do!" gasped old Tom; "he went on like a maniac, and swore he'd jail the lot of us for being in the swim. After a bit he cooled down, and wanted to know in which direction you had gone. Nobody seemed inclined to answer, so I up and told him you'd gone away close-hauled to the east'ard. He had the schooner on a wind in a jiffy, and standing on that tack all day was up and down the rigging like a monkey hoping to catch sight of you, but, of course, he didn't.

"Ah, yes! I can smile now," continued old Tom, who had indulged in a grin, "but it was no laughing matter at the time, I can tell you. He gave us a high old trip of it, and none of us were sorry when we got back to Sydney, and could leave her."

"Out of employment now, I suppose," said I.

"Yes, Mr. Harvey," he replied, "as I told you before, nobody wants old men. It was bad enough as it was, but now I'm straddled with the bad discharge 'Bully' Harker gave me I haven't got a dog's chance."

"Well, don't bother any more looking for a ship," said I; "I've got some work for you to do."

"What's that?" said he

"Never mind just now," I answered; "all you

have to do at present is to make yourself comfortable, draw on me for any cash you require, and you'll know all the rest by-and-by." So, telling him where I intended to hang out, I left him full of contentment, and went about my business.

For the next few days I didn't make much headway towards the enterprise I had set my mind on. First of all I wished to know how the land lay concerning my *Aurora* escapade. It wouldn't have been pleasant to find myself arrested by a guardian of the law just as I was getting things into working order, so I made a point of going to the water police station to see the matter through.

Although "Bully" Harker had reported it, much to my surprise I found he had laid no information against me, so in the circumstances I felt at liberty to go on with my arrangements.

I was just coming off Circular Quay one day, and bearing round the custom house, when who should I run foul of but the "Parson." "By jove!" said I, "just the man of all others I wished to see. What are you kicking your heels round here for?"

"Waiting to sign on in the old craft again," he answered, "but the skipper seems a bit long-winded this morning."

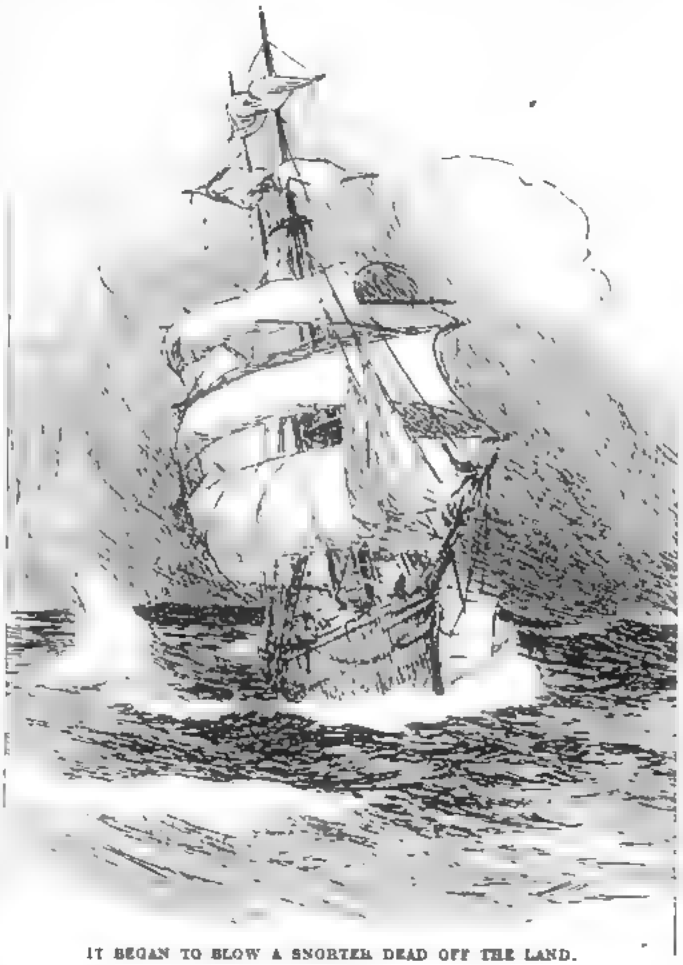
"You're going to do nothing of the sort," said I, reeving my arm through his, and giving him a twist to the right about; "just come for a walk through the Domain where nobody can overhear us. I can put you on to something better than that."

We strolled round the Quay, and into the Domain, where I explained to him how matters stood. "Mind you, 'Parson,'" I continued, "there's a fortune in it, and a quick one at that. If you care about chipping in, you're just the man I should like. What do you say? Will you come?"

"Will a policeman have a drink?" he answered, smilingly, "will I come! just you whistle it—I'm that very man."

"Well, that's settled, and I'm glad, for I'd sooner have you than any man I know. The next thing to do is to buy or charter a vessel, a small one—thirteen or fourteen tons will be big enough. There's you, old Tom Nichol, and myself—quite crowd enough to handle her. But 'mum's' the word. I haven't told old Tom yet what's on the board—quite time enough when we get outside. I'm afraid his tongue might wag should he happen to get more liquor on board than he can carry, and you quite see we don't exactly want it advertised in the *Sydney Morning Herald*."

The sort of vessel we wanted wasn't very hard to find; there were plenty of them knocking about



IT BEGAN TO BLOW A SNORTER DEAD OFF THE LAND.

doing nothing in particular. My choice fell on a small cutter, no great shakes, but sound, and good enough for the purpose she was wanted for. She had been engaged running fishing parties up the Hawksbury from Saturday to Monday, and rejoiced in the romantic name of *Mary Ann*. Somebody had started a small steamer for the same purpose, and cut her out of it, so the owner had to lay her up, and take a back seat. When I offered him a hundred and forty pounds cash down for the craft, he took it without haggling,

explaining she'd been laying up for months, and he was about sick of looking at her. Of the pearls I had brought with me, I took a hundred or so and made a flying trip to Melbourne to negotiate them. The remainder I lodged with the Bank, sealed up in a tin until I should want them. I wasn't fool enough to go hawking them around Sydney, and I only disposed of sufficient to put me on my feet, and keep me going. I had a selfish sort of feeling, and didn't want to give any chances of the secret leaking out until I had had the pick of them, and then, anybody was welcome. It took a few days to overhaul our little craft, and make her fit, and at the end of that time she looked so shipshape and business-like that she could hardly have known herself, and one fine morning I cleared at the Customs for an island cruise, which meant anything. Although the "Parson" was unkind enough to pass disparaging remarks about her, and say we ought to alter her name and call her the *Sea-puncher*, *Mary Ann*, I found, wasn't a bad little craft of her sort, and, about the eighteenth day after we had left, I was once again in sight of Sanaroa.

We dropped our anchor in the little bay on the west side of the island, which was a good shelter from the south-east wind and the place where I had put in a few anxious nights on the whale boat. I had to go on to the beach and show myself before I could get into communication with the natives, but when they recognised who it was they were round me like flies. The old chief was one of the foremost, and cut a comical figure, having hastily donned a shirt I had presented him with on my last visit, or rather the remnant of it, in honour of the occasion. Gawana was among them, and the manner of his greeting rather made me smile. Anyone to have seen it would have imagined that during my stay on the island he had been my greatest friend. All his animosity seemed to have evaporated, for he danced attendance upon us, and even insisted on changing names with me, a condescension denoting great friendship on the part of a native. I was at a loss to understand this change of front, for although I forgave him, I did not forget but had a lively recollection that it was not always thus, so kept my weather eye upon him in case of accident. He even allowed me to talk with Oobona without showing the slightest jealousy, and, in fact, seemed glad when I engrossed her attention by conversing with her.

"Ah, young man," thought I, "perhaps like many other people more highly civilised than yourself, you have found that things are not always what they seem. The object which had so much value in your eyes when it was apparently beyond your reach, is not nearly so desirable now that it is your very own, and you have not to strive with someone else for its possession."

I soon found out the reason for Gawana's change of demeanour. This warlike youth, who had risked so much to obtain the wife he coveted, was henpecked and domineered over by Oobona, until in her presence he had no more spirit to assert himself than a native village dog. "Go! you lazy pig," she would exclaim, "and do your work in the gardens instead of sitting on the beach all day smoking the dim dim's (white man's) tobacco." Then he would slink off, whilst I, struck with the comical side of the situation, laughed long and loudly.

We engaged a few natives for diving purposes, for I wanted to investigate some of the shell lying in three or four fathoms of water. Gawana was very keen on accompanying us, but, resisting my inclination to smile, I pointed out that I couldn't think of separating him from Oobona, and although he protested that such a parting was not nearly so serious a matter as might be imagined, I was adamant and refused. So you see, taking one consideration with another, I had my revenge more effectually than if in the past I had shed his blood.

A few days later we sailed for the small island, which was the object of our voyage, leaving Gawana standing on the beach gazing ruefully after us, and seeming anything but happy in the contemplation of his now undisturbed connubial bliss.

I found the island still in the same place, of course, and so were the shells, for, as I had assured myself time and again, neither were likely to have flown away. As we stepped ashore on the sandy beach, the nodding of the cocoanut trees and the murmur of the reef seemed like a salutation from old friends doing their best to welcome me, and as each familiar object met my gaze it was hard to imagine that four months had elapsed since I had last been here.

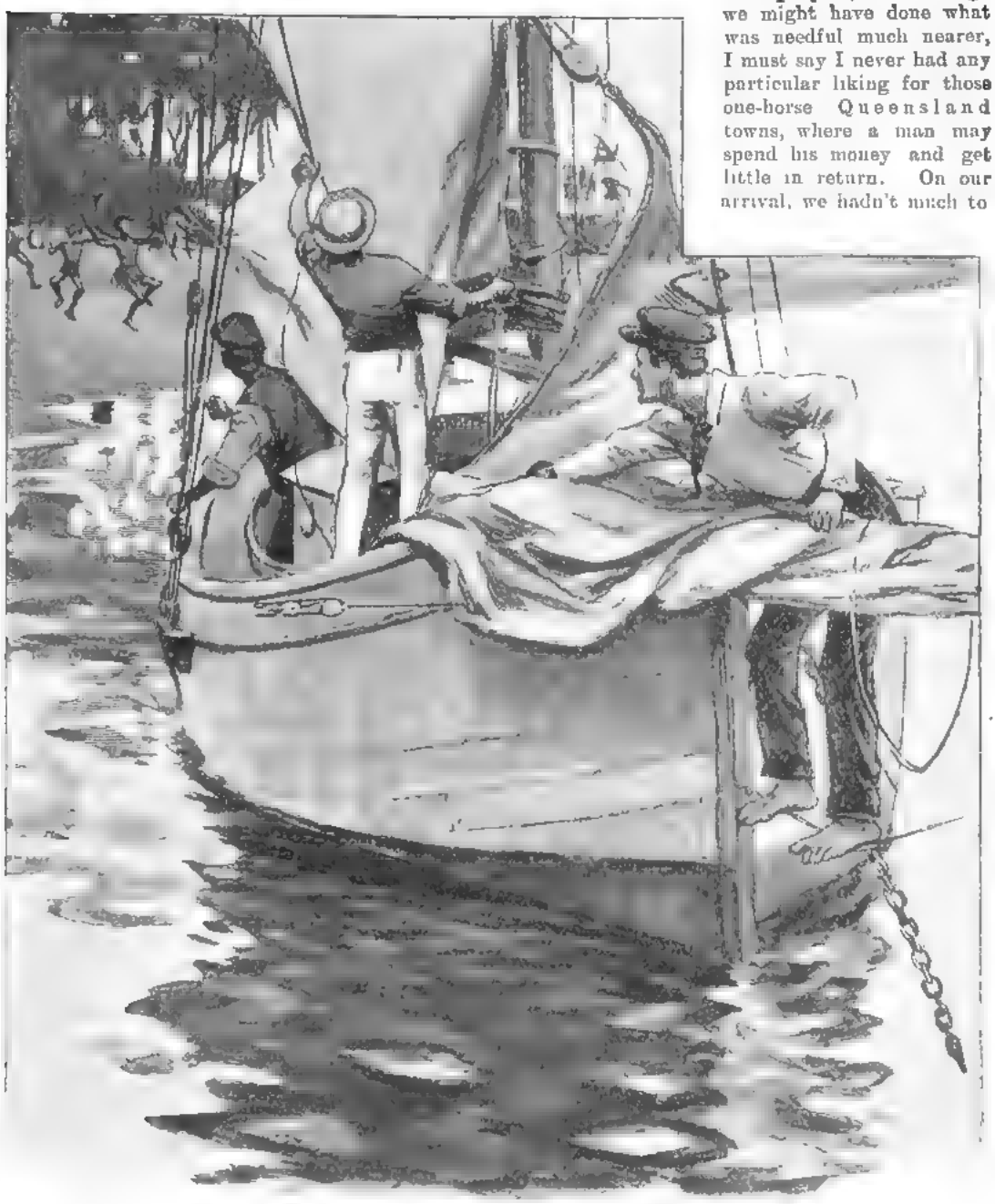
We started work on the reefs without loss of time, and after the first day, when we had finished our evening meal and lit our pipes, I remarked: "Well, 'Parson,' old man, what do you think of it? Isn't this better than punching salt water for eight pounds a month?"

"By jove, Harvey," he replied, emphatically, "you have the luck of a fat priest. Here you go and maroon yourself on an island where the most likely thing to happen is that you'll be scragged in the first five minutes. Instead of that you tumble right on to a fortune, and——" Here old Tom Nichol, who was beginning to develop a weakness for prophecy, chimed in:—

"Yes, I told Mr. Harvey when he cleared out from the old *Aurora* in the whale boat, that I had a sort o' feeling it was the best thing he could do, and you see I was right, wasn't I?"

For the next three months we worked on steadily, the result of our labour being beyond even our most hopeful expectations. About this time, it was found necessary to replenish our stores, and in addition to this we wanted a little holiday and change after the toil of the last few months.

I decided that we should return to Sydney for this purpose, as although we might have done what was needful much nearer, I must say I never had any particular liking for those one-horse Queensland towns, where a man may spend his money and get little in return. On our arrival, we hadn't much to



WE DROPPED ANCHOR IN THE LITTLE BAY.

show in the way of cargo, considering the time we had been absent, except a few bags of bêche-de-mer which I had put the natives on to cure in their spare time, and carried up with me for the sake of appearances.

I had to put up with a lot of chaff from the fellows I knew, who, when they were in a funny mood, wanted to be comical at my expense. Some of them, when they had nothing better to do, which appeared to me to be pretty often, used to come down and sit on the wharf, whilst they made merry by firing off little remarks at my expense, such as:—"Do you want to ship any more hands aboard that frigate of yours? I don't mind going with you, if you promise not to stop out all night!" or else:—"By George, Harvey, tell us how you can go yachting on a mate's savings! Did 'Bully' Harker give you a thousand pounds to run away from him?"

This was the good-humoured sort of chaff that I got, but I only laughed back at them, for I could afford to, and didn't see any points in explaining that the most valuable part of the cargo we brought back with us could have been carried quite comfortably in our hats.

When the secret leaked out, as it did eventually, they changed their tune and looked as silly a lot as one could imagine. I didn't spare their feelings, but paid them back in their own coin with interest, and one or two were so thin-skinned over the matter that, for months after, I had only to allude casually to my craft, and they suddenly found they had business to transact elsewhere.

One day, as I was arranging some stores on the wharf, a shadow fell where I was working.

"Another of the funny gang," thought I, without looking up, "come down to enjoy himself."

Having finished what I was doing, I straightened my back—and found myself face to face with "Bully" Harker!

(To be Continued.)

THE CYCLING CORNER.

Owing to lack of space, we are obliged to hold over the Cycling Article this month.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE FIRST PATH RACE of the season was the open six hours, promoted by the Southern C.C., and held on the Herne Hill track. The event was interesting inasmuch as it was the first long-distance amateur path event in which pacing by motor-bicycles was allowed and in this particular it served as a remarkable object-lesson as to the great advantage which this mechanical assistance gives. The six hours' record, paced by ordinary multicycles, stood at 151 miles 70 yards from 1896 down to last year, when that crack rider, G. A. Olley, of the Vegetarian C.C., paced by ordinary tandems, added some 700 yards to the total. On the occasion of the race in question, however, this distance was, by the aid of motor-pacing, easily beaten, Leon Meredith, the holder of the 50 Miles N.C.U. Championship, covering the remarkable distance of 180 miles 1,220 yards, and covering in the last hour 33 miles and 5 yards. The second and third men also beat the old record, covering respectively 157 miles 400 yards and 156 miles 630 yards. A useful comparison, showing the merit of Meredith's ride, is found in the one hour motor-paced race which, on the same day, was held under the auspices of the famous Polytechnic Club on the Crystal Palace track, a path which is, undoubtedly, faster than Herne Hill. In this event the winner, H. J. Harding, covered 33 miles 38 yards.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. O. E.—The Raleigh three speed gear has been tried and commented upon most favourably by a number of expert riders, and the general opinion goes to show that it is a real advance in cycle construction. If you write to the Raleigh Cycling Co., Ltd., Nottingham, they will give you every information. The fitting of a front rim brake should not cost you more than 15s.; there are, of course, rim brakes and rim brakes, but what is generally acknowledged to be the best is the "Bowden." **Rex** (Croydon).—Thank you for your letter. In reply: Yes, you certainly need a long frame, but I should not advise your increasing this beyond the present 28 inches. It does not in the least matter your having the saddle pillar protruding the 4½ inches you name. As a matter of fact, within reason, the smaller the frame the greater the rigidity, and a 28-inch frame with a 4½ saddle pillar protruding would be much more satisfactory in this respect than a 32-inch frame and the saddle pillar practically right down. Another advantage of retaining the present sized frame is, that you need not trouble about the strengthening bar you name, although personally I doubt very much the efficiency of such a bar, even when it is introduced. If you really seek for a stronger frame, why not try the Raleigh Cross-Frame. No doubt you could obtain a special frame to the design you send, but I think you would do much better to act upon either of the above suggestions. If the frame to the design you send had to be specially made the extra cost should be but very small; but, of course, if you go to the firm that make the standard pattern to this design there will be no extra charge at all. **T. F.** (Chorlton-cum-Hardy).—The objection you name to the acetylene lamp is only the result of inattention. An acetylene lamp, properly adjusted, should give out no unpleasant odour at all.

IN THE BABOUGU

A TALE OF SEAL-HUNTERS

HE SENT THE BUTT OF HIS GUN CRASHING THROUGH THE SIDE OF THE FRAIL CRAFT

By J. Macdonald Oxley.

The Babougu comes after a heavy snowfall, and is caused by the snow remaining undissolved in the icy water, forming a thick slush. It is the dread of all who happen to be in the waters of the St. Lawrence in winter. A single canoe is as helpless as a person in a sliding bog or quicksand.

THERE was little love lost between the Comeaus and the Lebries, although their cottages stood side by side in the tiny fishing village at Pointe des Monts. A rivalry, none the less keen for being confined to so limited a field, had long existed between the families, the question at issue being whether a Comeau or a Lebrie was the best seal-hunter on the north shore of the St. Lawrence.

This may seem an insignificant matter for them to have been at loggerheads about, but Pointe des Monts was a small, dull place, and a rivalry of this kind lent a spice to life that made it worth cherishing.

Each family, of course, had its sympathisers, who, by their loquacious partisanship, kept the family feud from growing cool, when, perhaps, had the principals been left to themselves, they might have grown weary of it and found their way to a better understanding.

Habitant families are usually notable for their size, and it was, therefore, quite a curious coincidence that, at the time to which this story refers, the Comeaus and the Lebries had only one son apiece, both well on in their teens.

In ordinary circumstances the boys would probably have been excellent friends, for they were, of course, thrown much together. But so soon as they grew old enough to comprehend the family differences, they naturally took sides with their parents, and even outdid them in the vigour of their animosity.

They were not at all alike. Isaie Comeau was tall and rather slight, but his spare frame had been toughened by an out-door life, and hard work with the oar and paddle had made his muscles as strong as steel. He was not a handsome lad, yet, when a smile lit up his sallow countenance and sparkled in his deep

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black eyes, one could hardly fail to form a pleasant impression of him.

François Lebrie, on the other hand, surpassed him in breadth, while he fell short of him in height. He seemed the essence of sturdiness, and displayed a plump, pimpled face in which guile and good nature were inextricably mingled.

The fishing season had proved almost a failure. As the long harsh winter drew near, the dwellers on that bleak, rocky coast said anxiously to one another that, unless the seals were plentiful, hard times must come before spring. Many were the prayers offered to La Sainte Vierge in the little grey chapel that the sleek, soft-eyed, round-headed creatures, whose juicy flesh made such good food, and thick pelt such cold-defying clothing, might swarm as plentifully about the capes and inlets as the snow-flakes that were already beginning to cover the earth with their soft white blanket.

Every day Comeau *père*, with his boy, Isaie, and Lebrie *père*, with his François, went out in their cedar canoes to hunt for seals, while the mothers watched eagerly for their return ere darkness came. How proud would Madame Comeau look when her *bonhomme* brought home a fine, fat seal! No less exultant would be Madame Lebrie when the boot was on the other leg.

Many a day both canoes returned no heavier than they set out, but, instead of sympathising over their common ill-fortune, the rivals only scowled the more darkly when they met, and would have liked to hold each other in some way responsible for their lack of success.

There came a time when the luck seemed to be altogether with the Comeaus. Day after day they were as successful as the Lebries were unfortunate, and if the latter were galled to the heart by the other's good fortune, and the boastful way in which they took it, who could blame them?

"*Ces maudits Comeaus!*" Pierre Lebrie would mutter with darkling countenance, as the seal-hunters went by him staggering beneath the weight of their plump prize. "Why should they have all the luck?"

But the days brought no answer to his wrathful question, for, although he often sighted seals, he somehow failed to secure any, and he began to grow desperate.

One evening when he and François, after fruitlessly chasing seals all day long, came back wet, cold, hungry, and downcast, they found the Comeaus' canoe already drawn up on the beach, its owners having enjoyed their usual good fortune, and returned early in the afternoon with a fine, big seal.

At sight of the canoe a sudden temptation seized François. His fat face flamed with envious rage. Before old Pierre could interpose, he swung his gun high in air, and sent the heavy butt crashing through the side of the frail craft, making a horrid, jagged hole.

"*Cochon!* What have you done?" cried his father in amazement and alarm. "What possessed you? A pretty pickle you've got us into now," and he made as though he would strike him for his dastardly deed.

"I don't care if I have," muttered François, sullenly, receding to evade the blow. "Why should they get all the seals? They'll get no more until their canoe's mended, any way."

"But suppose Isaie Comeau does the same thing to our canoe, how much will that help matters? eh, you imbecile!" responded Pierre, looking very much troubled.

François' wrong-doing did not long remain unknown to the Comeaus. One of the village women, having witnessed the act, at once ran over to apprise them. They hastened to the beach to see the extent of the damage, and then, full of anger, rushed off to the Lebries' cottage, where hard blows would soon have followed upon high words had not the *curé* chanced to pass just as matters were nearing the crisis. By his mild, yet firm, intermediation, he succeeded in effecting a truce, and in bringing the Comeaus away with him.

They went back to their own cottage in an ugly mood, vowing revenge at the first opportunity. Isaie wanted to go straight to the beach and put a hole in the Lebrie canoe twice as large as the one in theirs, but his father would not consent to that. The old man thought too much of a good canoe to destroy it wantonly. So Isaie was fain to content himself with resolving to have revenge some other way.

Napoleon Comeau was very handy with tools, and repaired the damaged canoe so cleverly that by New Year he could renew his seal-hunting as vigorously as before.

Strange to say, however, the good luck the Comeaus had previously enjoyed seemed now to desert them. Time and again they returned from the hunt empty-handed, while, what made matters worse, the Lebries hardly ever failed to secure a prize.

This, of course, only served to intensify the long-standing feud, and yet, although evil passions may play upon the surface of human

nature, what depths of sympathy and heroic helpfulness may exist beneath!

One bright morning in January, Pierre and François Lebrie set out for their daily chase shortly after sunrise. There was a good deal of ice floating about against which their frail canoe went bumping in rather a startling fashion, but it did not alarm them in the least. Presently they sighted a large seal playing about in the water a couple of hundred yards away, and made haste towards it.

The Comeaus had not yet gone out. They intended to remain ashore that day, for old Napoleon, who prided himself on being weather-wise, thought he smelt an approaching storm, fine as the morning seemed.

"SAVE THEM! WON'T YOU, ISAIE?"

The father and son were lounging about the house, enjoying a leisurely smoke, when Madame Lebrie, wild-eyed, pallid, and panting, burst in upon them, crying:—

"My husband! My son! The *babougu*! *Le bon Dieu* save them! Oh, come—come!"

And, taking for granted that they would comply at once, she turned about and rushed back in the direction from which she had come.

The Comeaus exchanged looks. Old Napoleon shrugged his shoulders with fine indifference.

"If they've got into the *babougu* let them get out of it again. It's no affair of ours," he growled, throwing himself back into his big chair as if that was the end of the matter.

But Madame Lebrie's agonised face had made a deep impression upon Isaie. Although he had a quick temper, he had also a tender heart, and the thought of the Lebries being in deadly peril stirred in him the impulse to rush to their rescue.

"Let us see what's the matter, father, anyhow," he said, bashfully. "Come along, won't you?" and without waiting for the elder to move, he hurried out of the cottage.

The old man hesitated and grumbled a little before laying down his pipe and following his son, whom he soon overtook. Together they reached the highest point of the cape, where Madame Lebrie was already standing, waving her arms and shouting in impotent anxiety. It commanded a wide stretch of the mighty St. Lawrence, and one quick glance was sufficient to reveal the cause of the poor woman's panic.

The Lebries had wounded a seal, but could not complete its capture. Absorbed in the chase they had failed to notice the peril that was fast encompassing them. This was the *babougu*—the dread of all who have to be in those waters in winter time.

It comes after a heavy snow-fall, and is caused by the snow remaining undissolved in the icy water, forming a thick slush in which a single canoe is as helpless as a person in a quicksand.

No amount of paddling avails. The dense viscous compound offers a sullen resistance which effectually bars progress by that method. With two canoes, however, some

slow headway may be made if all hands get into one canoe, and shove the other ahead. The laden canoe, lying deep in the water, keeps its place, while those in it push the light canoe ahead its full length. Then they all get into the front canoe, draw forward the other, and push it to the front in its turn. Thus, by changing laboriously from canoe to canoe, it is possible for the imperilled ones to extricate themselves at last.

Now, to fully appreciate the situation of the Lebries one must understand that with the ebb-tide a powerful eddy runs out of the big bay to the north of Pointe des Monts. Where this eddy meets the ebb of the St. Lawrence the two currents unite and strike with tremendous strength for the south shore of the river.

The ebb was now beginning, and the two currents were hastening to their junction, bearing upon their bosom the dreaded *babougu*.

In the open water between the two currents were the Lebries, so absorbed in the chase as to be unconscious of their peril, and unaware that the space in which they could paddle was quickly narrowing. Very soon they would be hopelessly involved.

"Father!" cried Isaie Comeau, his voice betraying strong emotion, "if we don't get into that open water before the currents meet the Lebries will be lost for sure!"

Old Napoleon turned, and pointed to the mountain.

"There is danger even if we do," he said, shaking his grizzled head. "See—the snow is drifting on the mountain-top. That means a storm coming on. We may never get back to land if we go to their help."

Madame Lebrie, listening eagerly, divined with a woman's sure intuition where her hope lay. She placed her hand pleadingly upon Isaie's arm, and sobbed:—

"Save them! You will, won't you, Isaie?"

Isaie's sallow countenance lit up with a noble resolution:—

"Yes—I will," he exclaimed. "I can't stand here and see them lost. Come, father, we must try our best."

Running to the extreme edge of the Pointe, he shouted at the top of his voice to the Lebries. They heard his call, and, looking up, saw him give with his paddle the well-known danger signal. Quick glances to right and left made their peril clear. Without another thought of the wounded seal they took to paddling for their lives through the fast narrowing lane of water.

In the meantime Isaie Comeau had stirred his father to action. Launching their canoe they sent it bounding towards the endangered seal-hunters.

It was a scene to stir the pulses of a multitude of spectators, yet it had but one—a woman who had fallen to her knees in the extremity of her emotion.

The two vast bodies of *babougu* move towards each other relentlessly. The lane of open water narrows rapidly, while through it the two canoes dart toward each other, driven by paddlers who realise that life depends upon the vigour of their strokes. Over all shines a bright unsympathetic sun, though ominous clouds are already gathering about the mountain-top.

The canoes met an instant before the *babougu* closed in around them, and made them both prisoners.

"*Le bon Dieu* bless you!" panted Pierre Lebrie, through quivering lips. "We didn't deserve it. We'll never be your enemies again."

But young François hung his head in shame at the recollection of how he had injured the very canoe now come to their rescue.

"Bah! that is no matter," responded old Napoleon, in a gruff tone intended to hide his own feelings. "Come into our canoe, quick."

The Lebries hastened to change canoes, and all four set to work to fight their way out of the *babougu* in the manner already described. Soon Madame Lebrie's heart grew light with hope as she saw them apparently making good progress shoreward.

Had the tide been coming in they would have touched the beach within an hour. But it was now running strongly out, and, although the canoes did at first seem to gain a little, their occupants were dismayed after an hour's incessant toil to find themselves farther from land than when they united. Beyond a doubt the current was too powerful for them, and they were being gradually borne off to sea.

On realising this the elder Lebrie gave himself up to noisy lamentations, in which he was joined by his poor wife upon the cliff, whose transient joy changed into cruel despair as she saw the canoes slipping farther and farther away.

Napoleon Comeau grew incensed at his unmanly bewailings, and said to him sternly:

"It would be better to pray than to blubber like that. Only *le bon Dieu* can save us now."

Whereupon, Pierre ceased his outcries, and took to praying in earnest.

As the resistless tide drew them away with

ALL NIGHT LONG THEY BATTLED WITH THE ICE.

increasing speed, they gave up further effort, and crouched in the canoe, wearied and despairing, until they dwindled out of sight of the anguished woman straining her eyes to follow them.

An hour later the threatened storm from the north broke upon them. Intense cold accompanied the wind, and the sea rose so high that they were fain to seek protection from its violence by pushing further into the *babougu*.

Shortly after mid-day they had the good fortune to reach an ice-floe some sixty feet square, into whose rough surface they chopped with their hatchets until they had made a bed for one canoe. They then turned the other up on its side, and piled the snow about the ends, thus making a sort of rude shelter from the piercing, pitiless blast.

But even that imperfect refuge was not permitted to serve them long. As the storm continued the waves waxed in height, causing the ice-floe to roll and pitch as if at any moment it might topple over. The hard-driven refugees were, therefore, compelled to abandon it, and throw themselves again upon the mercy of the *babougu*.

This was about seven o'clock in the evening. During the next four hours they did not cease to exert themselves to make some progress towards the south shore, the burden of the work falling upon the Comeaus, as, between cold and terror, the Lebries were almost helpless.

Poor Isaie had overmuch to endure since, besides the sufferings he shared with the others, his father did not scruple to upbraid him loudly for having exposed them both to death in this hopeless attempt to save the Lebries, yet the brave fellow bore up wonderfully, persisting in his belief that they would reach the land alive.

Not long after midnight they came to a stretch of open water. Paddling hurriedly across it they encountered a belt of field ice, and then another open space nearly a mile in width, where their canoes were in danger of sinking from the water washing over them.

But presently the storm began to subside, the clouds broke away from the face of the sky, the full moon shone out, casting her pale beams upon the river, and inspiring Isaie with a stronger hope.

"We'll make the land yet, father," he exclaimed, with a certainty of tone that was not altogether sincere. "We're clear of the *babougu*, and the storm is over."

"Make the land!" growled the old man. "Maybe, but when? Next spring? Don't you see we're going to be frozen to death?"

In fact, the intense cold already threatened to freeze the hands and feet of the ill-starred quartet, despite their tremendous exertions.

All night long they toiled, now tugging the canoes over the rough field ice, and now paddling them through spaces of open water in their desperate effort to reach the southern shore.

With the return of day a new horror was added to their already terrible situation. The bright sunshine, following upon the fearful cold and exposure, affected their eyes. First, François Lebrie lost his sight. Ere long his father was in the same condition. A little later the elder Comeau found himself in darkness. Isaie alone preserved his power of vision, and, although he kept it to himself, he, too, felt his eyes giving him trouble. Were he to become blind also all hope would be gone.

Gazing eagerly southward, he saw that the field ice stretched away before him mile after mile until it reached a dark line near the horizon that he felt sure must be the shore.

"*Le bon Dieu* be praised!" he cried. "I see the shore! Come! let us be brave. We will save ourselves yet."

His poor blind companions stretched out their hands, gropingly, as though they would feel their way to safety, and murmured:—

"Where, Isaie, where! Show us where."

"To be sure I will," responded Isaie, with a fine assumption of alacrity. "But we must take only one canoe. We can't manage two now, and there's no more of that accursed *babougu* to get through."

So with Isaie as eyes for all four, they concentrated their failing energies upon the one canoe. Through the long morning they dragged it with desperate determination over the uneven field ice, or paddled it across the lanes of open water. Again and again would the Lebries have given up this terrible tussle with death and thrown themselves down to rise no more. But the Comeaus fairly drove them on. At length, about midday, Isaie sent a thrill of new life into all by shouting exultantly:—

"Bravo, we're saved! I see open water, and the shore beyond. Come, now, let us work hard, and we'll soon be on shore!"

They had reached a belt of water about a mile in width, kept clear of ice by the strong current, and, launching their canoe, they paddled across it to find to their great joy that there was nothing between them and the land save some young ice which Isaie could easily break with his paddle.

By two o'clock in the afternoon their feet touched the solid ground. At a distance stood some cottages, towards which they painfully crawled, and half an hour later they were being tenderly cared for by the good people of St. Anne des Monts.

A full week elapsed ere they had recovered sufficiently to start upon their homeward journey. At Pointe des Monts they were welcomed as those that had come back from the grave, and Isaie Comeau found himself the hero of the place. The story of the rescue of the Lebries will long linger in the memory of the dwellers upon that bleak northern coast.

It is not necessary to add that the Comeau-Lebrie family feud was buried in the *babougu* never to be resurrected.

Westminster School

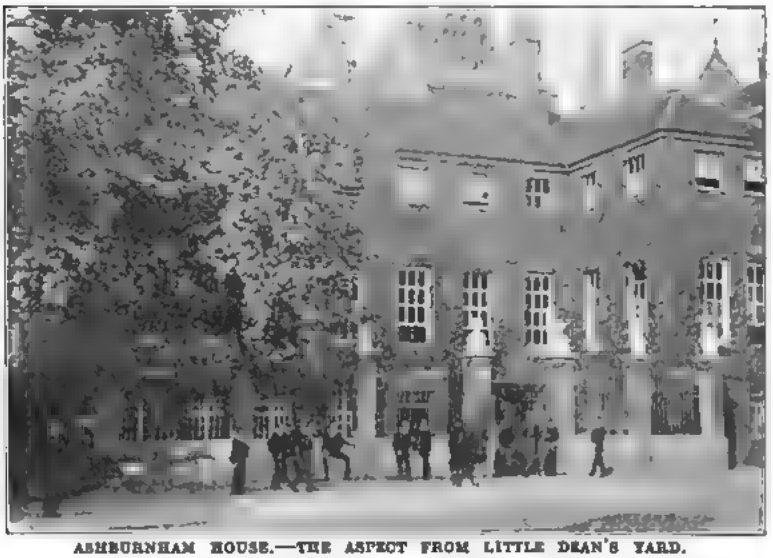
"Das Deus Incrementum."

By J. E. Johnson.

With Illustrations by Herbert Railton and from Photographs.

MOST picturesque of schools is Westminster. Not merely is this due, however, to the striking contrast produced by the existence of modern public-school life amid the venerable surroundings of the Abbey. In few of the older foundations among the public schools, tenaciously as they cling to all that serves to link them with their illustrious past, are there to be found such numerous quaint and curious survivals of the manners, speech, and customs of former days as at Westminster. The ancient Abbey seems to have cast a spell over the school which, for nigh upon three-and-a-half centuries, has thriven within its cloistered precincts; and whereas it is usually in the playing-fields that the interest of school life centres, at Westminster it is rather in the quiet vicinity of the school buildings that we must linger if we would steep ourselves in the atmosphere of the place—that atmosphere which is indeed the very breath which gives a school life.

The entrance to the school from Dean's Yard is characteristic. The massive masonry, chafed and rounded by the friction of centuries, is stained by time and weather. Overhead, the arched passage-way is vaulted and groined in true ecclesiastical style. The entrance, in truth, dates from the fourteenth century, and doubtless formed part of the old monastic buildings. Emerging from the passage, the stranger finds stretched before him the gravelled area of Little Dean's Yard. Immediately upon his right are the fives' courts, contrasting strangely enough with the grey

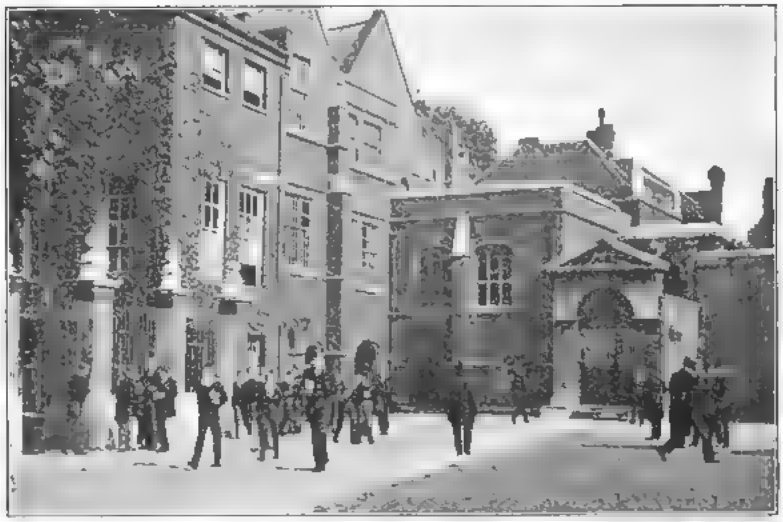


ASHBURNHAM HOUSE.—THE ASPECT FROM LITTLE DEAN'S YARD.

walls that rise beside them. Upon the left is Ashburnham House—as beautiful a building of its kind as may be found in London. Opposite are three unpretentious buildings, two of which serve as boarding houses, while the third is given up to the Master of the King's Scholars. In the far left-hand corner, modern class-rooms in modern guise flank Ashburnham House, a yawning, black, and cavernous archway below them showing where the Dark Cloister gives access to the Great Cloisters of the Abbey. The feature of the scene upon which, however, the stranger's gaze will probably rest the longest and most curiously is the massive gateway which directly faces him, upon the other side, as he enters Little Dean's Yard, and which guards the staircase that leads to the big schoolroom—"Up-School" as Westminsters call it, the old home of the school, and still its chief and most important possession. This solid and imposing portal is, perhaps, the most characteristic and memorable feature of the school buildings. It appeals to the sentiment and the imagination of the onlooker, who ponders as he regards its big-hewn stones, scored deep with the names of past alumni, upon the countless generations of Old Westminsters which have passed it through and through again.

To the right of the doorway "Up-School" rises a high, wide, and windowless wall, with smooth plastered face. This forms the back of "College"—the domicile of the King's Scholars—and likewise forms, in conjunction with the flagged portion of the yard immediately in front of it, the court upon which the peculiar game of Westminster racquets is played with wooden

THE THRESHOLD OF WESTMINSTER
The massive doorway which gives access "up-School." The small illustration shows a few of the names of Old Westminsters with which the stones are graven.

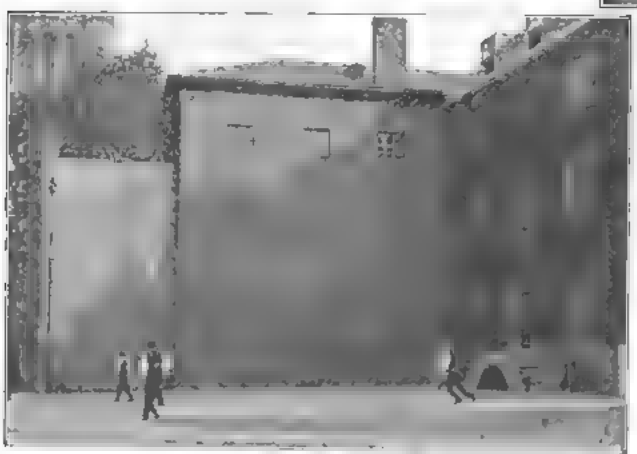


END OF THIRD SCHOOL.—Little Dean's Yard at 12.55 p.m.

battledores and hard balls. From the Westminster racquet court to the Westminster gymnasium is but a step. The one is as singular as the other; for as a gymnasium the school possesses a crypt, entered from the Dark Cloister, through a vaulted entrance of which the piers date from the time of the Confessor, and separated only by a wall from the historic Chapel of the Pyx. Amidst these incongruous surroundings the Westminster gymnast, undismayed, expands his chest and hardens his muscles, or practises "upstarts" and "hand-springs," careless of the Norman wraiths or Tudor spooks who possibly watch his antics from a front seat on the vaulting-horse. Hence, too, he will issue in future to uphold the honour of the school at Aldershot, a Westminster pair having entered for the first time this year for the public school gymnastic championship.

At the end of the Dark Cloister are the Great Cloisters of the Abbey. Upon a green sward in the middle the fights of Westminster used to take place. Serene and peaceful, the cloisters—though we doubt if the truculence of the youthful Westminster is at all abated—no longer run red with gore from battered noses, and quarrels that are

ENTRANCE TO THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER.



WESTMINSTER RACQUETS.—The bank with which forms part of the court, is the back of "College."

put to the arbitrament of *force majeure* have to be settled elsewhere. Such is the fate of our ancient public school battlefields! On the "milling ground" where once Lord Byron encountered seven foes and defeated six, the Harrovian marksman now placidly trains his eye and hand with Morris-tube practice; to-day the Old Fighting Green of Westminster witnesses no fiercer combats than those of twittering sparrows contending over a chance crumb.

To return to our tour of the school buildings. Passing through the school doorway—the design of which is variously attributed to the great Inigo Jones and to the Earl of Burlington—the

flight of steps leads to "Up-School." Upon the right of the entrance to the great room is Busby's Library, a beautiful chamber, built by the great Westminster worthy, and by him bequeathed to the school. One cannot but be impressed by "Up-School." For one thing, the associations of the place are such as to affect the most irreverent of sight-seers. In its main features, it still remains the same as when it served to accommodate the whole school. Considerable alterations have, nevertheless, been made in its appearance. At one time there existed, at the end of the room, an alcove, or apse, which was used for the accommodation of a class, and from which the familiar term "Shell," as used in almost every public school to denote a particular form, was originally derived. Of recent years, the lower part of the walls have been covered with oaken panels, while above are inscribed the names of distinguished Old Westminsters. On the panels at the end of the room are blazoned the arms of pre-eminent O.W.'s; and to "have his arms 'Up-School'" is the highest honour which a Westminster, in after years, can receive from his Alma Mater. At the end of the room, too, in front of the arms upon the panelling, stands a bust of Busby, maker of Westminster School, and greatest, perhaps, of all headmasters, looking down upon the identical chair in which he sat, and the table in which he kept his trusty rod. In Busby's chair sits the headmaster of Westminster on occasions when the whole school is assembled together, supported on either side by the members of the monitorial council (drawn from the Seventh and the Heads of Houses), whose seats—with the headmaster's in the middle—form a semicircle behind Busby's table, the drawer of which still contains a couple of birches.

LEAVING COLLEGE HALL.
The scene in Dean's Yard after dinner.

Hither on Shrove Tuesday comes the cook, immaculate in white cap and apron, for the ceremony of the "pancake greeze." Once the whole school used to scramble for the pancake; but at the present time the "greeze" is confined to deputies selected from each form. Carrying the pancake in his pan, and escorted by the Abbey Beadle, the cook advances to the bar. The boys are drawn up in line upon the other side. The cook raises his pan and flings the pancake over the bar. As it falls, the waiting boys rush towards it, and a fierce struggle ensues for fragments of the culinary tit-bit, until the headmaster gives the signal to cease. The competitor with the biggest bit, generally much dishevelled, is then conducted by the Beadle to the Dean, from whom he receives the reward of a guinea.

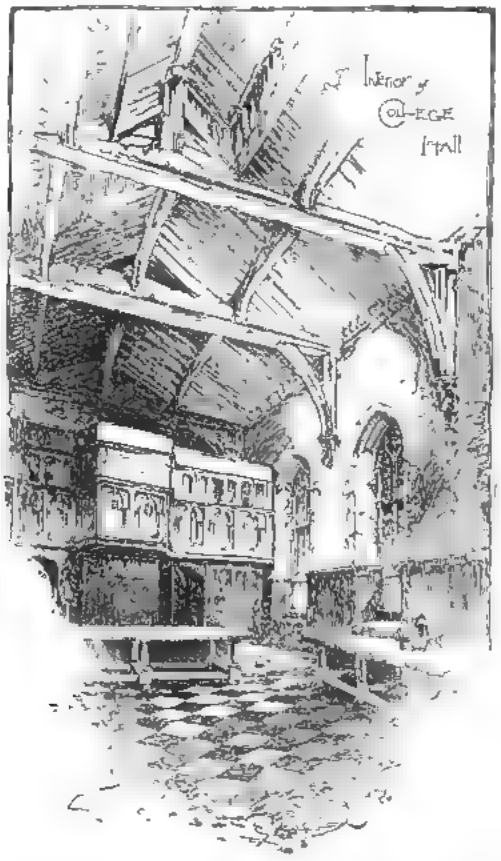
On either side of the far end of "Up-School" are doorways leading into class-rooms. That on the right-hand side (looking from the entrance), which gives entrance to the modern "Shell" class-room, is worthy of especial note. It is

WESTMINSTER CONVICTS.
Penal drill in Little Dean's Yard.

certainly of 15th century date, and tradition asserts it to have belonged to the original "Star Chamber."

From "Up-School" we descend to Little Dean's Yard in time—let us suppose—to see the majority of the boys going to dinner.

The midday meal at Westminster affords, in particular, one of those striking contrasts which are at once so fascinating to the spectator, and so characteristic of the place. It is served in College Hall, adjoining the Deanery, and close



to the Jerusalem Chamber. The Hall is the oldest part of the school buildings, and indeed the only one that dates from before the year of the College's foundation (1560). To reach it, this modern throng of Westminsters has to pass through a small stone-flagged passage, where an Elizabethan serving-hatch is still to be seen in the corner. In the Hall itself—originally an Abbots' refectory—they sit down to dinner at tables which tradition declares are made of wreckage from the Spanish Armada, overlooked by a latticed singing gallery that dates from the days of the school's royal foundress.

From Little Dean's Yard the athletically-minded Westminster betakes himself "up-fields," in other words, to Vincent Square, about half-a-mile away, where the school playing-field, a pleasant green oasis in a dreary wilderness of Pimliconian bricks and mortar, is situated. Here the casual visitor on a Wednesday or Saturday may generally count upon seeing good cricket and better football. Westminster football has always been a powerful factor in 'Varsity and amateur "soccer," and the school jealously maintains its reputation. In this connection not a little sentimental interest attaches to "Green," the grass plot which adorns the middle of Dean's Yard. It was on "Green" that formerly the school used to play; and though "pinks" and other mighty men of valour betake themselves nowadays to Vincent Square, it is on "Green" still that the small fry learn to punt the leather, and the embryo forward acquires that art of dribbling which has always been so marked a feature of Westminster football.

Very little description is needed of the ordinary day in a Westminster's life. At 9.30 a.m. the school attends service in the Abbey, having its own seats in Poets' Corner. At 9.45 morning school—which is divided, with five minutes intervals between each, into first, second, and third school—begins, and lasts till 12.55. At one o'clock comes dinner, after which the boys adjourn to Vincent Square for cricket or football, as the case may be, till 3 o'clock. From 3.30 to 4.50 on ordinary days comes fourth school, the day finishing with prayers "Up-School." On half-holidays, prayers take place at 12.45, and games "up-fields" begin at 2.30. For boarders the rest of the day is mapped out in much the same fashion as at other schools. One feature of their daily life in the Play and Lent Terms is noteworthy. This consists of "Occupations," which means that between 5 o'clock and 6.15 p.m. on all days except Saturdays, they must either read in the Library, attend one of the school societies, or take lessons in carpentry. Of school societies there are not many. The Debating Society is perhaps the most important, and is notable for being controlled entirely by the boys. The Glee and Photographic Societies exist for the benefit of musicians and photographers, while the Literary Society, which—though formerly open to the school—has become the monopoly of the King's Scholars, meets once a week to read Shakespeare. Grant's has also a house literary society.

A feature of Westminster life, until quite recently very familiar, but now gone for ever, was afforded by "Sutcliff's," the school tuck shop at the corner of Great College Street, which was closed a few months ago. Gone are the epicu-

rean groups that used to cluster round the doors, and a melancholy interest attaches to the picture which we give of this once so familiar scene in the daily life of the school.

Athletics at Westminster call for but little special comment. Reference has already been made to the high standard maintained by the school in Association football. Almost, if not equally, as good, is the cricket, the reason for its lesser fame lying probably in the ambitious nature of the school match card, on which figures a list of somewhat stiffer fixtures than is usually to be found. The principal match in either game is, of course, against Charterhouse, that being the only school match which Westminster plays. Next in interest come the matches between King's Scholars and Town Boys, between whom the rivalry in every department of school life is most keen. The Athletic Sports take place at the end of the Lent Term, and are of the usual type with the addition of numerous inter-house tugs-of-war, finishing up with a great tussle between K.SS. and T.BB. An Inter-House Athletic Challenge Cup is also competed for, and awarded on points. It remains only to add that Westminster possesses now a cadet corps, an innovation since Dr. Rutherford's resignation, under the command of one of the masters, and attached to the 14th Middlesex (Inns of Court) R.V.

Before leaving the subject of athletics, however, it behoves us to refer to one pastime in which Westminster was once prominent among public schools. "Water"—as rowing sports used to be termed—is now a thing of the past;

GOING IN TO FOURTH SCHOOL.

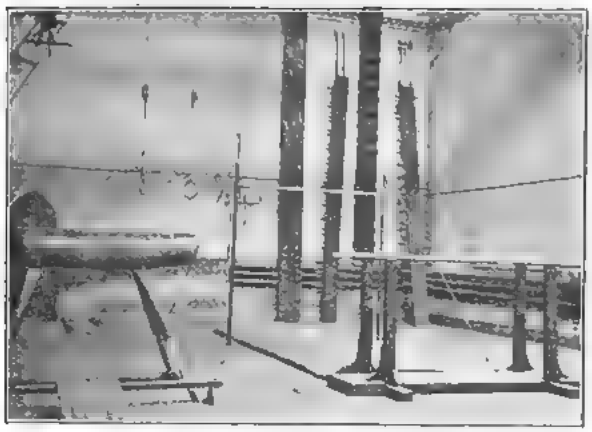
"SUTCLIFF'S," THE SCHOOL TUCK SHOP, WHICH WAS CLOSED A FEW MONTHS AGO.

but it must not be forgotten that in the earlier part of the last century the boat-race between Eton and Westminster was an event, despite the irregularity with which it was held, of no little importance. Many will recall the lines in the famous "Eton Boating Song,"

> "And the end of our long-boat fleet is
> Defiance to Westminster men!"

Many, too, even among Cambridge men, who have come to associate the names of Third Trinity and Eton exclusively together, would probably be surprised to learn that the famous Boat Club was originally founded by a Westminster for Westminsters, and that Etonians were admitted to the membership only after much hesitation. "Water," however, after some vicissitudes, was finally put an end to by Dr. Rutherford, on the petition of the assistant masters; and it is to be doubted if ever the oarsman's strenuous art will be revived at Westminster.

Another celebration of prime importance in addition to the Westminster Play, is that of election-time, at the end of the summer term, when the annual examinations are held. Seven weeks before the end of term, the word "ELECTIO" is chalked upon the door of the College dormitory. This signifies "Exite, Liberi, E Collegio Transmigraturi In Oxoniam." Or, if only half the final O be written, and the letter C thus formed, "Cantabrigian" may be substituted for "Oxoniam." Every Sunday until election, one letter is removed by the head second election ("election" being the generic term for a King's Scholar, the epithet "second," "third,"



A CONTRAST
The Westminster gymnasium occupies a building next to the ancient Chapel of the Pyx, where Edward I. is supposed to have kept his treasure.

etc., denoting his year). Election time is attended by many special observances and functions, both grave and gay, the culminating event being election dinner, at which epigrams are recited, and the "cap" sent round—as at the Play—for the purpose of defraying the by no means trivial expenses of the leaving seniors, a custom not a little reminiscent of the similar one practised at the Old Eton "Montem."

Jealously guarded are certain privileges of the school. That of using Latin in its religious services, as at Commemoration, is almost unique and highly prized. King's Scholars have the use of six seats every day in the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons, and another Parliamentary privilege of "College" is that which allows scholars to walk upon the Terrace on Sundays. Most notable of all the school's privileges, however, is that of not only being present in the Abbey at the Coronation of the Sovereign, but of being the first with loyal shout to acclaim the monarch as he enters the choir.

Methods of punishment at Westminster are interesting. "Tanning" with a cane is the usual form adopted, power to inflict it being vested in the heads of houses and monitors. For serious offences there is reserved a public "handing" by the headmaster before the whole school when assembled for prayers, this latter being so hedged about with ceremony as to be of a painfully impressive nature. It is resorted to, indeed, only upon rare occasions, and is the severest form of punishment, short of expulsion, which can be administered. Masters are limited in their powers of punishment, and are restricted to the meting out of penal drill or detention, according to whether the offence be bad conduct or bad work. In cases when a boy, by reason of his high position, age, or other reason, is not a suitable subject for "tanning," a sentence of "desking" is passed, this signifying that the culprit is bound over to voluntary "Coventry" during the period of his punishment.

Sumptuary laws are simple. Eton jackets or tail coats and tall hats are the rule; King's Scholars wearing, in addition, academic cap and gown, and a white tie instead of a black one. In College, various rules obtain as to the wearing of cap and gown. A junior (or boy in his first year) carries his gown, but does not wear it; a second election never leaves his off; a third election wears his gown but not his cap, and a senior wears either, both, or neither, according to his own fancy.

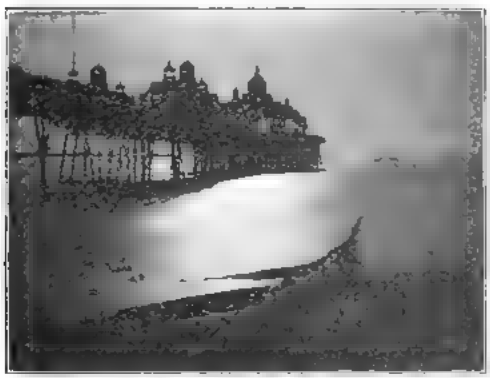
In the present article we have dealt only with the Westminster of to-day. Exigencies of space compel us to refrain from any historical account of a school which is rich in historical associations, beginning with the days of Queen Elizabeth. Even of Westminster to-day, it is impossible to give, in so short a space, more than the barest outline sketch; and if in this brief article we have succeeded in conveying a general impression of life at St. Peter's College, as it appears on the surface, we must be content.

FOOTBALL AT WESTMINSTER.
A familiar scene in Vincent Square.

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER

CIRCULAR PRINTS.

IT has become quite the fashion to use mounts with circular openings for photographic prints, and in order to supply truly-cut and round paper for the purpose, the Paget Dry Plate Company are now supplying packets of P.O.P. cut into circles of various sizes from 1½



EASTBOURNE PIER BY NIGHT.
By Cecil Taverner.

inches to 4 inches in diameter at 6d. each. A print cutter for circles has also been put upon the market, which can be obtained of most dealers.

MOUNTS.

The lazy principle of using "slip-in-mounts," we are glad to notice, is fast going out. In our latest Photographic Competition there were comparatively few competitors who used them. They are always slovenly, the print never lies flat, and as a rule it is not trimmed or attached to the mount in any way. The slip-in-mount is a make-shift sort of thing. A photographic print may often be much improved by cutting down, especially when printed from a quarter-plate, which is by no means a pictorial size. A very large percentage of prints will stand, say, a quarter of an inch, and sometimes more, cutting off sky or foreground, with the result that the principal subject becomes more pronounced and attractive to the eye.

SIMPLICITY IN CAMERAS.

The beginner and the young photographer will do well to choose a camera which has as few movements as possible. Hand cameras have their mission, and may be used for very good work, but they require to be thoroughly understood. We cannot counsel the use of elaborate shutters giving exposures from a half to 1/100th of a second. Such shutters, to be accurate, must be costly, and the cheap imitations will not do the work; they soon get out of order and disgust the beginner, so that, as often as not, he gives up photography. Let a hand camera have a time and shutter exposure, the shutter working at, say, half a second. This will answer almost all purposes, given a quick plate and a well-lighted subject. Many such cameras are on the market, and may be purchased at prices ranging from 10s. 6d. with six quarter-plates, to 30s. for twelve plates.

PORTRAIT ATTACHMENT.

This is really a supplementary lens. Those supplied by Kodak Limited for their Brownie

BOLTER'S LOCK, MAIDENHEAD.
By Dorothy Whitfield.

cameras give really wonderful results. With them it is possible to take large head-portraits, occupying, practically, the whole field of the film exposed. The sitter being placed at a distance of 3ft. 6ins. from the camera, the exposure is necessarily a little larger, as the light passes through two lenses instead of one. With these attachments, full instructions are sent out; they are sold at 1s. 6d. for the Brownie No. 2, and 2s. 0d. for Folding Pocket Kodaks, Plico, Bulls-eye cameras, etc.

THE BOS'N'S MATE.
By Fred. Caddy.

PLATES TO USE.

There is no best plate; in these days no manufacturer of dry plates could keep his business unless he sold plates that would yield good negatives. It is well to select a brand of plates and stick to them. We would counsel the use of two speeds—ordinary, for time-exposures, and special rapid for instantaneous or general hand camera work. The Wynne speed number for the first would be, say, 45, and for the second, 90. For stand camera work, as a general rule, use ordinary speed, and give time-exposure, using a roller blind shutter and a pneumatic release. The indiarubber bulb is so much more convenient than the now almost obsolete cap. Do not despise the cap; the lens should always be covered, except when in use, and the cap keeps out dust.

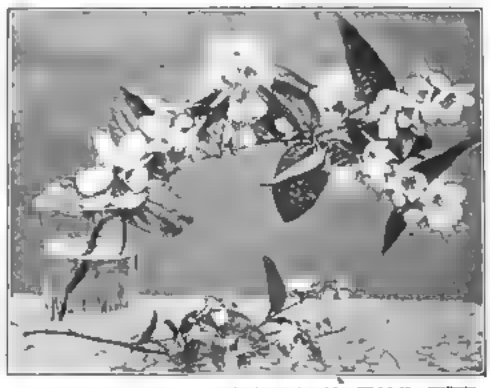
A CHEAP STEREOSCOPIC CAMERA.

Few readers of the "Camera Corner" have, we expect, ever given a thought to the taking of stereoscopic photographs. The taking of the picture is now made very easy; we have before us particulars of a "Stereo Hand Camera," which is made in two forms, "For Roll Films," sold at 21s., the size of pictures being 1 7-8 × 1 3-8 inches, and "For Plates," 42s., size of picture 1 5-8 × 1 5-8 inches. They are both sold by Messrs. Geo. Houghton and Sons, Limited, of High Holborn, London, W.C. The actual taking of stereoscopic pictures is attended with but little difficulty, but the after mounting of the prints in order to obtain stereoscopic effect is not so easy. At some future date we will devote further space to the subject.

BOATING ON THE THAMES.
By Frank A. Garratt.

PHOTOGRAPHING GROUPS.

Few possessors of cameras can resist the temptation of taking a group—a cricket team—crew of the school four or eight oar—tennis match—prize-giving, &c. The grouping should be natural, but as far as possible all in the group should be in one plane—don't place them so that the sun is glaring upon them, or you will have heavy shadows from straw hats across the faces, and the shadow of the man in front across the man at the back, and so on. Place the group in such a position that there is a good light upon them, but not strong sun-light. Arrange them



A CLEVER BIT OF PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK WITH A RAY HAND CAMERA.
By J. B. Welford.

in the arc of a circle of large radius. If two rows are necessary, let the front row be sitting and the second row standing, but close up to the sitters. Be careful of knees and obtrusive feet. Do not worry them to look pleasant until you have composed the picture upon the screen. See that all are well within the field of the plate. Don't permit the fellows to fool about, and go in for larking; if they start that sort of thing, give it up at once. When the group is arranged to your satisfaction, make sure that your camera is in focus. Cap your lens, or close the shutter, insert the dark slide, first noting the numbers, then carefully take out the slide, under cover of the focussing cloth, and come forward to the camera; take the bulb in your hand and invite your subjects to look at the camera,

squeeze the bulb, and replace the slide; take out the double slide, and place in position for a second exposure (having asked the sitters to remain in position) and so expose a second plate. Don't get flurried. Don't make the exposure until you are quite sure everything is ready. Once having secured the correct focus of the picture generally, don't worry about it.

PHOTOGRAPHING AT THE ZOO.

So many young folks ask us about taking photographs at the Zoo that it will not be out of place to state briefly the conditions as now exacted by the Society:—"The use of small hand cameras (not larger than quarter-plate) without legs will be allowed without special ticket or permit." "A fee of 10s. per annum is charged for a special permit to photographers with large cameras, with legs, or hand cameras larger than quarter-plate." This will set at ease many who, during the coming holidays, will be wishing to take their cameras with them to the Zoo.

SELF-TONING PAPER.

We have already noticed one or more brands of self-toning paper in the "Camera Corner," but many will be pleased to know that the Kodak Company have put a brand of self-toning paper on the market. Hundreds of readers of THE CAPTAIN have used Solio paper. This new paper has the necessary gold as a constituent in the emulsion with which it is coated, and, therefore, there is no need for a gold bath. We all know that toning is the rock upon which most young photographers get shipwrecked. All goes well till the toning. Now that trouble is got over, for with self-toning paper all that has to be done after printing is to treat the print with a simple solution of ammonium sulpho-cyanide, or a solution of common salt before fixing. A whole batch of prints of an absolutely uniform tone can be obtained; the action is quick and the results admirable.

BROMIDES.

A bromide print can be obtained from a negative before it is dry. Fix the negative and give it a slight washing for a few minutes in running water. Soak a piece of bromide paper in water (in the dark room); the wet negative is then slipped under the paper as it lies in the bath flat and limp, they are removed together, and the surplus water is wiped off the glass side of the negative. The negative and paper are now held up before any ordinary illuminant, gas, candle or lamp, and afterwards the paper is taken from the negative and developed in the ordinary way. This method is recommended for quick prints off—cricket match, boat race, etc. When the print is finished, the surplus water may be blotted off, and if the intention is to send the photograph for reproduction in one of the illustrated or daily papers, it may be placed between two pieces of clean *white* blotting paper, and it will, of course, be bone dry by the time it reaches its destination. We recommend a trial of this quick-printing to readers of THE CAPTAIN, and shall be pleased to receive prints and particulars of exposure, time taken, from start to finish of the picture.

Users of roll-film will be delighted to know that Kodak, Limited, have, after many years of experiment, perfected a non-curling film. All workers with daylight cameras and cartridges have experienced the difficulty of keeping their films flat. The messy glycerine bath was only a temporary aid, for, do what one would, the film would return to its curling propensities. The N. C. film is coated on both sides with gelatine, one side only with a sensitive emulsion. This double coating equalises "the pull," and so the film does not curl.

SEA-WEED GATHERERS.
By J. Richardson.

Messrs. J. Lancaster and Son, of Birmingham, have just issued an admirable catalogue of photographic apparatus; this firm were the pioneers of amateur photography, and are still in the forefront, as will be seen on reference to their catalogue. They state that they have sold 120,000 cameras, and about 500,000 lenses. In the list many novelties are described and illustrated, especially in hand cameras. Another useful catalogue comes to hand from Hobbies, Limited, in which are given particulars of hand cameras ranging in price from six shillings to four guineas. For the very modest sum of 6s., a magazine hand camera, "The Rutico," may be bought, which holds six quarter plates in metal sheaths, has two finders, time and instantaneous shutter, single achromatic lens, with rotating diaphragm, permitting the use of the lens at apertures of *f*/11, *f*/16, *f*/24, and *f*/32.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR.

THE LONG 'UN.

By R. S. Warren Bell.

James Mortimer ("The Long 'Un"), a young doctor, is grandson and heir to Dr. John Mortimer, a man of wealth and position. Owing to Jim's frequent escapades, Dr. Mortimer warns him that, if he indulges in any more riotous conduct, he will disown him. On returning to town after this conversation, Jim makes the acquaintance, by the agency of his friend George Somers ("Koko"), of a young lady named Dora Maybury, with whom he falls violently in love. So excited does he become in consequence of his introduction to Miss Maybury, that, on the same evening, he falls foul of the police, and after a desperate battle with six of them is arrested and eventually fined forty shillings. His grandfather, hearing of this, carries out his threat, and Jim has thenceforth to depend on his own exertions for a living. By the instrumentality of Sir Savile Smart, a famous specialist, Jim is put in temporary charge of a surgery in Mount street, Blackfriars, a district infested by gangs of Hooligans. Sir Savile recommends him to some lodgings near the surgery in what turns out to be Dora Maybury's home. Here also are two other boarders named Miss Bird and Mr. Cleave. On Jim's first evening in his new quarters, he meets Mr. Jefferson, a young stockbroker, who is also an admirer of Dora's, and appears to be regarded with favour by her. At the end of Jim's first day at the surgery, Dr. Taplow—the proprietor of the place—dispenses with his services, he having appointed another doctor to the post. By disposing of some of the old and valuable books he has collected, Koko raises fifty pounds, and with this sum Jim opens a surgery in Mount-street in opposition to the "bearded man" Dr. Taplow has installed in the Long 'Un's place. Soon after this, Mr. Jefferson proposes to Dora, who is prevailed upon by her stepmother to accept the young stockbroker. The news of the engagement is conveyed to Jim by Koko.

Author of "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE.

CHAPTER XVI.

JIM'S PATIENTS.

THEREAFTER, watching his friend closely, Koko observed a gradual change overcoming Jim. Often enough Jim's merry smile flashed up, 'tis true, but when it died away the normal expression it left on his face was not quite what it had been of yore. There was a wistfulness in Jim's eyes nowadays that Koko had never seen there before.

This change made clear to Koko the fact that Jim's medical student cubbishness had largely taken wing. Jim was no longer Fortune's spoilt boy. The outline of his face was less round, his features were more distinctive, his chin seemed set in a firmer mould, and the soft lines about the corners of his mouth, though still apparent, were not so soft as they had been but a few months since.

Koko was particularly struck by the alteration in Jim when, after a fortnight's absence in the country, he looked the Long 'Un up at his surgery one evening in the latter part of November.

Jim greeted his friend warmly, offered him a cigar, poked up the fire, and then turned to finish making up some medicine.

"Upon my word, you are a regular wolf for work, Jim," said Koko.

Two months since, he knew, Jim would only too willingly have set aside his medicine-making on the entrance of his chum.

"Why, you see," said Jim, "it must be done. At the hospital, there were other fellows to help; here, I am all by myself. See?"

"Good man," approved Koko; "you'll make a fortune yet."

"Not out of Mount-street," said Jim, and was suddenly silent. He did not even tell Koko (though 'twas possible the latter guessed it) that some of his poorest patients never paid him at all for he was too tender-hearted to turn a deaf ear to their tales of want and misery.

Jim had much of interest to relate of his daily rounds, and Koko, listening in the kind of way that is so helpful to a talker—that is to say, with unassumed apprec ation—realised that Jim had indeed tackled a hard nut in the Mount-street district. For Jim had to go into such slums as your apple-faced peasant in the wide, wild-blown shires would not live in rent free. In these foul places herded scum from across the seas—dirt-caked foreign Jews, who gloried in their filth, and regarded decent quarters with positive repugnance. Jim had to make his way through crooked alleys into crime-infested courts—into courts where no policeman would go unaccompanied by a fellow. Jim went alone, however, trusting to luck and his two good fists to get out again in the event of his meeting a hostile gang of Hooligans.

Jim told Koko of a single bedroom he had that day been into which contained four separate families—each family occupying a corner. "And the old hag I was attending said," added Jim, with a laugh, "that the landlord was trying to let the middle of the room to a fifth family."

Koko smiled. "I suppose they don't mind it," he said.

"Mind it!" cried Jim, "why, they like it, man! Being a lot in a room keeps them warm. They're company for each other. When Number One family has a scrap with Number Two, Three and Four look on and applaud. Nice friendly arrangement, eh?"

"Don't some of these scraps turn out seriously?"

"Sometimes. The fellow who showed me up to-day is known to have killed a man in a scrap—but he got off by some queer hitch in the evidence. A very civil-spoken chap—burglar by profession."

Koko opened his eyes.

"A bit different from taking fees in Harley-street?" he said.

"Not so remunerative, but more exciting," returned Jim. "The other day," he added, "I was attending a woman when her husband came up with a crowbar and told me to stand aside as he wanted to 'finish' her."

"What did you do?"

"Asked him to wait till I'd done with her. He said he would if I'd have a drink, so we had some gin together, and then he lay down in a corner, saying he'd finish her after he'd had a nap. The lady told me not to worry, as he'd be as gentle as a lamb when he'd slept his drink off. She understood him, you see."

"She'd a fine nerve," commented Koko.

"Another time," continued Jim, "I was called to see an old chap who lived by himself in a garret. He'd got D.T.'s very hot indeed, and was sitting up in bed with the counterpane covered with sovereigns and banknotes. There must have been hundreds of pounds there. Miser, I suppose. When I arrived he was holding conversations with imaginary relatives who were evidently (in his opinion) after his cash. He was threatening one with a revolver and calling him all sorts of purple names. It was the revolver business which made the other people in the house send for me. To oblige him, I threw his imaginary relatives out of the window, and told him they'd fallen on to their heads in the court below. That pleased him, and he said he would like to reward me for my trouble. I thought he was going to press a tenner on me, but instead he asked me if I could change half-a-sovereign. I said I could, and he then gave me half-a-crown."

Koko chuckled joyously.

"And after that?"

"Then a few dozen more imaginary relatives came in, and I threw them all out of the window. After a bit of a struggle with himself he gave me another shilling for doing this, and then I sent him to a hospital, money and all, and there he croaked, and now they can't find a single real relative to take over his property."

Jim discoursed for some time about his experiences, but at length Koko had to hasten away to fulfil an engagement, and so Jim locked up his surgery and bent his steps homewards.

Trudging down Blackfriars-road, he found a barrel organ playing at the point where a bye-street branched off in the direction of Derby-crescent. Jim loved a barrel-organ, and stopped to listen to this one. The organ-grinder had chosen a good pitch in the glare of a great electric lamp-post. There was a small crowd of wayfarers watching a number of little girls dancing in front of the organ. Jim watched them,

too, and was delighted with the performance, for the little maids danced with thorough enjoyment and kept perfect time. One or two couples of grown-up girls were waltzing to the music—although the organ wasn't playing a waltz—but Jim was not interested in these.

Jim had visited many a music-hall in the company of Koko, the red-haired student at Matt's, and others, and had frequently watched the skilful gyrations of trained ballet-dancers, but it seemed to him that this queer little dance with the heavens for a roof and a muddy wood-block road for a floor, was a much better dance than any he had seen in a music-hall. The organ played a merry tune—full of straightforward melody—and Jim was quite infected with it. He began to wonder when he had last danced—when he would dance again. And meanwhile he watched the little maids, and smiled at the earnest way in which they tripped in and out among each other, quite in the proper style and order; and he gave a shilling to the Italian woman who came round to collect, thereby winning a smile from the dusky lady, whose teeth gleamed white as she curtsied an acknowledgment of such unusual generosity.

As Jim listened to the music and watched the dainty steps of the little street-dancers, he felt genuinely happy. The scene pleased him; it chased the wistfulness from his face, and he felt loth to continue his walk homewards. He was interested. These people around him were *his* people now; these people were his patients. Poor they were—starving, some of them—and he was their doctor. Had matters fallen out otherwise, it would have been his destiny to attend a very different class of patient He would, in all probability, have assisted his grandfather—have ridden a horse, and worn the best of clothes, and eaten and drunk "like a lord." He would have hunted and shot, and lived the life of a country gentleman with just enough work to do to prevent himself from experiencing *ennui*. But instead of that he was fighting for an existence in Mount-street—among the poorest of the poor. No hunting, no shooting, no old port; it was grim fighting in Mount-street hard work and a hard life- hardly earned money and money hard to get, even when he had earned it.

Still, he reflected, he *lived*. It was life—he lived strenuously. He was working in the heart of the greatest city in the world; he was living a man's life. Wasn't this, after all, better than lolling round a ready-made practice? Of course, that was good work, useful work—but this work in Mount-street was on a different plane. It was sheer fighting, and Jim, being a "scrapper" by nature, was filled with a feeling of fierce joy. He knew that he had played the fool, and that this was the penalty. But it was a penalty of a mixed kind, for it was a test which he relished. It was a test which would have knocked out a weak man, but Jim felt that he was getting a firmer foot-hold every day he trod the grimy pavement leading to the surgery.

Presently the little girls stopped—panting—and the organ-grinder dropped his handle. It was time he moved on.

So it was over, and Jim found himself feeling sorry. The other onlookers strolled away, and Jim was turning down the bye-street when he felt a touch on his arm, and looked round to find Dora Maybury by his side

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CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE CRESCENT.

THIS was the first time Jim had met Dora all by herself without the stronghold—Number Nine, to wit. And there he had found few opportunities to say anything to her that was not formal and commonplace; indeed, their intercourse, with watching eyes and listening ears about them, had been (to Jim, at any rate) of a gallingly circumscribed character.

It is poor satisfaction, when the heart is hungry, to look into the eyes one loves, and remark that it is colder than it was yesterday; your lover is kept on conversation's shortest commons when, though burning to say a thousand tender things to the one girl he holds most precious, he has, perforce, to hazard a remark to the effect that there may be rain before morning.

Thus it was with Jim. He often saw Dora, but seldom spoke with her. There was that evening when she drew the course of the Rhine under his tutelage—but that was a memory by itself—a verdant oasis in the desert of verbal starvation!

It may be easily imagined, therefore, how fast beat Jim's heart when he found himself absolutely alone and unwatched—with Dora Maybury.

"Have you, too, been listening to the organ?" he asked.

"Yes," said Dora, "I was there when you came up. I have been shopping. Frank came out with me, but disappeared."

Jim devoutly hoped that Frank would not reappear. Dora was carrying a heavy marketing-net—the shops keep open late in Blackfriars-road and Jim promptly possessed himself of this.

"Frank ought to have been carrying it," explained Dora, as they walked down the bye-

street, "but," she added, "you know what brothers are!"

"I have heard accounts of them," said Jim, "but can't speak from experience, as I haven't any."

"Nor sisters?"

"Nor sisters either," said Jim; "nobody, in fact, but a grandfather."

"Dear me!" said Dora, "what a very lonely boy you must have been! I suppose your grandfather is very fond of you?"

"I think he has a sort of mild affection for me," said Jim, "but unfortunately I offended him when I—er—when I was put on the *Total Abstainer's* black list."

Dora seemed interested.

"And what did he do?" she enquired.

"He behaved in a manner that was not even mildly affectionate."

"And you don't see him now?"

"He doesn't call on me," admitted Jim.

"But perhaps he will make it up at Christmas-time," suggested Dora; "he ought to."

Jim shook his head.

"My grandfather is not the sort of man to do anything because he ought to!"

"Oh, I hope he will," said Dora; "it must be so wretched for you—having nobody."

"You are very kind," said Jim, his voice suddenly changing.

"But surely," said Dora, quickly, "anybody would be sorry for a man who had nobody in the world to care for him."

Jim made no rejoinder. So Dora, meaning only to make him feel that she sympathised with his position, said again that she hoped all would be right between him and his grandfather by the time Christmas came.

"But you have friends," she continued, comfortingly; "there is Mr. Somers, and Sir Savile, and I know my father likes you—oh, yes—you have friends. You must not be disheartened. You must look upon us all as your friends, Dr. Mortimer."

"I did not mean to extract all this sympathy from you, Miss Dora," said Jim; "I was only answering your questions."

"But I am glad you have told me," said Dora, "because I did not know all this about you before. And I am so sorry for people who have no home," she added, gently.

So spoke this maid, barely nineteen, in the innocent warmth of her nature. She could not have remembered that a man can bear taunts, abuse, sarcasm, and show a smiling front, but that the least word of sympathy will break down the same man's defences and leave his heart hardened to all else without a shield.

"You are too kind," said Jim, again, "it would be better, perhaps, if you were not kind to me at all."

Then a silence fell upon them, and in silence they passed from the bye-street into the Crescent, whose glory was so faded. They walked by several of the shabby houses still without speaking, but, as they drew near to Number Nine, the question Dora wanted to ask would not stay within her lips.

"Why?" she said, without looking at him

"Because," replied Jim, steadily, "I love you. That is why it will be the kindest thing on your part never to be kind to me again."

As Jim spoke, Dora gazed up at him in a surprised, half-frightened manner. When she said, "Why?" she knew very well that there was no need on her part to ask such a question. Her woman's instinct told her "why"; there was no need for Jim to do so. But, with a wilful disregard of Conscience, which bade her not enquire too closely into Jim's reasons for that little speech, she had allowed her lips to shape the word that had extracted so blunt a confession from her companion.

Even had she not been engaged to Jefferson, Jim's confession, considering the length of their acquaintance, and the very small amount of conversation they had enjoyed together, must have rendered his avowal ill-timed and premature. As matters stood, Jim had no possible right to speak thus. But she had asked "Why?" and he had told her.

Jim himself, as soon as he had spoken, condemned himself for a fool, an ass, and an idiot. This would put an end to any little friendship that might have hitherto existed between them. What could he do to undo the sorry mistake his tongue had made!

He was the first to break the awkward silence. He laughed. Dora, on the other hand, bit her lip nervously.

"Please don't take me too seriously, Miss Dora," said Jim.

"So," said Dora, confronting him with dignity and flaming cheeks, "I am to regard what you said just now as a joke?"

"Well—if you like," replied Jim, rather awkwardly.

"Then I think you are *very* rude!" exclaimed Dora, "and I won't speak to you again."

She turned abruptly toward the steps leading up to the door of Number Nine.

"Oh, I say, come now," expostulated Jim, "I think that is a little too severe. You asked 'Why?' and I told you 'Why!'"

Dora switched round to him and turned a very red little face, illuminated by eyes that flashed with anger, up to his.

"You had no right to say what you did just

now, because you know I am engaged to Mr. Jefferson —"

"Lucky man!" sighed Jim.

"Are you still regarding me as a person just to be joked with?" demanded Dora, with something like a sob in her voice.

"No," said Jim, steadily, "as a girl to be loved for ever and ever!"

Jim's astonishing comprehensiveness struck Dora dumb for a moment. What *could* a girl do with a man like this!

Dora considered what she could say that would make a good rebuke. And meanwhile she looked (as Jim declared to himself) bewilderingly lovely.

"What you said, considering the circumstances," she continued at length, "was dishonourable and ungentlemanly."

"I plead guilty on both counts," said Jim.

"And so," Dora went on, "I shall not speak to you again—ever!"

"I think," replied Jim, "that you are taking far too harsh a view of the case. If you will walk round the Crescent just *once* with me, I will try to put myself right in your eyes."

"That you can never do," said Dora. But, after a moment's hesitation, she lifted her skirt and walked on, and Jim, with an overflowing heart, paced along by her side.

"I know you are engaged, of course," began Jim, "and I know that I ought not to have said what I did, that being the case."

"Then why did you say it!" demanded Dora, with an imperious little stamp of her foot.

"I couldn't help it," said Jim, "you are so pretty. You are the prettiest girl I have ever seen—the prettiest, the daintiest, and the sweetest. If I were a king I would give up my kingdom for you there is nothing on earth I wouldn't do for you, even to the laying down of my life, if that would serve you. I have loved you from the first moment I ever set eyes on you, and I shall never love another girl as long as I live."

Thus spoke Jim in the fulness of his heart, and his words were as music in Dora's ears, for what woman—worthy of the name—would be displeased by such a confession? That was Jim's speech—those were Jim's sentiments—hackneyed sentiments enough in all conscience, seemingly, and yet not hackneyed at all, because they were quite fresh and sincere. He meant them, he felt them. Never did love speak more honestly.

Yet there was a ring on Dora's finger—a ring—an emblem of her plighted troth. And this ring seemed to burn into her finger and reproach her for even letting this other lover complete his avowal.

"You are making it worse and worse," she said, but not at all crossly.

"Well," said Jim, "you know now. You can tell Jefferson what I've said if you like. I've told you I love you and why. I've got it off my mind, and I shan't be so miserable now."

"Have—have you been miserable?" asked Dora, very gently.

"Yes," said Jim.

"*Very?*"

"As miserable," said Jim, "as a man can be."

"Oh," said Dora, "I'm *so* sorry! I suppose I ought to be angry with you, but I don't see how I can be when you—you like me so much."

Jim looked up at the sky with a mist in his eyes. They walked on, and all too soon came round to Number Nine again.

"Oh, if you please, give me my net," said Dora, for all this time her purchases had been dangling from Jim's left hand. She had forgotten all about them, and Jim had been quite unconscious of his burden.

"Then," said Jim, as they stopped in the shadow thrown by the porch, "you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes, entirely—on condition you never say anything like that again. And now give me my net."

"Here is the net," said Jim, "and here," as he kissed her, "is something else."

"Oh, how dare you!" cried Dora, snatching at her net and running up the steps with cheeks of scarlet.

As for Jim, he diplomatically continued his walk round the Crescent.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MASTER HARRIS IS SHOWN OUT.

ONE evening, a week or two later, Koko was sitting with his short legs propped up over the Long 'Un's surgery fire. During a pause in the conversation he observed Jim fumbling in his inner coat pocket.

"Twenty-five," said Jim, at length, handing his friend that amount in bank-notes; "half what I owe you."

"Don't bother about that yet," said Koko, tossing them back.

"If you don't take them," said Jim, in a ferocious tone, "I'll make you eat them."

"Try it on, you bully!" returned Koko, springing up.

Jim therefore squeezed the notes up into a round, tight ball, and advanced upon the little man.

"Be careful, my son," said Koko; "if I hit you, it'll hurt."

For answer Jim leapt forward like a blood-

hound, seized Koko by his coat-collar, and threw him on to the floor. Koko, however, nimble as a kitten, wriggled through Jim's legs, overturning the Long 'Un in so doing, and with a dexterous movement seated himself astride Jim's chest.

Jim puffed and fumed, and tried every trick he could think of to throw off his assailant. But Koko was a trained wrestler. A rough-and-tumble with the Long 'Un was nothing new to him. For some time he resisted Jim's efforts to dislodge him, and Jim was getting redder in the face every minute.

"WHAT MAKES YOU THINK IT ISN'T SMALLPOX?" I SAID.

"Make me eat 'em, will he!" cried Koko, exultingly, addressing Tom, the big cat, who still often followed Jim to the surgery, and was now watching the struggle with grave impartiality. "Not a long lamp-post like this, without enough fat on him to grease a cart-wheel!"

Now, it's an old sporting saying that a good big 'un is better than a good little 'un—it holds in boxing, wrestling, and many other forms of athletics. Koko was a good little 'un, but Jim was a good big 'un, and, though not of great girth, was immensely strong in the arms and back.

There is also an old saying that you shouldn't laugh till you're out of the wood. Jim proved the truth of both sayings on this occasion, for, just as Koko finished his taunting speech, Jim clutched him round the ribs, and, with a prodigious output of nervous energy, threw the little man clean over his head.

Koko flew crash into one of the rotten old pawnbroking cupboards with which the place was lined, and such was the force with which he was impelled that his head and shoulders went clean through the door of the cupboard. Before he could extricate himself, the Long 'Un had pinned his hands to his side.

"Will you give in?" demanded Jim.

"I will," murmured Koko from within the cupboard.

"And take what I owe you?"

"Yes—let me out of this old clo' hole, will you?"

"Certainly."

Thereupon, with a neat wrench, Jim liberated his friend, and Koko rose to his feet, looking battered and sorry for himself.

"You ought to know better than to scrap with me, young fellow," said Jim; "you ought to know it's no use."

Koko rubbed his bald head ruefully.

"Give me a bran mash," he said; "that winded me."

"Right you are," said the Long 'Un, taking a glass jar off one of the shelves.

"Steady!" cried Koko, observing the label on the jar, "that's prussic acid."

Jim, however, got two tumblers and proceeded to measure out a couple of drams.

"No—I keep my whisky in this jar," he said, drawing some fresh water out of the tap; "it's safer there. Mrs. Brown, my old lady upstairs, has a liking for whisky, and used to help herself out of my bottle when I was out—so I got a clean jar, put a prussic acid label on it, filled it with whisky, and now she hunts in vain."

"Smart man, Jim," laughed Koko, who then proceeded to roll out the notes and put them carefully away in his pocket-book.

"You see," said Jim, when they had settled themselves down by the fire, "I've been catching on about here lately."

"Cutting out the bearded man?"

"Something like that. I was going down Pine-court soon after you last looked me up, when I saw a group of women talking excitedly round a doorway. I had a case on the top floor of the house. 'Wot I says is,' I heard a very fat woman remark, 'there ain't no symptoms to go by. 'E guessed it!'

"I always talk to these people, so, as I was passing into the house, I said: 'Who guessed it?' They turned to me and began talking all at once, and I gathered from their observations that the fat woman's little girl was down with what our bearded friend at Taplow's had diagnosed as small-pox. It appeared that he had made a report to the Medical Officer of Health for this district, and that the hospital people's ambulance was momentarily expected. The fat woman vehemently declared that our bearded friend was wrong. 'What makes you think it isn't small-pox?' I said. 'Why, doctor,' says she, 'my Annie ain't been sick, eats 'earty, and sleeps sound, and is well in 'erself. 'E only went by the spots.' 'Well,' I said, 'they'll tell you at the hospital whether it's small-pox or not.' But at that she began painting the air blue with her language, and swore no ambulance men should touch the kid. After a time she asked me to look at the child, but I explained that it was Dr. Taplow's case, and nothing to do with me. She then asked whether a lady couldn't take two doctors' opinions on a case, and I replied that a lady certainly could. 'Well, then,' says she, 'why shouldn't a pore woman like me?' I recognised the justice of this, and, after I'd been to my case, I took a look at the child. I saw at once it wasn't small-pox——"

"The chicken variety?" put in Koko.

"Not even that—simply blood out of order. I told her the child wanted some medicine and more fresh air. As luck had it, the Medical Officer—old Jackson—awfully nice chap—being scared by the report, came with the ambulance himself, and corroborated my verdict. I had cleared off by then, but the next time I went to Pine-court I found myself famous, and ever since then they've been coming to me instead of to the bearded pard."

"Hence your affluence?" said Koko.

"Hence," admitted Jim, "my seeming wealth."

"Good," said Koko; "have you caught him napping again?"

"Curiously enough, I have. He told a woman in Mount-street that her husband—a plumber—was suffering from heart disease. His feet were swollen, and he was pretty bad all over. However, she wasn't satisfied, and came to me, and I found the fellow really had a congested liver. I dosed him with calomel, and he was running up and down ladders again in a few days."

"That was another ad.," said Koko.

"It was," said Jim; "have another two-penn'orth?"

Koko nodded, and Jim was reaching for the mislabled bottle when a quaint metal Chinaman, that stood in the middle of the mantelpiece, fell with a crash on to his face.

"Hullo!" cried Koko, much mystified, for neither he nor Jim had touched the ornament.

Jim laughed. "That's all right—shows there's somebody at the front door. You see, there's a bell, but my callers don't always use it. Some of them like to walk in, as the door opens when you turn the handle. I've fixed up an arrangement of string, therefore, which causes that old man to fall down when the front door is opened. Quite simple. I'll show you the dodge in a minute."

Whilst he had been speaking, Jim had popped the prussic acid jar on its shelf, and opened the door communicating with the waiting-room.

"Ah, Mr. Harris! Good-evening! Come in!"

The old provision-dealer—for it was he—walked into the surgery. Koko made as if he would withdraw, but Jim motioned to him to stop

"I'm pretty near done, doctor," said Mr. Harris, sinking wearily into a chair; "my 'ead

feels as if my 'air was bein' brushed more than ever. And that velp—'e's gettin' more a caution every day."

"You don't get enough fresh air, Mr. Harris," said Jim.

"Fresh air!" cried the old man, "no, not a mouthful. Not likely. That boy—that son of mine—Isaac—'e's a 'eartless young 'ound. Keeps 'is old father vorkin' an' vorkin' from seven in the mornin' till ten at night. Fresh air! Vy, I falls asleep in my chair ven I've locked up the shop!"

Koko and Jim looked sympathetic, but made no comment.

"Now 'e's boss," proceeded the old dealer, "now 'e's *'Arris* and I'm only the *Father*, there's no end to the airs 'e gives 'isself. Wears a red veskit and a big chain and a norty turn-down collar like vot the swells vear, and a check soot vich 'e got second-'and from a bookmaker. There's no 'oldin' 'im!" declared Mr. Harris, with a groan.

"So vot with Isaac, and vot with this 'air brushin' a-always goin' on on the top of me 'ead, I feel pretty near like throwin' myself inter the river and settlin' it all that vay. Not that Isaac vould care," continued Mr. Harris, gloomily, "not 'e! 'E'd bury me as cheap as possible, and think it 'ard lines I vosn't voshed out to sea instead of bein' brought 'ome to cause 'im expense!"

"Well, well," said Jim, soothingly, "I'll give you some medicine that'll make you feel very much better, Mr. Harris. You're run down, and that's why you feel so despondent."

"The real reason vy," continued Mr. Harris, as Jim got up to prepare the medicine, "I don't do avay vith myself is, I vant to stay by Isaac's side and go on varnin' 'im agen Rebecca Nathan. She's a designin' minx—she's just leadin' Isaac on to get vot she can out of 'im."

"What—has your son got a young woman?"

"*Young* voman! Vy, she's older than Isaac by ten years, and Isaac's twenty-four. 'E's infatooated, is Isaac. 'E leans 'er photograrf agen the corfee-pot an' sighs venever 'e looks at it, and 'e puts it just vare 'e'll see it ven 'e vakes in the mornin'. 'E bought 'er a flash diamond brooch, but she noo better than to be took in that vay, so 'e 'ad to buy 'er a real one. She's the sharpest bit of female goods in Mount-street father keeps the fried-fish shop by the 'Lord Nelson.'"

"I know the place," said Jim.

"'Eaps o' money," continued Mr. Harris, "but do you think my son Isaac vill ever get even a *sniff* at it? Not 'e! Rebecca Nathan vill marry a gentleman, doctor dear she's only *usin'* Isaac!"

"Here's the medicine, Mr. Harris. Take a wineglassful after each meal."

"Vell, I don't believe any medicine in the vorld vill do me any good," said Mr. Harris, "but I'll take it, so it von't be vasted. Yes, I'll be gettin' back now. That velp Isaac, 'e's goin' to take Rebecca to a music-'all yes, in the two-bob seats. 'E never spent more than sixpence on a seat in 'is life before. Larst veck 'e took 'er to 'ave 'er 'ead told by a phrenologist feller, and then 'e 'ad 'is own told, and came 'ome with it all swelled up, because the phrenologist said 'e 'ad a big bump of locality and noo 'is vay about!"

At that moment the surgery bell rang, and directly after the little Chinaman fell bang on to his nose.

Jim opened the door of communication.

"Ah," he said, "here *is* your son! Come in, Mr. Harris."

The senior partner of the firm of Harris and Father strutted into the surgery. For Mount-street, his attire was resplendent, though, to be sure, the suit he had bought from the bookmaker seemed a couple of sizes too large for him.

"Fader," he said, irritably, "'ow much longer am I to vait?"

"I'm comin', Isaac, I'm comin'," replied the old Jew, putting on his hat and seizing his medicine with trembling hands; "I vos only takin' a little advice for my 'ealth, Isaac."

"You vos takin' all the evening to take it," snapped Isaac; "come on—quick!"

The old man nodded hurriedly to Jim and Koko, and left the surgery.

The young Jew turned to Jim.

"See 'ere," he said. "Ven my fader comes 'ere, send 'im 'ome sharp. That's 'is place 'ome."

"Your father is not at all well," said Jim, "so when he comes here I shall allow him to stay as long as he likes, if that is any comfort to him."

"You've a nice sauce," said Master Harris, who felt very brave in his loud toggery.

For reply, Jim inserted one finger inside Master Harris's collar, conducted him (held thuswise) to the front door, and shot him into the street. And when Jim discovered that Miss Rebecca Nathan was waiting outside for Master Harris, and thus witnessed the latter's discomfiture, he laughed a great laugh, and walked back to the surgery little thinking that his short way with Isaac Harris was destined to bring dire ill upon himself.

CHAPTER XIX.

HARD PRESSED.

ON the day preceding the departure of the students from Matt's for the brief Christmas vacation, things were very lively indeed at the hospital.

Soon after breakfast, Tom Deadwood, one of the most dissipated characters connected with the institution, and Teddy Mildmay, his faithful henchman and boon companion—celebrated for his speed of foot, being, in fact, an old Cambridge "blue"—walked into the house-surgeons' room looking bleared and dishevelled. Their story was that they had careered about London in a four wheel cab (and occasionally on the top of it), with frequent stops for refreshment, until the small hours of the morning, and finally found themselves in the vicinity of Covent Garden market. Here Tom, who was a "bruiser" of parts, tackled a gigantic porter, and after (according to his own account) "slaying" this worthy, fought three other men, Mildmay contenting himself with inspiring his friend with bits of ring wisdom and at the conclusion of each combat demanding cheers for the reigning monarch.

Eventually a policeman hove in sight in one direction, and three others in three other directions, and there then ensued a chase of a most varied and engrossing description, the market-porters, who took a sporting interest in the matter, giving the fugitives many tips as to the best way to run in order to avoid capture. Mildmay, had he been by himself, could have escaped easily, so fleet of foot was he, but Tom Deadwood was blown by his series of scraps with the porters, so in the end they were captured and afforded a night's lodging at Bow-street police station. At breakfast-time they were allowed to depart, Mr. Deadwood having told the superintendent that his mother, who had not seen him for five years, was expecting him home early in the afternoon. The superintendent grimly gave it as his opinion that the colour of her boy's eyes and the state of his nose would give the poor lady a bit of a shock. However, they were allowed to go, and, having told their story to the Matt's staff, cleaned themselves and sallied forth in search of breakfast. After this they settled themselves down to a long morning's beer and billiards. Returning to the hospital about one o'clock, they found the red-haired student, who has already figured in this story, marshalling a number of his fellows preparatory to leading them out for a slight mid-day snack.

Having lined them up in single file—Messrs. Deadwood and Mildmay taking their places at the end of the line—the Welshman placed himself at the right hand of No. 1, and gave the word to "Quick—March!"

In perfect order and comic solemnity the students tramped out of the hospital precincts, wheeled into the road, and proceeded along the extreme outside of the pavement until they arrived at an A.B.C. shop. Obeying the word of command on the instant, and still preserving splendid order, they wheeled into the establishment—their captain holding the door open for them—and took their seats at a group of tables.

The red-haired one approached a waitress.

"Sixteen scones, sixteen butters, and sixteen cups of coffee!"

The giggling girl having provided these refreshments, the students fell to, and very soon the order was repeated. The Welshman then collected elevenpence from each man and paid the score. The extra penny a head was levied as a *douceur* for the waitress. The students having re-formed in line, the red-haired leader then marched them back to Matt's in the same circumspect manner which had characterised their outward journey.

At tea-time came another march out and home, and at seven the Welshman conducted his warriors to a restaurant, where, bearing in mind the fragile nature of the two previous meals, he ordered sixteen steaks, sixteen helps of two "veges," sixteen hunks of bread, sixteen tankards of bitter ale, sixteen portions of currant pudding, sixteen slices of cheese, sixteen pats of butter, and sixteen cups of coffee.

When they had consumed this homely but satisfying meal, the Welshman again collected the amount necessary to discharge the bill, with twopence extra per man for the waiter. Then he once more marched his men back to Matt's, there to deliberate on further proceedings.

"Pity the Long 'Un isn't here," observed Mr. Deadwood, in the midst of the discussion, "he was a man of great resource and suggestion. Where's he got to?"

"Jim," said the red-haired one, "is earning money for a man named Taplow, once of this hospital. That is the latest news of him, received in September last."

"I thank you," said Mr. Deadwood, with as much dignity as his discoloured eyes and swollen nose rendered possible; "your reply, friend of the Orange Locks, is direct and lucid, but conveys little information. Speak further, Red Scalp, and put us on his trail, O chief of the Scarlet Wigwam!"

Mr. Deadwood was addicted to the use of highly ornate language. He insulted everybody in terms that were clothed with plumage of a peculiarly offensive nature.

"Jim's new pitch is in Mount-street, Black-

friars," observed a student who had been blessed by nature with beetle brows and very irregular features.

"I thank you, Face," said Mr. Deadwood, with simple courtesy.

The red-haired one moved that they should look Jim up. The motion being agreed upon, the party started off in twos and threes, the Welshman previously directing that Jim was not to be apprised of their visit until all had assembled outside Taplow's surgery.

It was not a very far cry to Mount-street. Arrived there, and perceiving a light in the surgery window, the Welshman turned the handle of the street door and walked in.

"Jim's out," he announced, appearing on the threshold a few moments later; "come on in."

They went in and proceeded, while waiting for Jim, to amuse themselves in a naïve manner that was very upsetting to any compartment they chanced to favour with their attentions. In point of fact, they turned the surgery upside down, and were about to proceed with the still more disconcerting operation of putting it straight again, when a bearded gentleman appeared in the doorway and stared aghast at the confusion they had wrought.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded, furiously.

"Waiting for Jim!" said the Welshman.

"What do you mean? Who are you?"

"Go away," said Mr. Deadwood, playfully discharging the contents of a four-ounce syringe at the newcomer; "we don't want you to play with us!"

"Play with you! I'll have the police to you! I'll teach you to play here!" thundered the bearded man, turning on his heel and hastening into the street.

Jim's successor—for the bearded man was no less a personage—soon returned well backed up by several representatives of the Law.

"Now, then, what's all this foolery! Clear out of here at once!" observed one of the latter, a stout sergeant.

The Welshman advanced. "We have come to see Dr. Mortimer. You can't turn us out of here unless he wishes us to be turned out."

"Get out—all of you!" was the sergeant's abrupt rejoinder.

"Before we get out," said Mr. Deadwood, "tell us what right this hairy-faced fellow has here, my excellent but somewhat overfed friend!"

"You'll find out what right he has here when you appear before the beak to-morrow!" spluttered the sergeant.

"Corpulent people should avoid excitement," put in Mr. Deadwood.

The sergeant glared at him and went on: "This here surgery is Dr. Taplow's, and this gentleman is in charge of it. You've come and broke up the wrong place, and so we must take you to the station—that is to say, if this gentleman wishes to charge you."

"Certainly," said the bearded man; "they have damaged the place and must pay for it."

The students looked ruefully at each other.

"We thought this was Dr. Mortimer's surgery," one of them said.

"Dr. Mortimer's is further down the street," said the sergeant, "and you've made a big mistake in playin' the fool here, and giving me cheek. You've got to come to the station, every man Jack of you, and the quieter you come the better it will be for you in the morning."

Now the Welshman—acknowledged leader of the band—spoke up.

"Look here, bobby," he said, "we'll go to the station, but we're not going to be marched off like pick-pockets. If you'll keep to the left-hand pavement, we'll keep to the right, and I'll give you my word of honour for the lot that we won't cut."

The Welshman had a good pair of eyes, and the stout sergeant was an old hand at summing up character at short notice. He conferred briefly with his men.

"Very well," he said, at length, "I'll agree to that. First give me your name and address, though."

The Welshman handed him his card. The sergeant made a sign, and the police withdrew. Then the Welshman formed his men up in single file, gave the word to "March!" and led them in good order out of the surgery and down Mount-street, keeping them to the edge of the right-hand pavement. The sergeant, true to his compact, kept his men on the left hand pavement, the bearded man walking sulkily by his side.

It is now necessary to return to Jim and his movements.

This had been a very hard day with the Long 'Un, who had been out and about constantly, for there was much sickness in the district. Some of Jim's frequent emergings were witnessed by young Isaac Harris, who, as often as his duties in the shop permitted, placed himself on his step and watched the surgery door.

For, ever since Jim, before Rebecca Nathan's very eyes, had expelled Isaac from his surgery in the manner recently described, Isaac had been thirsting for revenge. And to-day an excellent idea had entered his head. The chief of the Hooligans still looked in at the Harris emporium for odd meals, and Isaac fancied that this nice gentleman would serve as a convenient instrument in the matter of harming Dr. Mortimer.

Isaac knew that the Hooligans bore Jim plenty of ill-will, and would be only too pleased to get an opportunity to wreak their spite against him. And it struck Isaac that their most favourable opportunity would occur at night-time, when

Now, Isaac knew what sort of metal Jim was composed of, and did not believe in his heart of hearts that the Hooligans would ever succeed in—as they elegantly put it—"outing" him; but he fancied they might be able to hustle him and

HE WAS ABSOLUTELY CORNERED!

Jim was attending a patient in one of the narrow courts in which the locality abounded.

The Hooligan leader had been in that afternoon, and Isaac had lost no time in sounding him about Jim. The Hooligan's sentiments and hopes were expressed in brief but blasphemous terms.

do him some serious harm, and that, Isaac decided, would just suit *his* book. He did not want them to murder Jim; only hurt him.

That evening the Hooligan came in again and consumed a large meal which heartened him up considerably and filled him with a savage desire to turn his hand against some of his fellow-

beings. Kicking a policeman's skull in would have formed a most delectable dessert to his repast.

As he was leaving the shop in his usual truculent manner, he found Isaac lounging on the step.

"Good evening, sir," said Isaac, smoothly.

"Evening, gov'nor."

Isaac gazed at the other craftily. "Our dear doctor has been busy to-day," he murmured.

The Hooligan spat on the pavement.

"'E's off again—just gone to Pine-court," added Isaac, carelessly.

An evil light glittered in the Hooligan's pig eyes.

"Pine-court? 'Ow d'yer know?"

"Saw a kid from the court fetch him."

Half-a-dozen friends of the Hooligan's were standing idly about near a public house close by. The Hooligan's glance fell on them. There was a shady little tavern not much further away where a dozen more would certainly be "on call." And at other points he knew of other members of his band were to be quickly found.

The Hooligan lit his short clay pipe, nodded to Isaac, and strolled away. Isaac saw the man approach his pals and enter into conversation with them. Then Isaac chuckled contentedly and went back to his work.

The case Jim had been called to was a serious one, and he was detained over an hour in the wretched room the Pine-court urchin had conducted him to. He drew a deep breath of relief when he at length quitted the loathsome sleeping-den and walked down the dirty stairs into the comparatively fresh air of the court below.

He was fumbling for his pipe, thinking to enjoy a smoke on his way back to the surgery, when a sight met his eyes which, for a moment, made his heart beat quickly. The narrow entrance to the court—whose opposite end was a *cul-de-sac*, there being no outlet whatever—was completely blocked up by a large gang of louts. A glance showed him that their attitude was hostile to himself, and another quick glance round and about made manifest the disturbing and uncomfortable fact that he was absolutely cornered!

He knew, however, that it would be fatal to show the slightest fear or hesitation. They meant mischief, and although, to the best of his reckoning, they were twenty-five to his one, he saw he would have to go for the lot.

He walked quickly and resolutely forward. As he came up to the gang, the foremost of its members retired a few steps, for Jim's prowess was well-known to them. All but one—a weedy, foxy-faced youth—who stood his ground and leered up impudently at the young doctor.

"We've got yer this time," said the weedy one, exultingly.

For reply, Jim hit him, and as the man, with a yell of pain, dropped to the ground, a knife fell from his nerveless hand.

Instantly the rest threw themselves upon Jim. A blow from a knobbed stick crushed his hat in, and a belt-buckle, whizzing past his ear, cut right through his coat and nipped his shoulder. Simultaneously he was venomously kicked and struck on the body and legs

Still, no blow got really home, and Jim, warming to the fight, left a bruise every time either of his fists shot out. Several belts came swinging at his face; he dodged them, then seized one, wrenched it out of its owner's hands, and lashed back at them with the cruel buckle.

He was nearer the entrance of the court now, and, as he fought, edged still further that way. Perceiving his design, the Hooligans massed themselves between their single opponent and the outlet, and such were their numbers that Jim had to retire towards the blind wall at the end of the court.

Step by step Jim was being forced back. If he were to make a rush into any of the houses he would be trapped still more surely. He was safer in the open. But when he reached the wall, and could retire no further, the end must come, for the wall was unscalable, and he could not break his way through this pack of human wolves.

Still, Jim was lashing out as fiercely as ever with the belt, and the curses of the Hooligans were proofs of the execution the heavy buckle wrought amongst them. His hat was off, his face was bleeding, his breath was coming in short, sharp gasps; they were all round him, hemming him in, and in a few seconds he must have been down, when of a sudden there was a great, hearty, boisterous cry, and Jim knew that help had come.

"*Matt's! Matt's to the rescue! Hold up, Jim! Matt's!*"

This was the call as the sixteen men from Matt's, headed by the Welshman and Deadwood, came streaming into the court.

Unseen by the Hooligans, the small boy who had fetched Jim to his mother, witnessing Jim's perilous situation, had crept out of the court, and, encountering the students on their march down Mount-street, had, in a few breathless words, informed them of "the doctor's" plight. If it had been any other doctor, they would have flown to the rescue, but they guessed it was Jim, and, directed by the urchin, made a frantic rush for Pine-court.

The Hooligans left Jim to face the new danger. The students and the Mount-street ruffians met

with a crash, and there was a short, sharp *mêlée*.

But it was quite short. The Hooligans—undersized wretches as many of them were—had no chance against the students, most of whom were athletes, and a few, like Deadwood, skilled fighters.

Jim's assailants were knocked down in all directions, and thrashed with their own belts. When they got up it was to make a dash for the entrance of the court, where they ran into the arms of the stout sergeant and his merrie men. Each policeman held tight to a Hooligan, and the students, pursuing hotly, captured others, but the majority of the gang got away.

Among the captured was the chief of the gang.

"This'll mean five years for you, Jack Smith," said the stout sergeant, "and serve you right, your dirty scoundrel."

Mr. Smith's reply need not be recorded.

But among those who got away was the foxy-faced youth, whose jaw Jim had broken.

He had crept out of the fight and up a dark staircase, and there he lay until the police disappeared, writhing with pain and vowing eternal vengeance on Jim Mortimer.

CHAPTER XX.

AFTER THE PLAY.

"DEAR old man!" said the red-haired student, wringing Jim's hand, "I'm so glad we got here in time!"

Jim, needless to say, returned the hearty hand-clasp with interest.

The red-haired one then briefly recapitulated the events of the evening, and just as he concluded his story the stout sergeant touched him on the shoulder.

"My men have taken those rascals off to the station, sir," he said; "it's a good haul, and we couldn't have got 'em if you gentlemen hadn't helped. That being the case, I don't feel like taking you to the station as well. Couldn't you arrange matters, sir, with the gentleman at Dr. Taplow's surgery?"

"Certainly, sergeant," said the red-haired one, who promptly approached the bearded man, Mr. Deadwood following in his wake.

"I say, you know, sir," said the red-haired one to the bearded man, "if we've done any damage we shall be glad to make it good, don't you know. You don't wish to take further proceedings, do you?"

"It was a most unwarrantable intrusion," rejoined the bearded man, stiffly.

"I admit it," said the red-haired student.

"And we're sorry," added Mr. Deadwood, "beastly, awfully sorry."

Mr. Deadwood accompanied this statement with a glance which was intended to indicate that if he (the bearded man) didn't accept the red-haired one's proposal, he (the bearded man) would get a jolly good punch in the nose from him (Mr. Deadwood).

The bearded man evidently interpreted the glance thus, for he replied: "Very well, I will see what damage has been done, and send you the bill."

"Right O!" said the red-haired one, "my name's Evans Evans, of Matt's."

"Matt's!" cried the bearded man, "why didn't you tell me that before? *I'm* a Matt's man!"

"You didn't look like a Matt's man, you see," explained Mr. Deadwood, in his nice way.

"But I *am* a Matt's man," said he of the beard, "so I won't send in any account. I quite understand. You thought it was Mortimer's place?"

"Exactly," said the Welshman.

Jim had joined the group. "Well," he said, "I hope you'll all come along to my place now and have some of the old poison."

"We will," said Mr. Deadwood, with emphasis. "Come on, old cock," he added, linking his arm in the bearded man's, "I believe you're not a bad sort, in spite of your looks."

The bearded man wisely submitted to being led off in this way, and the rest followed, Jim bringing up the rear with the Welshman. The stout sergeant's friendliness had not been forgotten, for he arrived at the police-station the wealthier by half-a-sovereign.

It was midnight before the students left Jim's surgery, and by that time Jim and the bearded man were firm friends, the latter having proved to be by no means a "bad sort." Mr. Deadwood insisted on making a note of the bearded man's natal day, as he said he would like to send him a birthday present. In parting, Mr. Deadwood shook the bearded man warmly by the hand several times, wished him a merry, merry Christmas, and added that after all it was better to be healthy than handsome, and that he saw no reason why he (the bearded man) should not, therefore, be perfectly contented.

After this Mr. Deadwood climbed into a cab and fell fast asleep. Edmund Muldmay got in after him, and said it would be all right, he would "see Deady home—merry Christmas everybody!" So they drove off amid the wild hallooing of their fellow-students, who then chartered other cabs, and drove off too, leaving Jim and the bearded man saying very nice things to each other on the pavement. And so the evening ended in seasonable fashion.

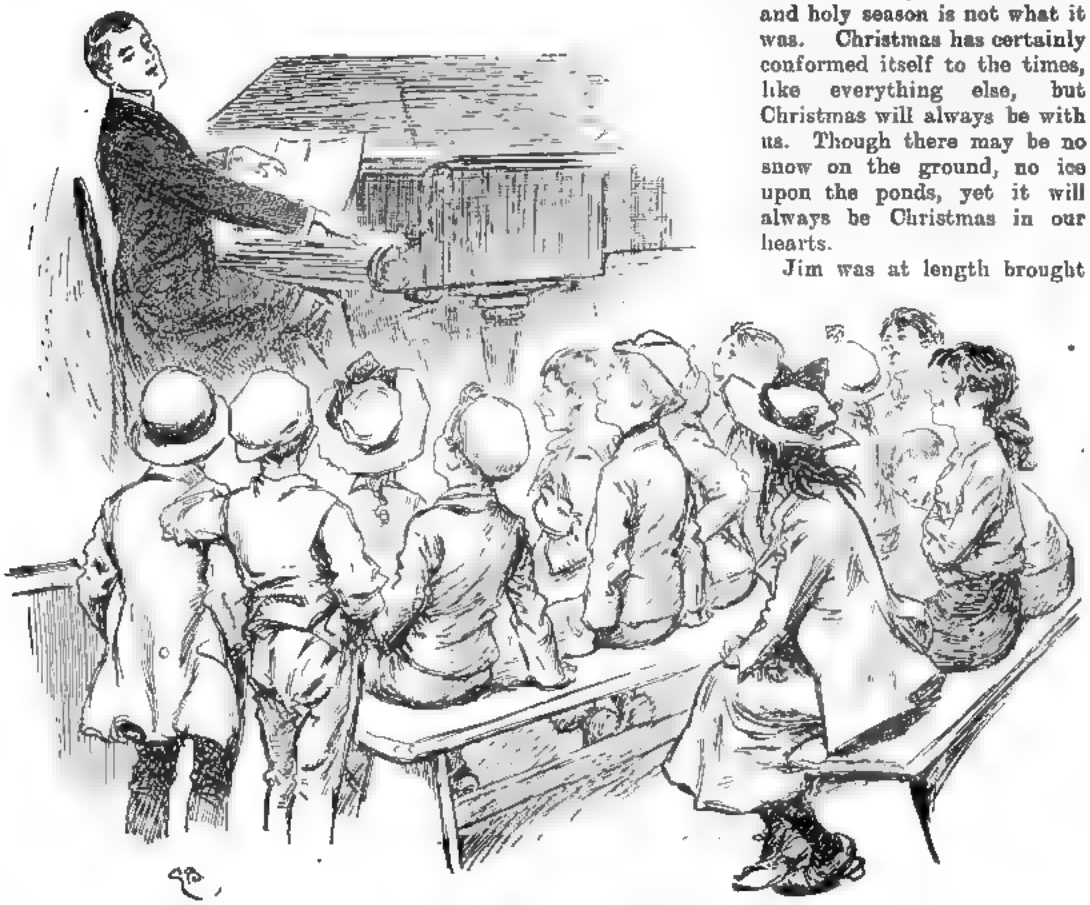
Christmas came on apace. Down at Three-

ways, Christmas was always kept jovially, and Jim had been much in request everywhere. There were skating and hockey, theatricals and dancing, and Jim had been the central figure of all such activities and recreations. But, alas! Threeways was now forbidden land to Jim.

Late in the afternoon of this Christmas Eve, Jim sat by his surgery fire smoking a solitary pipe. Paying Koko the twenty-five pounds had left him with very light pockets, but he had bought a few presents. Number Nine was now his home, so to speak, and he did not like to let Christmas pass without recognising the fact in some way. So, earlier in the afternoon, he had journeyed to Regent-street and wandered vaguely round a huge shop which seemed to contain nothing else but what one would like to buy. There were heaps of people there besides Jim; boys and girls, fathers and mothers, aunts and uncles. Jim, while waiting his turn, found amusement in watching the crowd of purchasers. Here was a boy hungrily eyeing a huge model yacht or torpedo boat; here a girl, wistfully calculating whether she could afford to give the price marked on the purse, or the letter-case, or the inkstand she knew Mother would *love*! Here were two sisters, holding a whispered consultation; here a portly uncle, blandly making a big hole in a ten-pound-note for little nephews and nieces.

Christmas has not gone from us, although some soured folk say that this sweet and holy season is not what it was. Christmas has certainly conformed itself to the times, like everything else, but Christmas will always be with us. Though there may be no snow on the ground, no ice upon the ponds, yet it will always be Christmas in our hearts.

Jim was at length brought to bay by a good-looking dark girl in a neat black dress. There was a touch of Dora about her, and, as she smiled in a friendly way upon the very tall customer, Jim told her just exactly what he wanted, and the dark girl's suggestions were so practical and tasteful that his presents subsequently proved great successes. For that voluble dame, Mrs. Maybury, and her elder step-daughter, Miss H. R. Maybury, he bought neat little velvet hand-bags of the kind ladies carry when they take



"YOU SHOULD 'AVE 'EARD 'EM LARF!"

walks abroad; for Frank he got a huge knife, containing, among other wonders, an implement for extracting stones from horses' hoofs—no boy's knife, indeed, seems complete without this strange appendage, which is never by any chance used for the humane purpose it is intended for. For Dora, Jim bought a little writing-case made of light-brown leather. Upon the corner he had an initial "D" affixed, in silver. This addition was expeditiously made while he waited. Jim knew that he must be very discreet in the kind of present he gave to Dora, so he chose something that looked quite simple, though, as a matter-of-fact, the little writing-case cost him more than the other three presents put together. The dark girl, with her quick instinct, seemed to read in Jim's eyes that this was a *very* special present, for Jim looked at eleven other writing-cases before he fixed on this one.

The presents were packed up at last, and Jim told the dark girl he was very much obliged to her, and that he was afraid he had given her a great deal of trouble. But the dark girl said that he hadn't been the slightest trouble, and hoped he would come there for his presents next Christmas, which Jim promised faithfully to do.

When he got back to his surgery he made up some medicine, and then sat down by the fire to smoke. And while he smoked he wondered whether his grandfather was thinking of him, and whether they would ever be re-united. Jim knew Dr. John Mortimer too well to hope that the sentence of banishment he had passed on his grandson would ever be remitted. It seemed that he and the dear old home at Threeways were destined to be strangers for evermore.

Now it happened that the enterprising son of a Mount-street tradesman had taken a snapshot of Jim one sunny November afternoon, as the Long 'Un was standing by his surgery door. The snapshot showed a good deal of the building as well as its occupier, and made a good picture. The youth had subsequently given Jim a mounted copy of the photo.

"I'll send the old man a Christmas Card," said Jim, and straightway took the photo off his mantelpiece and wrote upon its back: "*The present quarters of your affectionate grandson, Jim. Wishing you a happy Christmas.*"

He put his Mount-street address under this message, and, on his way to Number Nine, posted the photo to his grandfather.

Christmas Day dawned bright and frosty, and passed off far more pleasantly than Jim had anticipated. Those for whom Jim had bought presents were genuinely surprised and pleased by Jim's thoughtfulness. Mrs. Maybury scrutinised Dora's face keenly as the girl opened the packet addressed to her in Jim's handwriting. But Dora simply thanked Jim as her sister had thanked him. She did not appear at all self-conscious, and so Mrs. Maybury, who had begun of late to regard Jim and Dora with some suspicion, felt distinctly puzzled.

Frank was delighted with the knife, and for several days after kept a sharp look-out for a limping horse that might require a stone removed from its hoof. But, as he afterwards told Jim, he didn't have any luck probably because "nearly all the streets were made of beastly wood."

By the first post on Christmas morning there arrived for Dora a magnificent diamond brooch -Mr. Jefferson's gift. At the same time Mr. Jefferson reminded her that he would be calling about seven o'clock on Boxing Night to take her to the pantomime at Drury Lane.

At breakfast on Boxing Day Jim produced some yellow tickets. "There's a big show on for children in the Mount-street Church Room to-night," he said, "and I'm going to sing. Anyone care to come? It's a free show."

Mr. Maybury quietly said that he would like a ticket, but nobody else accepted Jim's offer, so, as he had several tickets at his disposal, Jim gave one to Mary, and, later on, one to the old woman who looked after his surgery.

Mr. Cleave and Miss Bird, it should be mentioned, were spending Christmas with relations —a fact which filled Jim with a feeling of devout thankfulness.

There was a very early dinner at Number Nine that evening, as Mrs. Maybury, Miss "H.R.," and Frank were going to the pantomime at the Surrey Theatre. Punctually at seven, Mr. Jefferson arrived and bore Dora, radiant and blushing, off to Drury Lane. The others went out about the same time, Mary trotting off to the Church Room in advance of Mr. Maybury and Jim in order to secure a good seat.

So Number Nine remained locked up and tenantless until past eleven, when Mr. Maybury arrived home.

The others trailed in half-an-hour later, Frank bursting with laughter over the antics and wheezes of the principal low comedian. Between twelve and one Dora and Mr Jefferson came.

Dora, strangely silent, went to her room at once. Mr. Jefferson, on the other hand, seemed much elated, and chatted gaily for some minutes before he took his departure.

Dora had not been in her room long before there came a little tap at her door, followed by the entrance of Mary.

"Oh, Miss, I'm sure you must be tired," said Mary; "may I help you?"

"If you like, Mary; yes, I am very tired."

Dora sighed as she sat down in front of her

glass. Mary hastened to comb and brush her young mistress's hair. It was like old times to Dora, having her hair brushed by a maid—the old times when Mr. Maybury was wealthy and held his head high in the commercial world. But now, alas! he was only a clerk in the office of the man who had taken Dora to the theatre that night! Her diamonds came from the man who paid her father a weekly wage!

"Oh, Miss, wasn't the pantomime *lovely?*"

"Yes, it was very nice," replied Dora, absent-mindedly. Then, rousing herself a little, she said: "And did you enjoy the concert, Mary?"

"Oh, Miss Dora, it was grand! And so was the Doctor, Miss!"

"Did he sing well?"

"*Sing!* I should think he did. You should 'ave 'eard 'em larf! They wouldn't let 'im leave off. They clapped and 'oorayed every time—them children—till I thought they'd never stop. Funny ain't the word. I very nearly split in 'arf, Miss! There was five hundred children, and 'eaps of other folk, and the vicar and 'is curates, and their lady friends—and they larfed as much as the children did, Miss. And right at the end 'e sang a little song—to finish with—which was funny at first, and then made you feel you'd like to cry. And the kiddies kept quite quiet in that part—they seemed to understand, Miss. And when he'd done, Miss, he bowed to all the children just as if they were lords and ladies, and it was real pretty to see the little girls kiss their hands to 'im, and the Doctor kiss his hand back to them! Everybody enjoyed it, and them kids went 'ome as 'appy as if they'd each found a shillin'."

Mary dilated on the concert at great length, but she went off at last, and Dora was still sitting thoughtfully before the glass when there came yet another knock at her door.

She rose from her chair and went to see who it was.

"May I come in a moment, dear?"

It was Mr. Maybury. "I wanted to hear how you enjoyed the pantomime."

For reply, Dora flung her arms round her father's neck and burst into tears.

"Why, Dora, dear—what is the matter?"

But Dora still sobbed upon his shoulder.

"Is it anything to do with Mr. Jefferson, dearest?"

"Yes," said Dora.

"You have not quarrelled, I hope?"

Dora lifted her head and looked bravely into her father's eyes.

"No, we haven't quarrelled, father dear. On the way home he asked me to marry him within a month from now."

"And you said?"

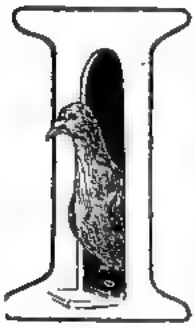
"And I promised that I would, father."

R. Shannon Bell

(To be Continued.)

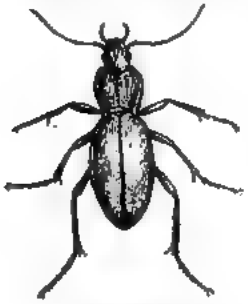
NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.



I AM asked by "H. I. M." (Dorset Square), what constitutes a good show rabbit; what are the best kinds to keep in London, and what to feed them on? In rabbit shows there are usually a number of classes corresponding to the different breeds, such as lops, silver, Himalayan, Angora, Dutch, and so on. Each of these classes has its own special "points" for prize-winners, an enumeration of which would take up more space than I have at my disposal. Any of these would succeed in London, provided that proper care is taken in housing, feeding and general management. The best plan, therefore, is to visit a dealer, or a show, and select the variety that is most pleasing to you, subject to the price you are prepared to pay, and do your best with it. They must have plenty of room in the hutch, plenty of air, regular and proper food, and be kept scrupulously clean. The food should be varied, oats, barley, bran, wetted and kneaded up until it crumbles, carrots, parsnips, swedes, always a variety of green meat, such as lettuce, groundsel, sow-thistle, plantain, etc., free from surface moisture; boiled potatoes and potato peel, hay. Three meals a day—morning, noon, and evening; water once a day, but not left in the hutch. You speak of a difficulty in getting greenstuff in London; if so, do not keep rabbits, but there are numerous greengrocers even in London. Thanks for your suggestion that this "Corner" should contain an article every month on some domestic animal; but do you not see that it would take up all the room intended to be devoted to answers to our readers' enquiries?

Ground Beetle.—The beetle sent to me by "Coleop" (Hatcham) is the granulated ground beetle (*Carabus granulatus*), which is here figured of the natural size. There are ten different species of ground beetles found in Britain, and they all present the general features shown in the figure, though differing in details of size, colouring, sculpturing, etc. The present species owes its name to the surface texture of the hard wing-covers, which is slightly grooved and granulated. In most of the species the wings with which other beetles fly at night are practically absent, and the wing-cases incapable of opening. In the granulated ground beetle, however, the wing-cases can be separated, and there is a little more wing than usual beneath, but not sufficient for any useful purpose. These beetles live almost entirely underground, where they prey upon other insects, worms, etc. You need not fear that they will do harm to your garden; quite the opposite.



GRANULATED GROUND-BEETLE.

Canary Birds Breeding.—"T. F." (Manchester) has a pair of canaries, and though the hen has laid three eggs she will only sit on them at night, and drives the cock bird away from the nest. He wishes to know "how this can be prevented next time." It is somewhat the same with canaries as with domestic fowls—good laying hens are not always good brooding hens. It may be so with yours, and if further experience shows this to be so, you had better try another hen. Known good breeders command a good price. It is usual to take away the eggs as laid, substituting an artificial egg to prevent discouragement, and to replace them when the hen ceases to lay. The number is usually five or six. As breeding birds have several broods each season—which extends from April to September—you may still get some young birds this year.

Eared Owls.—Two of the so-called eared owls are British. The "ears" are merely tufts of

LONG-EARED OWL.

feathers. The long-eared owl (*Asio otus*) is the most widely distributed, and may occasionally be found nesting in fir woods in most parts of the country, but the short-eared owl (*Asio accipitrinus*) breeds only on the moors of the north, and in the eastern counties. The ear tufts of the latter are about three-quarters of an inch long; those of the former double that length.

Books.—"Seed-fossil" (Pollokshields) will find the information he requires in (1) Drury's *Home Gardening* (L. Upcott Gill, 1s.); (2) Williams' *British Fossils* (Sonnenschein, 1s.); (3) Ramsay's *Mineralogy* (Lockwood, 3s.).

Land Tortoise.—A small tortoise, purchased by E. B. Lye (Luton), does not seem to flourish, though kept indoors and given milk-sop, lettuce and cabbage. My correspondent wishes to know if it is getting the right kind of food, and does it need water? As I think I have mentioned before, the land tortoise is a vegetarian and will only eat juicy leaves. Lettuce is of this class, but the tortoise likes to bite mouthfuls from the leaves of plants rooted in the ground. Turn him into the garden, E. B. Lye, where he can feed when he feels inclined on dandelion, marigold, lettuce, etc., and make provision for drinking and bathing, as advised for "Tortoise" (Malvern), in June CAPTAIN.

Collie Chasing Sheep, Etc.—"J. H. Q." (Hayle) has a collie which is an inveterate sheep-chaser, and which is so afraid of the sight and sound of a gun that he frequently runs away for hours. Chastisement has no effect on him. I have always understood from farmers who kept collies that a dog developing this sheep-chasing habit is incurable, and must be sold to some one for city life, where he will have no opportunity of indulging his weakness. In the second case, I can only suggest that he be accustomed to the gun by taking him on the chain with shooting parties, to make him realise that the gun is not a danger to him, just as one cures a shying horse by insisting on its passing the object at which it shies.

Dormice.—There is no reason, J. B. Leggatt (Southsea), why your dormice should not breed in captivity providing they are properly fed and otherwise cared for, as yours appear to be. I am glad to learn that your little family passed through their winter sleep all well and are now in good condition. The dealer's advice to wake them up every day in winter was utterly wrong. They should not be interfered with at all during hibernation, but food should always be at hand *in case* they wake up. I am afraid that dealer was giving advice which would necessitate your going to him to supply the places of those that would die under such treatment. In keeping any kind of animals the most sensible method is to copy Nature as closely as possible. When you have read up the natural history of an animal and found out its habits, so keep it that it can retain its habits in captivity. You expressed the hope that I should not be "annoyed" by the careful details of your letter. On the contrary, I was very pleased to find you had followed so rational a course, and had been rewarded by success.

Shells.—"Conchomaniac" (Cambridge) wants to know how to arrange a collection of shells, but is a little bit doubtful whether the subject belongs to this corner, as he has not yet seen any questions about it. (See June CAPTAIN.) All branches of Nature study are in order here; but it is as well that you addressed your query to me, or the Old Fag might have sent it to his ordnance expert, just as I fear he sent a query on bats (meant for me) to Mr. C. B. Fry. First of all, you must get the names of each shell. In the case of the foreign species you may worry out the family names from Woodward's *Manual of the Mollusca* (Lockwood and Co., 7s. 6d.), and then the species name is best obtained by comparing them with museum specimens. So far as the British shells are concerned you will find all the principal species figured and described in my *Shell Life* (Warne and Co.). Each species should then be placed separately in glass-topped boxes, or neatly gummed on tablets of glass, wood or cardboard, with the name attached. The valves of bivalves should *not* be separated. Yes, it is quite possible by intelligent reading and comparison of specimens to arrange your collection properly. I shall always be glad to help you in any way I can.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Alperton Hall Magazine (April).—"Mumps" and the weather have been causing the school much tribulation, but beyond that the Editor has little or nothing to chronicle. He has managed to secure a very excellent article on "Hints to Young Bug-hunters," by Lulworth Skipper, a great authority on the Lepidoptera. It appears that at the Hall there are several boys very devoted to natural history, and we cannot too strongly advocate the development of this side of school life. The following stand first on the list for the school prizes:—D. McAuley, G. de L. Landon, C. Arden, P. S. McAuley, and L. Cook. The sports' record shows twenty-one matches played (in football), with ten won and eleven lost, 81 goals for, and 60 against. In cricket last year 14 matches were played, of which 6 were won, 7 were lost, and one was drawn. 1,056 runs were scored against 845.

"The Blue" (April).—This publication is full of interesting reading this month. The concert of the term seems to have been in many respects an unique success. Poetic genius stamps

the pages of the magazine with attractive variety The "Anti-Ornithologic" is a poetic defence of bird-kind, happy in its practical conception. The school chapel is being provided with a new organ which will contain nine miles of lead piping. The 1st XV. is to be congratulated on the results of the past season, 17 matches having been played, 14 won, and 3 lost, with 43 goals, 68 tries (419 points) for, and 5 goals, 1 penalty goal, 6 tries (46 points) against. The 2nd XV. played 8 matches, won 2, lost 4, and drew 2, with 9 goals, 1 penalty goal, 13 tries (87 points), for, and 8 goals, 13 tries (79 points), against.

Pembroke Dock (County School, March).—This magazine is improving greatly and mirrors the school life in a healthy manner. A graphic account of "A Spanish Bull-fight" appears. The reminiscences by W. B. S., under the heading of "Some Early Cricketers," are especially interesting at this time, while the "Natural History Notes" contain a wealth of information and indicate that a practical interest is taken in this important educational branch. The sporting record of the school spells progress. The following paragraph, under "School Notes," adds lustre to the school:—"For the first time since the foundation of the school the position of Mayoress is this year filled by a former pupil, and how well Miss Hutchings fills the post has been recently shown by the great success of the most enjoyable reception given by the Mayor and Mayoress in the Temperance Hall."

Durham High School (April).—Under the heading of "Les Queux," the editor draws attention to financial and other troubles, and winds up with a stirring appeal on behalf of the magazine. The school interest appears lacking. School magazines are excellent means of maintaining interest and healthy activity, beyond being mere records, and the appeal deserves a warm response There is a breezy account of "How we Hanged the Great Sea (side) Serpent," and "W. A. H." describes an "Exciting Night on Cowes Island" in an attractive style. The results of the house cricket matches (Cambridge Cup) for 1902-3 are given as follows:—Cradock's, played 3, won 3, drawn 0, lost 0, 6 points; Belcher's, played 3, won 2, drawn 0, lost 1, 4 points; Wilson's, played 3, won 1, drawn 0, lost 2, 2 points; Ballance's, played 3, won 0, drawn 0, lost 3, 0 points.

Glasgow High School (April).—The "Reminiscences of the High School," by Mr. Wm. Mitchell, LL.D., provide interesting reading, and the article on "Student Life in Germany" is instructive and well written. On the whole the magazine for this month is bright and entertaining, and a credit to the school. Many of the articles are contributed by members of the sixth, fifth, and fourth forms, and are characterised by marked literary taste and ability

"The Hurst Johnian" (April).—This is the 450th number, and a very bright and compact little mag. it is. The tone is good, and the editing excellent.

The Isis.—We have received copies of this magazine for May 2nd, and 9th. A feature of the former number is the able article on Mr. Frederick William Curran, of Lincoln College (with portrait), while in the latter number Mr. E. G. Monier-Williams is the "Idol." There is much that is well written and attractive in both copies.

Marylebone Centre (April).—We are pleased to receive the second number of this publication. Though an infant, it is full of promise, and should "do well." It is "run" by the Marylebone Pupil Teachers' Centre, and the matter is contributed by the students, male and female. The venture is spirited, wealthy in conception, and deserves success

North Park Magazine (1903), edited by R. T. E. Massey, is an exceedingly attractive number. The contributions are racy and instructive. Mrs. Archer Baker's sketch of a trip through the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains, from Montreal to Victoria, is a highly entertaining narrative.

The Ousel (Bedford Grammar School, May), though modest in size, is effective in style, and contains many interesting records. R. E. C. concludes his capital account of "From Bombay to the Gairsoppa Falls."

The Reflector (February and March numbers).—Both these numbers are replete with interesting matter. The serial by P. J. Campbell, "Under the Southern Cross," maintains its interest.

St. Anne's Magazine (April).—The number this month is a pleasing record in many ways. The museum venture seems to be awakening much interest, and should prove a valuable institution. Other schools might take a hint from St. Anne's.

The Tonbridgian (April), is an attractive, well-arranged number, despite the Editorial lament that "the creative faculty of the present generation appears to be in a state of paralysis, judging from the paucity of contributions." It appears to us that editors of School Magazines might offer prizes of books for the best contributions sent in. One book a number, say. This would act as a stimulant to latent talent. We shall be glad to place a book, by one of our CAPTAIN authors, at the disposal of any editor who cares to adopt our suggestion.

The Truro College Magazine (April) also complains of lack of material for this number. Yet there is some good matter. R. W. W.'s article on "Consciousness and Subconsciousness," is a well-written and well-thought-out piece of work

The Yare (April) appears in a new cover this term. It is pleasing in design, while the number is itself a capital one, and contains much of interest to the general reader. It is pleasing to note that "one of our old boys has written in *Blackwood's Magazine* a most interesting article on the late Mr. Rhodes' criticism of the University Fellows as 'mere children in finance.'"

PAST AND PRESENT HEADS OF WESTMINSTER.

BY kind permission of Dr. Gow, the distinguished "head" of Westminster School (fully described in another part of this magazine), we are enabled, through Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, to publish the portrait of the present headmaster, and side by side a fine mezzotint of Dr. Busby and his favourite pupil. These two masters stand at the extremes of time in the history of Westminster. For fifty-five years Busby ruled over Westminster, and no man has left a deeper or more abiding impression on English School life. He birched his boys as no man ever birched before or since. At one time he could point to sixteen bishops who adorned the bench and say, "All those men passed under my care." Among his pupils were poets and philosophers like Dryden and Locke. He was learned, he was loved, he was assiduous, he was pious. He died as he had lived, and left his money for the education of poor boys in his native town of Lutton, in Lincolnshire. The present headmaster of Westminster does not birch. Dr. Gow is a "just beast" of the type of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. He is keen on the cadet corps and not too keen on athletics. He is a great classic and a great educationalist, and candidates for the London "matric" may be interested to know that he is one of their examiners under the new regulations. He has a marvellous memory for faces. He recognised an old boy in Nottingham the other day at a glance though seven years had elapsed since they last met. His tenure of Westminster covers but a period of two years. May his reign be happy and glorious, like that of his great prototype.

THE REV. JAMES GOW, M.A., LITT.D., HEADMASTER OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

DR. BUSBY AND HIS FAVOURITE PUPIL.
From a mezzotint by J. Watson.

HAILEYBURY COLLEGE.

In the August number of THE CAPTAIN we hope to publish an excellent article on Haileybury, profusely illustrated, and full of pleasant gossip about Haileybury records, customs and athletics.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

Last day for sending in, July 14th.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus :—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by July 14th.

The Results will be published in September.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—"**As Others See Us.**"—Tell us, on a CAPTAIN post-card, a packet of which can be procured from this office post free for 1½d., what you consider to be the most surprising English custom in the eyes of foreigners visiting our shores for the first time. To the sender of the best answer we will award a ten-guinea Rudge-Whitworth Bicycle—as illustrated on the opposite page.

One Age limit ... ... Twenty-one.

No. 2.—"**Photographic Competitions.**"—Hand or stand camera work Any subject. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. PRIZES: 1st Class, a Hobbies No. 4 Hand Camera, value £1 10s.; 2nd Class, three 10s. Scout Cameras; 3rd Class, three 10s. Brownie Cameras, as illustrated.

Class I. ... .. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... . Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... .. Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 3.—"**Popular Cricketers.**"—Make a list, on a CAPTAIN post-card, a packet of which can be obtained from this office post free for 1½d. in stamps, of the six cricketers playing in first-class county cricket whom you consider to be the most popular "with the crowd." Three of Messrs. Gamage's Cricket Bats, value one guinea each, will be the prizes, as illustrated.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—"**Hidden Birds.**"—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is supposed to represent the name of a well-known bird. Write the name under each, fill in your name, age, class, and address, tear the page out, and post to us. In the event of a number of competitors sending in correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. Nine of Messrs. Lindner's Complete Printing Outfits will be awarded as prizes, three to each class. (See illustrations.)

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... .. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... .. Age limit: Twelve.

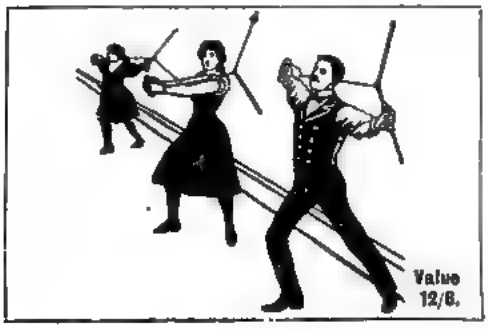
No. 5.—"**Drawing of an Animal.**"—Make a study of an animal in pen, pencil, or water-colour. Neatness in execution will be taken into consideration. Six Pictorial Post-Card Albums, supplied by Messrs. W. J. Jones, will be awarded as prizes. (See illustration.)

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 6.—"**Omitted Words.**"—In the following lines of poetry we have omitted certain words. The competitor (in each class) who restores them most correctly will be given one of Messrs. John Piggott's Tennis Rackets as illustrated on the opposite page.

The day is . . . . .
The lake has lost the . . . . . of . . . .
Stars shine, and waters . . . . . .
Round the shadow of the . . . .

Class I. ... .. Age limit: Eighteen.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.



EXTRA COMPETITION.

"URGENTLY NEEDED."—The great difficulty experienced by a very large number of our readers in obtaining copies of THE CAPTAIN has induced us to offer to the Six Competitors who send us the longest lists of

Names and Addresses of Newsagents who do not Stock THE CAPTAIN,

a Set of SANDOW'S OWN COMBINED DEVELOPERS, price 12s. 6d., as illustrated. No age limit; open to everybody.

"CAPTAIN" PRIZES.

IF YOU WANT

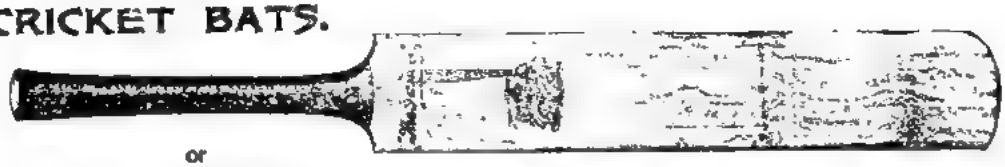
A "J. P." or a "J. P. Champion"

TENNIS RACKET,

A "Hobbies," "Brownie," or "Scout" **CAMERA,**

one of these **GUINEA CRICKET BATS.**

a Complete **PRINTING OUTFIT,**



or

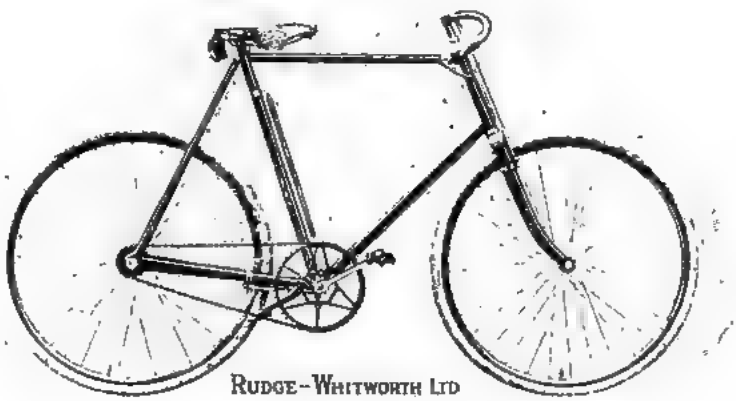
A SANDOW DEVELOPER,

Read "The Captain" Competitions on the opposite page. Or perhaps you would like to

WIN THIS £10 10s. RUDGE-WHITWORTH BICYCLE.

This is a "Standard" Rudge-Whitworth Light Roadster, with Jointless Rims, A-Won Clincher Tyres, patent Flush-Joint Frame, patent Free Wheel, Back Cable Rim Brakes, Detachable Mudguards, &c., &c.

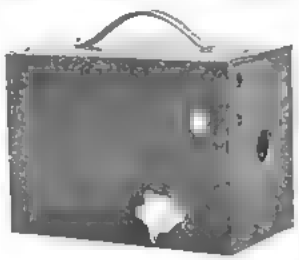
To win it, all you have to do is to tell us on a "Captain" post-card what is the most surprising English custom in the eyes of our foreign visitors. See Competition No. 1 on the opposite page.



RUDGE-WHITWORTH LTD

Three of these 10s. "Scout" Hand Cameras are awarded as prizes in our "Photographic" Competition, Class II.

Three of these 10s. "Brownie" Hand Cameras are awarded as prizes in our "Photographic" Competition, Class III.



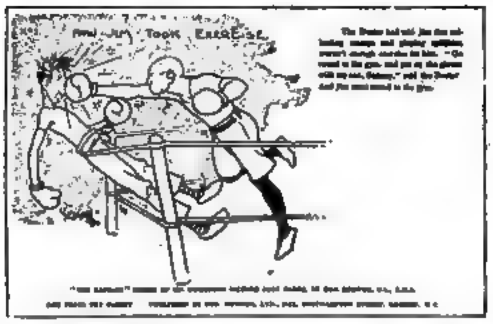
"CAPTAIN" PRIZES.

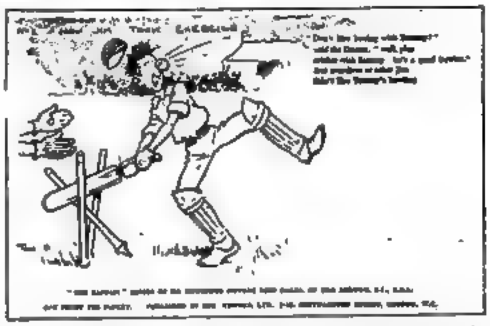
"THE CAPTAIN" PICTURE POST-CARDS.

"HOW JIM TOOK EXERCISE."

By TOM BROWNE, R.I., R.B.A. One Packet of Six Designs 1½d. in Stamps, post free.

See "Captain" Competitions Page for further particulars.

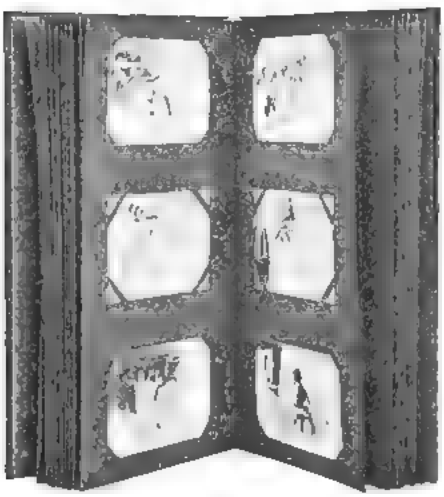




"THE CAPTAIN" POST-CARDS are now ready, in packets of six different designs by Tom Browne, R.I., R.B.A., printed in colours. A single packet of these unique and humorous cards will be sent, post-free, to any address on receipt of 1½d. in stamps, 3 packets for 4d., post-free, one dozen for 1s. 2d., post-free. Address: "Post-Cards," THE CAPTAIN, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

ORDER AT ONCE, IF YOU WANT TO WIN A £10 10s "RUDGE-WHITWORTH" BICYCLE.

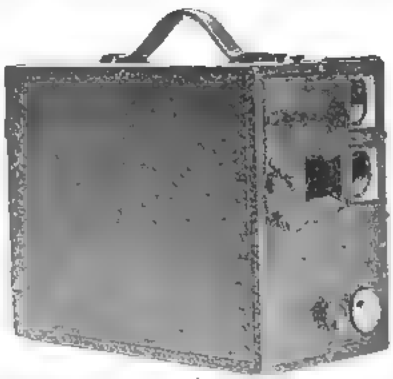
To Readers interested in Pictorial Post-card Collecting.



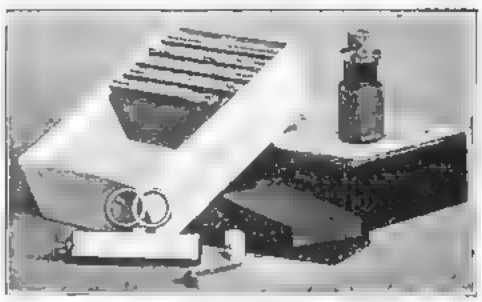
We are offering six of these Pictorial Post-card Albums to the winners of our

Drawing of an Animal Competition.

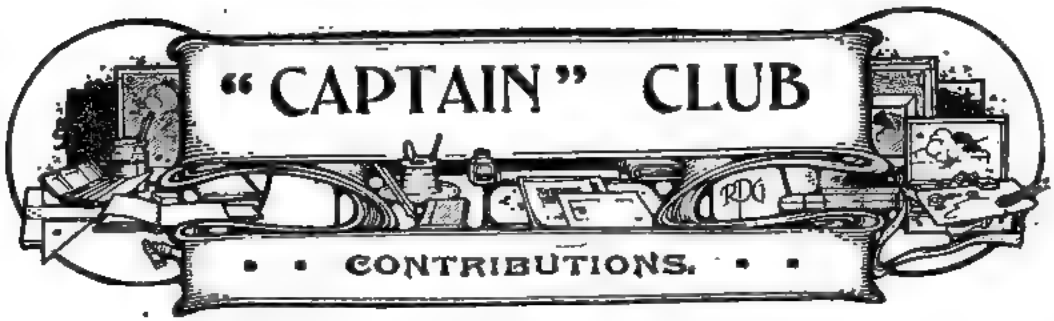
See "Competitions for July."



This Hobbies No. 4 Hand Camera, value £1 10s., is the First Prize in our Photographic Competition.



To encourage our Photographic and Artistic Readers to stamp their names and addresses on the back of their contributions, we are awarding Nine of these Complete Printing Outfits as prizes in Competition No. 4.



This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

Books by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to Rosalind F. Bridge, Grace Marsham, Kenneth Dowie, and C. T. A. Wilkinson for their respective contributions. Each prize-winner is requested to forward his or her present address, and at the same time to select a book.

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, K.B., M.V.O., MUS. DOC., ORGANIST AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY, IN COURT DRESS.

This clever competition snapshot is by Rosalind F. Bridge, and shows what clear photos can be taken with a No. 2 Pico Kodak.

Heavy Scoring on Easy Wickets.

A SUGGESTION.

THE Rev. Jno. Marsham, of Barton Segrave Rectory, Kettering, sends the following contribution on the "wider wicket" question :-

It is actually proposed in this degenerate age to augment the size of the wicket, and it is being solemnly discussed by the highest cricket authorities in the land whether augmentation is advisable, and, if so, in what way, and to what extent.

THE KIND OF WICKET FOR A DRY GROUND.

The enormous scores that have been made of late in dry seasons are responsible for the agitation. When on the second day of a match it is evident that it cannot be finished within the time allotted, the interest of the public lessens, the attendance on the third day falls off, and the gate suffers.

To meet this trouble, it is proposed to enlarge the wicket. Now, is is quite evident that the circumstances of cricket vary very widely. For instance, the same team will make very different scores on a wet wicket and a dry one—so that whereas you might want a large wicket on dry, true, fast ground, you would want a proportionately small one on sticky, dangerous ground.

AND THE SIZE REQUIRED FOR A WET WICKET.

Again, on a good ground in favourable condition, a strong batting team might make an immense score, but a poor batting team will go down, be the wicket what it may.

Where is the finality? There will be different-sized wickets wanted for various conditions of weather, ground, and cricket calibre of players. The game will end in farce, as on accompanying illustrations.

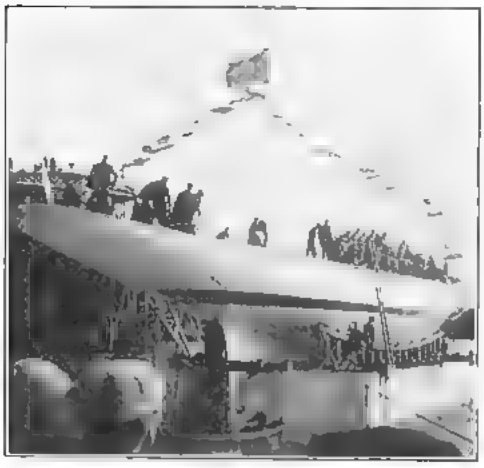
A REMINISCENCE OF THE ETON V. WINCHESTER CRICKET MATCH, JUNE, 1902.
The gentleman in the foreground, to the left, is Dr. Fearon, the late head master of Winchester.
Snapshot by Jeradine Byrom.

Read this quickly.

There was a young person named Tate,
Who dined tête-à-tête at eight eight.
As I was not there
I cannot declare
What Tate ate tête-à-tête at eight eight.

There was a young person named Carr,
Who took the three-four to Forfar;
"For," she said, "I conceive
That this train will leave
Long before the four-four for Forfar."

KEITH SILVER (Balham).



SHAMROCK III.
A clever little competition snapshot by Gordon Robertson.

"BOB, BRISTLES, AND BILLY."
Billy, the tame deer, belongs to a friend of our Montreal reader, Kenneth Dowie. This pet deer is six months old, and has grown quite tame, living in the large enclosure adjoining the house.

Here we have Billy begging for his breakfast, which Bob holds high up in his hand. Billy is full of quaint tricks, and the reason he has no horns is that his first year horns have dropped off.
Photos by Kenneth Dowie, Montreal, Canada.

CRICKET IN SOUTH AFRICA.
"Look heah! umpire, I'm going ter stay in all de time, remember dat."
By S. J. Cash.

F. H. HERRING, ESQ., CHOIRMASTER, BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL, TIVERTON, DEVON, AT THE ORGAN.
Photo by C. T. A. Wilkinson.

CRITICISMS.

Hugh Callaway (Southampton).—Speaking generally, the impression created in my mind after perusing your verses was that you are far too ambitious. The subjects you tackle are more suitable for a poet of the calibre of Browning than for a beginner like yourself. Abstract and introspective themes which seem to suggest themselves to you so readily require a good deal of the world's experience before anybody aspiring to put them into verse could do so to any valuable purpose. I do not wish to discourage you as to your future. What I would suggest is, that you take more simple themes, and treat them in simpler metre. To this end, you cannot do better than study the melodious lines of Tennyson, or Cowper, or Longfellow. You are thoughtful, but your power of expression wants a good deal of polishing before you can present it in an acceptable form. A few simple rules are what you require, and wise reading directed in the best and most useful paths, and treating more of what is called the "objective world," than the subjective sense. If you can combine the two, all the better, but poets don't seem to be built that way. In the early part of last century. two of the most distinguished poets, whose names emblazon the roll of English literature, agreed together to bring out a volume of verse which combined these two views; William Wordsworth laid himself out to treat of the objective world, and to try and interpret Nature and Nature's voice; Samuel Taylor Coleridge attempted to interpret that subjective sense of the spirit world in language which all could understand. But whether the combination was a success or not is very doubtful.

Edward N. Lee.—Your sketch shows decided ability. You seem to take more than average pains with details. It is a good plan to always carry a note-book with you, and make sketches on the quiet whenever you can. Under these circumstances, should the subject move, simply stop and go on to something else. You have every right to the encouragement your friends give you.

H. E. Wootten.—Your "Scout" snapshots are unfortunately not clear enough.

Geo. Charlton Anne (St. Servan, Ille et Vilaine, France).—Your description of Guernsey is interesting. A photograph or illustration of some sort would have helped very much to make it suitable for C.C. pages. Mere descriptions of buildings and a few guide-book particulars can be read anywhere. Try and observe characteristic features of a place, and describe them in a way that the guide-book maker never can do.

A large number of Criticisms are held over owing to lack of space.

"Supposing you were to cut down your father's cherry-tree, Robert, would *you* own to the deed like George Washington?"

"No, Uncle!"

"No! but why not, Robert?"

"Because father hasn't got a cherry-tree."

(And then he ran away to continue his reading of "Lower School Yarns.")

By Phil Bell.

12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

Some years ago a girl reader sent me an article called "About Boys." I accepted it, and had it (what we call in the office) "set up"—which being interpreted meaneth "set up in type," *i.e.*, printed. We have a good many articles "in type," waiting their turn to go in, and this little article, which made just a page, was put with the rest. Number after number came out, and still the little article remained on the shelf. Summer waned into autumn, and winter was chased away by romping spring, and still the little article waited. Now and again I got it down and looked at it, but somehow there never seemed to be any room for the little article, and after each such inspection back it went on to the shelf. To be frank, I did not think it displayed a very wide knowledge of boys and their ways, although it possessed certain merits, or, of course, I should never have accepted it. So the little article waited and waited, and the years rolled by, and, at last, one day, I took the little article—looking very wan and weary by this time—off its shelf and marked it for publication in the number then being prepared for press.

It then occurred to my mind that other articles might have been waiting almost as long, so I turned to the Art Editor—who orders the pictures, adjudicates (that's a good word!) the artistic competitions, and "fixes up" the magazine generally with the printer—and put a query to him on the subject. "Others?" said he, "why, sir, some have been waiting ever since the first number of THE CAPTAIN appeared!" "Indeed!" said I; "well, get them all out and put them in, Mr. H." "Yes, sir," said he (being a very polite man who takes no liberties), "certainly, sir! And—er—*sir*!" "Well?" said I, sharply, for I suspected him by the look in his eye. "I—er—also—as—er—as well as the—er—articles—have—er—been waiting a long time!" "What for?" I demanded, still more sharply. "A—er—ahem!—a rise in my salary, sir!" "Preposterous!" said I, "you must work for me well and faithfully for *twenty-five years* and then I will perhaps consider the matter." "But——" began the Art Editor. "Not a word more!" I said, sternly. "But," continued the Art Editor, "I am—er—I am to be—er—to be—er—in point of fact, I am to be—er—ahem!—er——" "Well," I broke in, "what are you to be? Speak up, man!" "I am to be *married* in the summer, sir!" he concluded, blushing like a peony. (I hope the printer won't make that word "pony."—*The Printer isn't such an ass, sir.* PRINTER OF THE CAPTAIN.) "When is it to be?" I demanded, more genially, for I take a benevolent and to some extent a commercial interest in marriages—orange-blossoms—rice—tears—by and bye boys and girls—readers of THE CAPTAIN—ahem! Yes, yes! Well, where was I? Ah, yes! "On the 26th of June, sir," said the Art Editor, meekly. "Indeed!" said I, "well, in that case, I will at once consider the matter of a rise in your salary—and, yes! the office will take a holiday—a *whole* holiday—on the day in question." [*Ain't the Ho Hrff rollicking this month! You should just see the togs 'e's bort for the weddin'!—wite wayskote—wite spatts—lavender suet—new top 'at. I tell you, 'e'll look stunnin'! The O. B.*]

But to return to the little article. It appeared in THE CAPTAIN, and then came a flood of letters from boys and girls in criticism thereof. Curiously enough, the original writer of the article (probably a full-grown

young lady by this time) never sent a word. I suppose she doesn't read THE CAPTAIN now she is *quite* grown-up! In that case, she has missed all the delightful things readers have been saying about her—especially readers of her own sex. Now is not that curious—a little article which was "held over" for years arousing all this correspondence! Well, we can't go on discussing the subject for ever. I think we had better find something else to discuss. Who will suggest a subject for correspondence, so that we can print letters pro and con.—or extracts from letters—and so make up an interesting page every month? I'll leave it to you all to think out.

"Boys and Girls!" What an illimitable subject to dilate upon! What do I myself think about the subject—about boys and girls? Well, I gave off a few opinions some months ago—please refer back and see what I said then. I can't refer back myself because I am writing these lines by the seaside and there's no file of THE CAPTAIN to refer to. Plenty of crabs, though, and jelly-fish, and lobsters, and fat babies falling over sandhills, and at night a cool, soft breeze from the great sea, and a murmur of little waves that seems to tell me that the strand they ripple over is a far better place for O.F.s to cogitate near than that hot and dusty thoroughfare of like designation near to which lies THE CAPTAIN office!

I think this: Both boys and girls are far too fond of condemning each other in a wholesale manner. A boy doesn't like a girl and says she's a "cat"; a girl doesn't like a boy and observes that he's a "horrid little beast." Boys and girls—aye, and people who are no longer boys and girls—must remember that there's a lot of good in everybody, but that in some people it's more hidden than is the case with others. Have you, reader, never taken a dislike to a person you've newly met, only to wonder, when you have got to know that person more intimately, how you could ever have disliked him—or her? Don't rush to hasty conclusions about people who don't exactly appeal to you at first. Try to see the good in others rather than the evil. You know, some people are selfish. You see it—you can't help seeing it. But if you know that they often try not to be selfish, are they not just as worthy of esteem as the people who are by nature generous and unselfish?

A few experiments in unselfishness will show you what good results accrue from the practice of this virtue. A sister wants to play tennis; brother won't—wants to read THE CAPTAIN. Sister turns away disappointed—brother breaks off in the middle of a Lower School Yarn—not an easy task!—and says: "All right—come on, then." Being of the British race he says this gruffly, as he does not wish it to be thought that he has a heart. That's your British way. It doesn't deceive anybody of any sense, though. Well, sister smiles like a sunny morning, runs for the racquets and balls, and soon they're hard at it. Boy gives her fifteen in each game, and finds it hard to beat her at that. Boy gets keen—proposes another set. They play three sets, and then go and eat strawberries, and finally he finishes his Lower School Yarn, sister looking over his shoulder. I tell you, this is how boys and girls come to be great friends—by one considering the other. And boys must always remember that girls set great store by little actions of this sort. A girl helps a boy in some trifling way, and the boy forgets; a boy helps a girl, and the girl *remembers*.

And now I have come to the end of my paper, and the evening is drawing in. It is time I laid down my pen and went for a walk along the beach. I wish I had some of you with me that we might all talk together this quiet evening. But instead, I have written to you, after my funning, a little seriously. This little piece at the end is a tiny sermon, written, with the beat of the waves in my ears, to *you*, all the world over. It is, I think, this beautiful and peaceful eventide which prompts me to send you all this message, *i.e.*, that, in your relations with those about you, you should "be to their faults a little blind and to their virtues very kind." This is the end of my little sermon—written at the seaside upon a Sunday evening! . . . And now I will go for my walk along the beach.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

(Overflow from "Athletic Corner.")

C. H.—A very good way to prevent sore feet is to smear the skin thoroughly with a coating of ordinary soap. Just dip the soap in water and then rub it on without making it lather. You should wear thickish woollen socks or two pairs of thin ones. A good dodge for hardening the skin of the feet is to soak them morning and evening in a solution of alum and water. You should, of course, wear comfortable shoes with fairly stout soles.

Excelsior.—I cannot think of any reason why a swimmer of your experience should suddenly become subject to violent headaches while bathing

Probably you are not quite fit, and the trouble will pass off. Otherwise, you should consult a doctor Perhaps it would be as well to slip into the water without taking a header. Then, too, you might try knocking off half the time you usually spend in the water.

Caesar.—If the striker hits the ball straight back into the other wicket, and the non-striker is out of his ground, the latter is not out unless the bowler has touched the ball. If the bowler tries to stop the ball, and the ball goes into the wicket off his hand, then the non-striker is out. Glad to hear of your success in extending your chest measurement. You had better keep on with the exercises.

Essex Footballer.—Your county has certainly reason to be proud of Woodward's play. It was certainly a great feat to be chosen against Scotland in his first year of first-class football. Look out for hints on goal-keeping at the beginning of next season

W. Oldham.—I should say that for a boy of fifteen to run four and a half miles across country over heavy ground, in twenty-six minutes, was a good performance. Of course it depends on the state of the ground. Any way, it is rather faster than an ordinary horse would trot.

Q. C.—Thank you very much for your interesting letter. I cannot find that D. Steven played for Southampton in the finals for the English Cup, but he may have played for some other club. I am sorry to say that I have not the full records by me.

L. W. Tinkler.—If by the best all-round fieldsman you mean the one who can field best in the greatest number of positions, I should say that A. O. Jones, of Nottingham, is the man. For the best all-round cricketer you must choose between F. S. Jackson, M. A. Noble, Hirst, and Lockwood. Probably most people would vote for Hirst, because he is such an exceptionally good fielder.

Old Wolvernian.—Your measurements are excellent. Your weight is somewhat above the normal—by about ten pounds in fact—but that does not matter much. Mind you do not go in for too many different systems of exercise at once. If you go with too much of a rush at physical training you are liable to exhaust and strain your system.

C. B. F

GENERAL.

Inquirer (Hanover).—(1) The prospects for civil engineers in England are good for good men. As far as I can ascertain, civil engineering is crowded with charlatans. The man with a thorough practical training in the workshops and on big works is a *rara avis*. (2) The fact of your studying at a good polytechnical school in Germany will prove invaluable if you try to get the utmost profit that can be derived from your opportunities. (3) Yes. Get the diploma and the engineering doctorate in Germany. It is a test of a definite course of study (4) Another exam. in England would not be obligatory, though I attach great importance to the engineering degree at the University of London. You ought to matriculate easily under the new regulations.

F. T. Atkin (Waltham Abbey).—Order postcards with badge. Writing fairly good. You will acquire a businesslike hand by practice. First make up your mind what kind of office you wish to enter. Read Mr. Story's article in the May CAPTAIN, "On Choosing the Wrong Profession." Yes, still sending out CAPTAIN stamps.

R. C. O. Bingham (Weymouth).—I have not the honour to be Sir Geo. Newnes. I was born on the 27th of June, 18——. Never mind about the year. You see, I am vain about my age, like the lady centenarian of Lisson Grove, who never would acknowledge that she was more than 99. Hope you are doing all you can as official representative to make THE CAPTAIN more widely known in your district.

F. Martin, jun., C.C. (Coventry).—(1) Your solution was one of hundreds received. It was not the solution of the competition editor. The prize went to the neatest.

Quidnunc (Kennington, S.E.).—Letters continue to arrive at THE CAPTAIN office on the Boy v. Girl question, but I think we have said all that can be said of a useful character. **C. W. Kent, jun.** (Hexham). Have read your letter with interest, and trust sincerely you will hold to your good resolutions. Your life will be so much happier, believe me. As to your questions: (1) "Cull" means to pluck; as, to cull a flower. (2) Yes. (3) No. If you have a special paper to do for the Oxford Local on the subject you mention, get J. C. Nesfield's "English Grammar," which appears to be one of the best of its kind published recently. (4) Yes. **W. E. Hobday** (Stoke Newington, N.).—A general knowledge competition savours too much of school work. This is a magazine for your leisure hours. We shall have an article on Merchant Taylors in due course. We are always pleased to consider photos dealing with school life, as well as brief essays, for the C.C.C. pages. Sedbergh is pronounced *Sed-burg*. **R. L. Bridgnell** (Edinburgh). Your essay on Tennyson's "Ulysses" is still crowded out. Be patient and merciful with us. You are only one of thousands of readers who submit essays. **Nobody Much** (Bradford).—Send a photograph of Saltaire, and any little picture of Shipley Glen. They will brighten up your contribution considerably. **Walter G. Vann** (Durham).—(1) The quickest—Paget. (2) Yes. (3) Cannot form CAPTAIN Club stamp exchange. I do not think the bulk of our readers would care to see their magazine turned into a vehicle for exchange and mart. **Yorkshireman** (Bristol).—Your photographs of Shamrock III. and I. appeared in the June number. Pray be comforted about the Peg Puzzle Solution, and about your previous failures to secure publication in the CAPTAIN Club pages. Everything comes to the man who knows how to wait. You must use your own discretion in entering for the competitions. If you think sport is limited to the sports you mention, or has a wider significance, you must act accordingly. **Langlois** (Valparaiso). Have handed your letter to Mr. Nankivell, who will deal with it in due course. **J. M. Luck** (Horsmonden).—I do not remember your letter of Easter Monday, but, if I come across it, I will send you a reply direct. **Yet Another Boy** (Harrow).—Your criticisms of "What I Think About Boys," "A Mere Girl," and "E. S.," are probably amply justified. You will see I have made a few remarks on this topic in my "Editorial" notes Those remarks must be regarded as a "last word" **R. M.** (Henley on Thames).—See reply to "Yet Another Boy" **R. F. M.** (Birmingham) I hope to give in a forthcoming number of THE CAPTAIN a page or two of public school news, and I am hoping also to continue it from month to month. **Epsilon** (Birming

ham).—I shall think seriously over your suggestion while I am eating my chop at lunch today. **J. L.** (Dundee).—I do not think a cypher competition will appeal to a sufficiently large number of my readers. Cannot reproduce High School, Dundee, from the pretty picture post-card you send, because it is no doubt copyright, but if you will kindly send me a photo. taken by yourself, or by a friend, I hope to be able to use that. **Quidnunc** (Kennington, S.E.).—In May, 1900, you will find an article, entitled "Stage Struck," by Mr. Murdo Munro, who has had personal experience. His remarks should prove of service to you **H. Platt** (Wilmslow, Cheshire).—There are difficulties in the way of giving the original illustrations to the stories in THE CAPTAIN as prizes. A musical competition, from our first experience, doesn't appear to appeal to a very large number of readers. **"Another Boy"** (Blackburn).—I cannot understand why certain members of the CAPTAIN CLUB wish to write to others, who are absolute strangers to them. These club lists have been serviceable in making known to many readers the present addresses of school and other friends, of whom they had lost sight. They have that interest for all readers, and are useful in that way. If you see the name of a fellow you once knew, send him a picture post-card by way of a "hail-fellow-well-met-again," but don't bewilder people who are utter strangers to you by addressing letters to them **O. L. Beater** (Ruthgar, Dublin).—Correction in article on "Irish Round Towers" noted.

K. T. Russell (Southport).—Clubbed. (1) "The Art of Illustration" is published by Dawbarn and Ward, 6, Farringdon Avenue, E.C., price 3s net. (2) The following books deal with black and white illustration and design: "Light, Shade and Shadow," by John Skeaping, price 3s. 6d. (G. Newnes, Ltd.), and "Line and Form," by Walter Crane, price 6s. (G. Bell and Sons). (3) Use Bristol board for pen and ink work, and Indian ink, which can be procured from any good stationers at 6d. a bottle. (4) The fact that you are a good copyist of other artists' work by no means indicates that you will be a great original draughtsman. Unless you start and draw from models, you cannot expect to be an artist with any individuality

O. W. N. A.—If you will send a stamped envelope I shall be willing to send you a reply to the letter you recently addressed to Mr. Fry. At the same time I must add that acting in the manner you describe is most dishonourable and reprehensible.

Leslie Ray (Birkenhead).—Your heading for a CAPTAIN post card is very well done. I will keep it by me

Short 'Un (Paisley).—(1) Yes, your copy was an exception, and I hope your newsagent changed it. (2) *Cricket*, by C. B. Fry and others, recently published by C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., price 1s.

"Aubrey" (Glasgow).—Clubbed. Send autograph book, with return postage.

E. F. (Worcester).—Clubbed. Send separate letters, enclosing stamped addressed envelopes for the autographs.

Katherine Stuart (Inverurnan) **and C. J. Hunt** (Wellington College).—Cannot say yet when the complete list will be published.

St. Paul (Kentish Town.).—See reply to "Trickiness," March, 1903.

Orcae (Cardiff).—*Book-keeping Simplified.* published by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons.

Dorothy E. Searle (Plymouth).—Yes, of course

Utrick Alexander (Hexham).—Clubbed, *via* C. W. Kent, jun

S. Gould (Lowestoft).—See reply to "Rover," (March, 1901), to which I may add: the bank you mention may have the monopoly in your district, but your best plan would be to get into a country branch of one of the London banks, to do which you would have to be nominated to the head office by a branch manager, or a director. There is no need of a bond—the bank see to that by insurance.

A Captainite (Sheffield).—Clubbed. (1) You can obtain the use of a local rifle range by paying for a target. (2) Ask Mr. Nankivell. (3) Any cycle accessories' dealer will tell you. (4) Yes, when a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed.

J. W. H. (Catford).—I have no hesitation in recommending Ayres' "Championship" tennis balls. They are in great demand at Wimbledon.

F. Turney (Lloyd Square, W.C.).—Send for John Piggott's catalogue. It contains the laws of cricket, lawn tennis, football (Rugger and Soccer), hockey, fives, table tennis, and a set of dumb-bell and Indian club exercises, which, together with the price list, form quite an athletic compendium.

Eta (Putney), **G. E. Manger** (Bagot, Jersey), **"Joey"** (Chippenham) Clubbed

Official Representative Appointed: W. E. Hobday (Merchant Taylors' School)

Letters, etc., have also been received from: C. M. A. (Oaken, near Wolverhampton), W. D. Thompson (St. Kitts, Leeward Islands), P. Dacre (Balham), Geoffrey L. Austin (York), James D. Jamieson (Maida Vale, W.).

(A Number of Answers are Held Over.)

THE OLD FAG.

Results of May Competitions.

No. I.—"If I were King."

THE £12 12s "PREMIER" BICYCLE is awarded to J. H. Weeks (aged 17) 206 Dudley road, Birmingham, for the following suggestion —"I would give Mr Chamberlain the sum of £50,000, to be spent in the erection of a HOME FOR WIDOWS AND CHILDREN of those gallant warriors who fell in the recent Boer War, thereby perpetuating Mr Chamberlain's memory not by a useless statue, but by an INSTITUTION which would earn him the blessing of *thousands*"

No. II. "Hidden Cricketers."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty five.)

WINNER OF GRADIDGE "IMPERIAL DRIVER" CRICKET BAT Arthur A Atkinson 25 Lomond road, Edge lane, Liverpool

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to C M Chavasse, The Palace Liverpool James H Walker, 502 John Williamson street, South Shields, R Wooldhrope Bede terrace, Whitley, Northumberland

HONOURABLE MENTION Walter H. Moore, Alex Scott, T R

Results continued on next page.

Davis, B. V. Thompson, F. W. Caton, L. B. Perry, R. W. Price, F. Jarman, H. J. Powditch, John W. Lewis, Cecil M'C. Mann, Gerald E. Ellis, C. J. A. Wilkinson, G. C. Walker, Frank E. Russell, Rosalind F. Bridge, S. A. Alford, Elsie S. Rook, John Zerfahs.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT, as above: Patrick B. Stoner, 16 Hampton-place, Brighton.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: J. H. Bryson, 7 Salisbury place, Edinburgh; G. S. Martell, 11, Laburnum grove, North End, Portsmouth; W. P. Lipscomb, 9 Spencer Hill, Wimbledon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. W. Smith, J. W. Simmons, L. B. Harbourd, Lancelot G. Hare, A. J. Elkins, H. Armiger, S. H. Killick, W. H. L. Gronow, G. S. Dowsing, R. N. Davis, L. S. Lee, Charles H. Allen, G. Palmer, Daphne Kenyon-Stow, Alec. Williamson, N. Glover, H. R. Thompson, A. J. Chamberlain, L. J. B. Lloyd.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF GRIDIRON TENNIS RACQUET: Estelle Bartlett, The Bank, Westbourne, Bournemouth.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Frank Whittle, 11 Hamilton road, Ealing, W.; Frank Kenward, 178 Sandhurst-road, Catford, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Margaret de Putron, G. Snow, H. Fothergill, Christmas Jones, S. R. Pullinger, Armatrude Hobart, Claude Hamilton, A. D. Light, W. S. Tannce, Leslie Williams, H. Wheatley, Leslie Baker, Duncan McCallum, W. F. Woodman, C. H. Copestake, Arthur Standen, C. Fisher, J. R. Johnston, C. Lewell, W. A. Burn, Horace King, R. M. Salmon.

No. III.—"Mysterious Sign Puzzle."

CLASS I. No award.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: Alfred Parry, 130 Carlisle-street, Cardiff.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: C. W. R. Tuke, Cargilfield, Cramond Bridge, Midlothian.

HONOURABLE MENTION: V. C. White, T. D. Neville, A. Kimm, D. Haddock.

No. IV.—"Men of the Moment."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF SET OF BOXING GLOVES: Alex. Scott, Junr., Burnside House, Tillicoultry, N.B.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Lilian Bowyer, The Woodlands, Chelford, Cheshire; Edwin J. Whitehead, Thornleigh, Penwortham, Preston.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alfred G. Pearson, W. Pollock, J. E. Appleyard, W. Turton, W. A. Oldfield, Beatrice Stevenson, W. D. Ercaut, W. C. Hynard, Reginald Coe, Sidney L. Servante, C. E. Marriott Cornville, H. E. Harvie.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF BOXING GLOVES: Gerald E. Ellis, 30 Carlingford-road, South Tottenham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: W. L. Prosser, 59 Ronald's road, Highbury, N.; C. Woolley, 1 East Bank, Kendal, Westmoreland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Harris, R. Walker, H. J. Hewitt, Frank Colley, F. H. Love, Eliza Thompson, Edith Adames, Norman Stenning, Raymond W. Snow, C. G. Thomas.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF BOXING GLOVES: A. C. Flewitt, 91 Musters-road, W. Bridgeford, Nottingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: C. S. Bird, Kennet Lodge, Theale, near Reading; H. C. Inkson, 501 Lyndhurst-road, Chichester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. S. Clarke, Gordon Miln, J. L. Tann, Evelyn Donne, T. E. Miln, J. Honeysett, G. V. Bevan, A. McAdam, Vernon Bartlett.

No. V.—"Popular Pastimes."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF JOHN PIGGOTT'S "SPECIALLY SELECTED" CRICKET BAT: John C. Grundie, c/o Mr. Wilson, 11 Glassowrk street, Kirkcaldy.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: S. J. Mackay, 26 Woodlands-road, Ilford, Essex; Walter Bain, Kerseview, Grangemouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. Nugent, A. E. Warren, Beatrice Stevenson, W. H. Hindle, P. Milsom, A. L. Drew, T. Walker, John W. Lewis, Leonard J. Smith.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT, as above: Wilfrid Peppercorn, West Horsley, Surrey.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: G. F. Leaver, Linnamoe, Cheltenham; C. J. Williams, Daviesites, Charterhouse, Godalming.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. A. Stanton, A. G. Saunders, W. G. Matthias, H. C. D. Rankin, J. Honeysett, Frida Phillips, T. V. Brenan, R. H. Crump, T. E. Miln.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT, as above: Cecil S. Bird, Kennett Lodge, Theale, Berks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Cuthbert Gibson, C. Newman, Lisle Trask, Gordon Miln, Mac Brown, H. C. Inkson, G. B. Jardine, G. Home, Lance Bostock.

No. VI.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF £2 2s. KODAK: J. A. Lomax, 52 Bradfield road, Owlerton, Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Fred. Lowe, Nancy Fisher, E. S. Pugh, M. Harriet, Kathleen Cartland, Cyril Whitney, F. Bussyard, W. J. Saunders, A. E. Radford, Gordon Whitehead, E. W. Reed, W. Wainwright, R. M. Esam.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF HOBBIES' 30s. CAMERA: W. G. Constable, 11 Vicarage avenue, Derby.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. L. Graham, W. Maguire, F. Harris, R. Goldsbro' Shaw, B. Walters, W. J. Riley, W. Watson, A. Selwyns, R. M. Parsons, H. Ponsford, P. H. Ford, R. E. Green, R. F. Healy, A. G. Baker, B. Crewdson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNERS OF HOUGHTON'S No. 1 "SCOUT" CAMERAS: F. W. Stokoe, 7 Craigerne road, Blackheath, S.E.; Maurice Wilson, 16 Lynnwood avenue, Newcastle on Tyne; D. Werry, 3 Greenfield crescent, Edgbaston, Birmingham; R. C. Money, Barrosa Barracks, Aldershot; J. H. Fenner, Eastville, Murfect, Hull; Chris Pratt, Highcliffe House, Bradford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. Gardner, W. Moore, J. Atkins, John Brrare, W. A. Howie, L. Montgomery-Moore, T. Lazarus, Muriel A. Southern, G. Murray, W. R. Barlow, G. Hunt, F. L. Jervis.

"Foreign and Colonial Readers." (JANUARY 1903.)

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 5s.: G. Rogers, B. E. S. School, Byculla, Bombay, India.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. V. Hamilton (Tasmania).

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 5s.: Beatrice Payn Le Sueur, Morley P.O., Alberta, Canada.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Mabel Davis (British Guiana), H. Goodbrand (Natal).

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 5s.: Digby Gordon Harris, Oak Cottage, Naini Tal, Kumaon, India.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Hugh Ashton Warner (Victoria, Australia).

A packet of "The Captain" pictorial post-cards has been sent to all competitors who have received honourable mention as announced above.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the following books—"J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

COMMENTS ON THE MAY COMPETITIONS.

I.—A very large number of entries, the majority of which were rather lacking in originality, and merely made the obvious suggestions of a peerage, the premiership, or a gift of orchids. There were, however, a certain number of efforts of decided merit, and it was by no means an easy task to decide on the winner. The "Old Fag" will deal with this competition editorially next month, and quote a number of the best suggestions.

II.—There were an enormous number of entries for this competition, especially in Class II., the winner of which sent in a wonderfully neat and artistic page. Over fifty got all the pictures right in Class I., and over a hundred in Class II., so that neatness played an important part in the awards. The correct list will be found on an advertisement page.

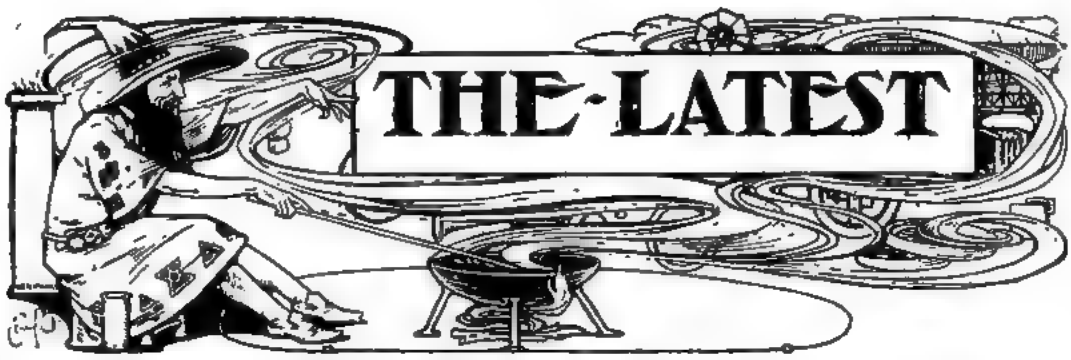
III.—This was evidently *too* "mysterious" for most of our competitors.

IV.—A huge number of entries. The correct list, obtained by the votes of the majority, was: Politics, Chamberlain; literature, Conan Doyle; art, Poynter; science, Marconi; sport, C. B. Fry; drama, Irving. Chamberlain, Irving, and Fry were almost unanimously selected, but Kipling, Tom Browne, and Lord Kelvin, were very close seconds in literature, art, and science, respectively.

V.—The correct list, decided by votes, was: Cricket, C. B. Fry; football, G. O. Smith; golf, H. Vardon.

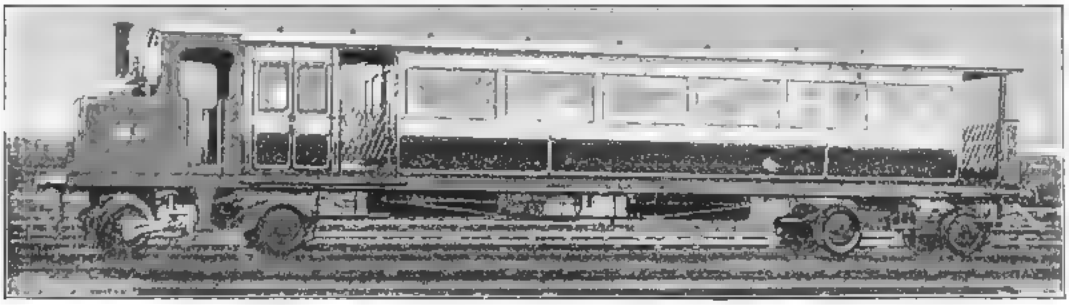
VI.—In another part of the magazine, the Photographic Editor comments on the excellent work submitted. Essays were successful in all three classes in the Foreign and Colonial readers' competition this month.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.



Motor Cars on Railways.

British railway companies are beginning to adopt the principles of the motor car to their own uses. Readers of THE CAPTAIN may have heard how, in certain rural and industrial districts, railway companies have felt the effects of the competition of motor cars, both as regards passenger and goods traffic. Naturally, where traffic is scarce, it stands more chance of being profitable if carried in a motor car than in a train of several coaches or goods wagons, as in a motor the cost of working is much lower. Certain railway managers have quickly realised this, and have adopted motor cars for work on branch lines. By their use, a much more frequent service can be run at less cost than with the old type of branch-line train. The first companies to use a steam motor railway coach were the London Brighton and South Coast and the London and South Western. I am indebted to the latter company for the accompanying photograph. This latest railway innovation is also being copied by the North-Eastern, Great Western, and other well-known lines.



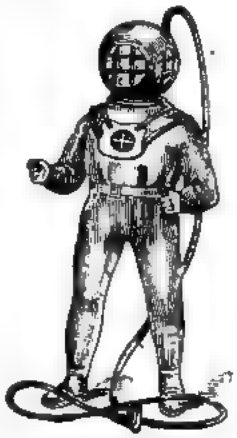
THE LATEST IN MOTOR CARS.—THIS ONE RUNS ON RAILS.

The Perfected American Watch.

Fifty years ago the Geneva watch was looked upon as the acme of perfection, and, as a consequence, the majority of watches then in use were made in Switzerland. In the year 1854, however, a business was organized in America under the title of the American Waltham Watch Company. The manufacture of watches by this company was begun and has continued upon lines wholly different from those of the Swiss. Upon the principle that the simplest means of producing a given result is the best, the designers discarded all parts not essential to correct time-keeping, and thus not only simplified methods of manufacture, but reduced the liability to breakage and the cost of repairs. Emerson, the essayist, said, in speaking of a man whom he described as a godsend to his town, "He is put together like a Waltham Watch."

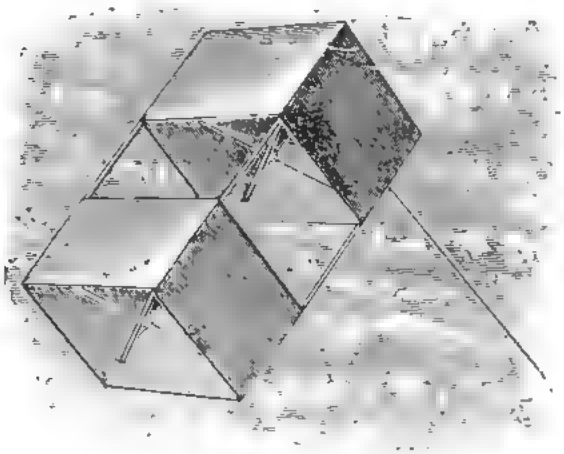
The Latest from Hamleys'.

Messrs. Hamley Bros., Ltd., the Court Toymen, of 512 Oxford-street, have recently brought out a very ingenious model diver. This little fellow, like his counterpart in real life, such as you may see for yourselves during the coming holidays at work in harbours and near piers, is altogether dependent on the air tube which keeps him in touch with the



THE MINIATURE DIVER.

world above during his visits to Davy Jones' Locker. With the model diver, as shown in the accompanying sketch, when you blow down a tube attached to the body, the little diver rises to the top of the water and then gradually sinks to the bottom as the air is let out. And all this for half-a-crown.



ONE OF THE NEW BOX KITES.

Scientific Kite Flying.

Observant CAPTAIN readers will have noticed that during the past few years the shape of the kite has very considerably altered. Kite flying is really one of the most scientific of pastimes, and, strangely enough, ten years ago and more it was indulged in to a far greater extent than it is at the present time. In those days, at holiday times, every hill near a big city had a fair sprinkling of ardent kite fliers—the most skilful ones, with their kites many hundreds of feet in the air. Lately, however, this pastime has apparently lost much of its former popularity, but all the while improvements have been going on, and the most up-to-date design is that shown in the illustration on this page. This kite is known as the Naval Blue Hill Box Kite, and is also made by Messrs. Hamley's of Oxford-street. It is a very perfect model of the war kites which are just now being experimented with at Whale Island, Portsmouth. In Japan the science of kite flying has been carried to a very advanced state, whilst in this country Major-General Baden Powell has done much to draw public attention to the value of kites in times of war, when they are often of far greater use than captive balloons. At Portsmouth, these cellular box kites are used for lifting Marconi receiving apparatus, and also for observation purposes. At Woolwich recently one of them raised a man over 600 feet from the ground, whilst on another occasion, unloaded, one went up to a height of 1,200 feet.

The Biggest Bridge Since the Forth.

The latest in bridge building is now to be seen at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where the great new high level bridge, which will cost nearly half a million of money, is in course of construction. This huge structure, half of masonry and half of steel, will span the Tyne from bank to bank at a height of 110 feet, and 8,000 tons of steel will be used in building it. The foundations in the river itself will be dug out under compressed air by means of three huge steel caissons, which are now in process of being sunk, and later on materials will be carried to the works on the river by means of a powerful aerial cableway.

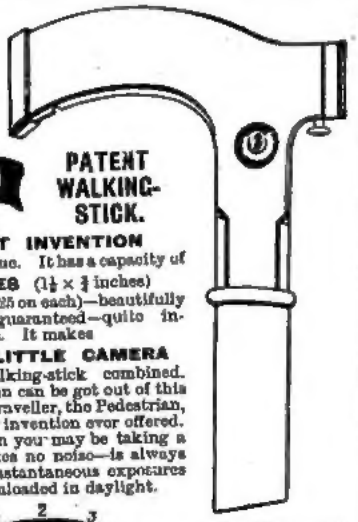
OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITIONS.

IT is gratifying to find so many entries for our Photographic Competitions. The Prize in Class I. was awarded for a very beautiful composition, "Summer," by **J. A. Lomax**. Amongst those selected for Honourable Mention may be noticed "Off Lavan Heap, New Quay," a thoughtful study of rocks, waves and clouds; also a fine series of quarter-plate prints by **W. J. Saunders**, "At Anchor." and "A Rugged Coast" being of exceptional merit. **Nancy Fisher** sends a fine architectural photograph of a cathedral interior, and **Fred. Lave** contributes a picture of farmyard life, very carefully composed. **A. E. Radford** has been very successful in his selection of pure landscape. **Ernest B. Holmes** sends several good pictures, the best being the Sedilia Furness Abbey, and "Santon Mill, Gosforth."

In Class II. the prize was awarded to **W. G. Constable** for a very fine interior of, we think, Haddon Hall. **William Maguire** sends a very perfect photograph of Tudor House, Southampton, which does not appear to advantage, however, because of the careless mounting in slip-in-mount. "A Thrush's Nest," by **Rachel M. Parsons** is cleverly done, the technique being admirable. **F. Harris** has succeeded fairly well with his photograph of a "Double-headed Rose"; the light on one side of the vase is rather too strong, but detail is well brought out. **C. L. Graham** and **H. Ponsford** identify themselves with pure landscape; both pictures are well composed.

In Class III. much good work was submitted, and another month, when we have more space, we hope to comment on the efforts of our youngest competitors.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?



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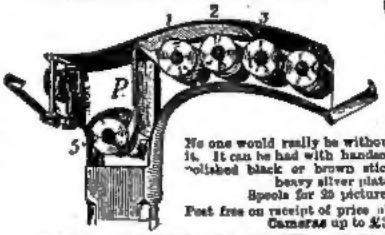
on spools of roll film (25 on each)—beautifully constructed, fully guaranteed—quite inexpensive. It makes

A PERFECT LITTLE CAMERA

and handsome walking-stick combined. More pleasure and fun can be got out of this by the Tourist, the Traveller, the Pedestrian, the Cyclist, than any invention ever offered. No one can tell when you may be taking a photograph. It makes no noise—is always ready—for time or instantaneous exposures—is loaded and unloaded in daylight.



It will give a complete record of a month's trip or a day's outing, and is no inconvenience whatever beyond that of an ordinary walking stick.

No one would really be without it after once trying it. It can be had with handsome nickelled handle, polished black or brown stick, for 21/6. Or in heavy silver plate, 32/6.

Spools for 25 pictures, 1/6 each.

Post free on receipt of price also any other Wizard Cameras up to £30, from

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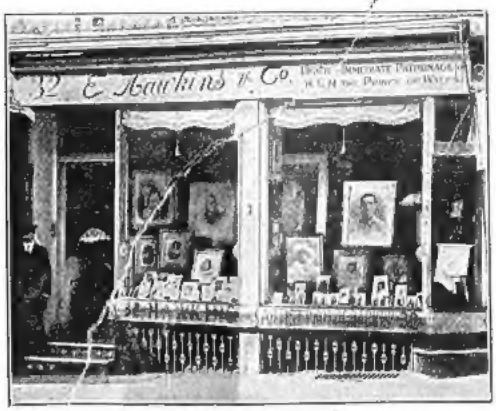

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For Cash	**£8**	**3**	**0**	-	-	-	**15/10 each**
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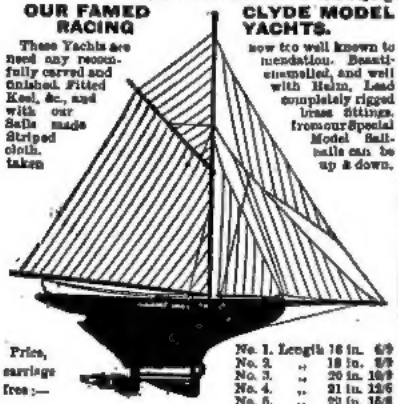

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No. 2. " 18 in. 6/9
No. 3. " 20 in. 10/9
No. 4. " 21 in. 12/6
No. 5. " 29 in. 15/6
No. 6. " 33 in. 17/6
No. 7. " 34 in. 21/-

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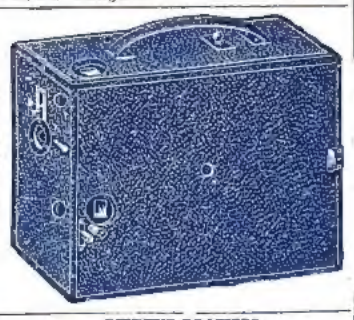

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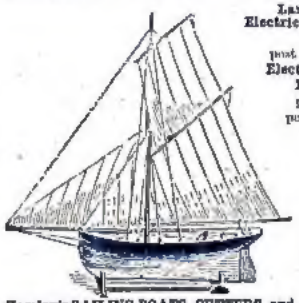

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